

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

*free paper pattern*

PRICE **2<sup>d</sup>**  
Address:  
321 Pitt  
Street  
SYDNEY

LARGER CIRCULATION THAN ANY OTHER NATIONAL WEEKLY PAPER IN AUSTRALIA

Vol. II. No. 15.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for  
transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1934.

13 SEP 1934

48 PAGES



Pastimes of women in long ago days  
Differed from ours in innumerable ways.  
Sport was unsexily, flirtations were coarse,  
Blushes and chaperons always in force.

## Miss Yesterday

By F. DUNCAN-BROWN

But Yesterday's girls had feminine charm  
In quiet pursuits, in dignified calm,  
In working their trousseaux, planning ahead  
The dreams that they stitched with a silken thread.



## SOME OF THE SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE QUEST



MR. D. McNIVEN, 7 Park St., Sydney.



MISS J. ELWING, The A.P.A., 77 King St., Sydney.

MISS JEAN DUNN, 44 Simmons St., Wagga.  
At right: MR. GEORGE BROWN, 14 Main St., Earlwood.SELECTING the Finalists  
in Our SCREEN QUESTJudges Face a Difficult Task... in  
Exciting Stage of Popular Contest!

The intense interest aroused by the Screen Personality Quest, which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in co-operation with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod committee, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy, was evidenced on Tuesday night when a large audience attended the semi-finals of the contest at the Savoy Theatre.

Friends and well-wishers of the competitors who were present included many women prominent in Sydney social circles. Among them were Lady Gordon, Miss Ann Gordon, Mrs. O. E. Friend, Madam Kuraz, Mrs. Ken Hall, and Mrs. Harold Bowden.

THIS contest attracted 1000 competitors, and adjudications were held in the city and at Lismore, Tamworth, Bathurst, Cootamundra, and Newcastle. Sixty of the competitors were selected for a second adjudication. It was these sixty who appeared on Tuesday evening.

The judges were Mr. Ken Hall, manager and producer of Cinesound, Mr. Lane-Bayliff, director of the Cinema Academy, Mr. C. N. Baeyeritz, for the

City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and Miss Beatrice Tildesley, film critic of The Australian Women's Weekly. Their task was no light one. Three selected speeches had previously been handed to each candidate, who was at liberty to choose the one most suitable to his or her capabilities.

Mr. Roland Foster, Hon. Director of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod, at the Town Hall on the previous Saturday evening, carefully explained the object of the contest and warmly congratulated The Australian Women's Weekly on the great success that had attended this

event. This one section had attracted 1000 of the 9000 entries for the whole of the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

## Valuable Tests

MR. KEN HALL, manager and producer of Cinesound, and one of the judges, in his remarks stated that he considered such tests as these were of great value. It had been contended that such short tests were unreliable for the atmosphere was unsympathetic, the competitors nervous. However, all other means of discovery of talent had been tried and this one, so far, had proved to be the most satisfactory.

Adjudicators, Mr. Hall continued, always took all the disadvantages into consideration. They invariably found that after a competitor had spoken a few words they could form a very good idea of whether or not he had latent talent—which could be developed.

Producers were hard put to find suf-

ficient artists, and now that a training ground in vandyette and travelling companies was no longer available, something would have to be done to procure training for likely stars if Australia was to keep her place in film production.

He warmly congratulated The Australian Women's Weekly on the great success of the contest and hoped it would be the forerunner of many more.

Mrs. Linda Littlejohn, who has acted

as organiser in the contest, also spoke. Twelve candidates were selected for screen tests, and from these, winners of the cash prizes of £50 each for men and women will be decided. The winners, one man and one woman, will receive a part in a forthcoming Cinesound picture.

This opens to the winners golden opportunities of a successful film career, and the competition, it is confidently anticipated, will prove a landmark in Australian film history.

## THE TWELVE FINALISTS

Following are the names of the twelve competitors who were selected by the adjudicators on Tuesday night for final screen tests:

Women	Men
Miss J. DABY, Balmain.	Mr. R. FRANCIS, Double Bay.
Miss J. ELWING, Sydney.	Mr. T. FARLEY, Naremburn.
Miss T. KRAG-CHRISTENSEN, Mittagong.	Mr. D. J. HILL, Rose Bay.
Miss E. HAMILL, Kirribilli.	Mr. A. M. DUNKLEY, Potts Point.
Miss H. McCULLOCH, Balmain.	Mr. C. T. BROOKES, Newcastle.
Miss A. BRITTON, Kirribilli.	Mr. S. LOCKE-ELLIOTT, Cremorne.

All these will receive a screen test and from them will be selected the winners—one man and one woman—who will be given a part in a forthcoming Cinesound picture.

## IMPRESSIONS of an ADJUDICATOR

By H. LANE-BAYLIFF

The Australian Women's Weekly Screen Personality contest is now in its final stage, and, since to me fell the task of judging in the country as well as in the city, I feel a few remarks as to my experiences in this search for talent may prove interesting, both to competitors and to the general public.

I WAS quite unprepared for the number of promising youngsters that passed before me. I always knew that this country was noted for its fine specimens of youth, both male and female, but I was greatly surprised by the dramatic qualities displayed and the serious attempts made to travel the right road, especially by the girls.

On the other hand, with one exception, I was appalled at the bad diction prevalent. Most of it I believe to be due to carelessness, since, when I pointed it out to several competitors, they knew their faults, and acknowledged them. Alas, this carelessness was responsible for an overwhelming loss of points, and in many cases kept otherwise likely candidates out of the finals.

Each competitor was requested to select a passage from some play for presentation, but, instead of doing this (and instructions had been very clearly explained in The Australian Women's Weekly on several occasions), several chose rather to tell the judges of their theatrical ambitions and of their many and varied accomplishments. Others, again, apparently hoped to win the favor of the judges by congratulating them, and the paper (The Australian Women's Weekly), for having undertaken this competition. Alas, editors and judges are hard-hearted, and do not succumb to such flattery!

And why, oh why, will people recite a passage from Shakespeare? It should be obvious to anyone of intelligence that what is wanted is the sort of material one meets with in modern pictures.

Future competitors will be well advised to refrain from handicapping themselves in this way on other occasions.

Here I should like to mention something that I have had on my mind for some time, and which was forcibly driven home to me during this competition.

It must be obvious to anyone who thinks at all about the business of picture production that the players of the future, especially the younger ones, must be recruited from the amateur class.

Now, even the cleverest amateurs must have a certain amount of training in technique, etc., before they are fit to be shown to the public—American and

English studios have already acknowledged this.

Does anyone fondly imagine that these new stars who seem to burst upon us so frequently are brought straight in and launched into star, or even featured, parts? No, absolutely no. Every studio has its promising youngsters, trained, and trained intensively, for two or more years before they are even seen in a small part. They are kept hard at work learning how to talk, feel, express what they feel; in fact, acquire all the necessary arts that go to make a performance.

If we are to produce our own artists in the future something of that sort must happen here. I know there are schools now, but there are fees to be thought of, living expenses while training, in some cases insurmountable obstacles, and it seems to me that producers should either pay the fees for promising students, or start their own schools.

## Bridge Expert's Tragic Death

IT is with deep regret that we record the news of the tragic death on Monday last of Dr. F. V. McAdam, of Macquarie St., Sydney.

Dr. McAdam had just left the premises of the Royal Automobile Club, and was walking down Albert St. towards Phillip St., when a runaway motor car struck him from behind, inflicting injuries which brought about his death in a few minutes.

At the time of the tragedy Mrs. McAdam was waiting for her husband to take his seat at a bridge table at the Sydney Bridge Club.

Dr. McAdam, who was 45 years of age, was educated at St. Joseph's College, and Sydney University, where he secured the degrees of B.A., B.Sc., M.B., and Ch.M. On his return from active service he established himself in general practice at Lidcombe, also specialising in Macquarie St., and acting as surgeon of South Sydney Hospital.

Bridge was his most absorbing hobby and he became a leading authority in Australia on Contract Bridge.

His weekly article on bridge has been a much appreciated feature of this journal for some time past. Just prior to his regretted death Dr. McAdam wrote a series of articles for The Australian Women's Weekly, and also one for the magazine, TO-DAY. These are to appear in due course.

Dr. McAdam was the author of several works on Contract Bridge that enjoy a wide vogue.

As captain of the first interstate team of Contract Bridge players to represent N.S.W. against Victoria in January last, he brought victory to the home State and justified his selection of his team of players in the controversy that the match aroused.

After a largely-attended funeral, the remains were interred at Rookwood on Wednesday. To a bereaved widow and five young children The Australian Women's Weekly extends its sincerest sympathy.



ATKINSONS



black tulip

FACE POWDER

To endow your skin with loveliness

of such exquisite texture it transforms your skin yet remains invisible itself. Eight natural skin-tones.

1/6 and 2/6

J. &amp; E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SYDNEY: 321 PITT ST. Phone: M2041  
(4 lines). POSTAL ADDRESS: West-  
bora, G.P.O. Box 486W; Editorial, G.P.O.  
Box 1551E.



Let's Talk of  
**Interesting  
P.E.O.P.L.E**



INSTRUCTED GOANESE

—Dayne.

MISS MARJORIE LEIGH is a young Australian who has recently returned to her native land after spending six years abroad, during which time she became a member of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing, in London.

She travelled to Africa, and also to India, where she took the leading part of an Egyptian princess in an "Egyptian Fantasy," which was filmed there. This talkie was produced in Hindustani and English, and Miss Leigh coached the Goanese girls who took part in the production. She is the only Australian girl to have been selected for such a task. She found the Goanese girls very apt at learning dancing, and extremely li-



INTERESTED IN "ASHES"

MR. CLAUDE D. STRICKLAND and his bride, formerly Lady Marguerite Bligh, and only daughter of the Earl of Darvel and Mrs. Hugo Chander, of Carpenter's Field, Surrey, have a special personal interest in the "Ashes."

Lady Marguerite's grandfather was the Lord Darvel who, as the Hon. Ivo Bligh, captained the English cricket side which, by defeating the Australians in 1883, first brought the "Ashes" to England. The trophy is now kept at Lord Darvel's country seat, Cobham Hall, Kent.



INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMAT

MISS DORIS STEVENS is probably the best-known woman in America to-day. She has the unique distinction of being the only woman who has ever sponsored and carried through an international treaty—and a feminist one at that. Through her wonderful organising ability and powerful force she has succeeded in securing the signatures of all the States and Republics of North and South America, including U.S.A., to an equal nationality treaty, and also the signatures of four Republics to a full equality treaty for women.

Doris Stevens has been a great worker for the women's cause since 1912, both as organiser, speaker, lobbyist, picket, and author. As a picket she went to jail. In speaking she is eloquent and terse; in action she is fearless and authoritative; in both she is inspired and far-sighted. In appearance she is very feminine, dignified, gracious, and lovely, with a crown of golden-brown hair.

# WHICH WAY ARE THEY GOING?

## It Might Be This Way

## ... it Might Be That

### Milady's Car is Streamlined Now

**H**ONK! Honk! Look out, there! Well, which way IS that car going? Really, the way they're making them nowadays one can hardly tell whether they've passed you or are coming towards you.

It's all because they are streamlining everything now. Milady has streamlined her silhouette, her hair, her accessories—so why not her car? Glance round the showrooms, and in ten minutes you will find half a dozen models that will suit your style.

**T**EAR DROP silhouettes, chromium finishes, cock-tail bars, wireless sets, all kinds of wonderful automatic gadgets, and a marvellous range of new modern colors, including the glamorous—sounding "Arabian Sand," are part of the new era in the motor world.

The very great increase of women drivers has resulted in many makes being designed largely with an eye to the woman buyer.

With the coming of spring the motor business brisks up, and the easing of economic conditions is causing all the people who held on to their old models in the hard times to sell their old cars for new.

Though used cars are lower priced now than they have been for the last twelve months, and a good old-fashioned model can be bought for about £175, as opposed to a modern make of £350, for the majority, old models are beneath contempt.

It is not just a question of such and such a make enjoying its hour of popularity. Into almost the entire motor world there has swept a great event—streamlining.

A universal feature in nature, and a fundamental requirement in aesthetics is the correlation of structure with func-



THE TRIUMPH, although not streamlined to the same extent as some other cars, is popular, too.

tion. A car's function is a combination of speed and comfort. Streamlining certainly supplies the speed.

### Speed and Comfort

THE "tear-drop" silhouette offers the least resistance to air of any style, although it is said by some that, while this form gives speed, it destroys comfort.

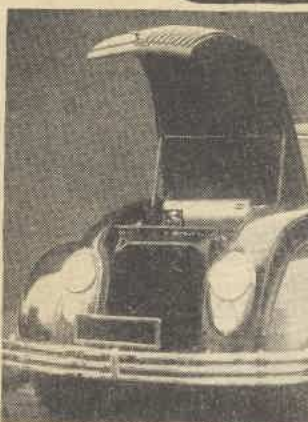
For instance, the windows of the most extreme models look very narrow, compared with the "good, old-fashioned" ones. Some people even complain that they are too small to climb through in case of accident, and that they would be uncomfortable and uneasy because of this.

In reality, the windows look small because the doors are higher than is usual in old cars, and a man can climb through them with ease.

Even if streamlining is not appreciably felt until the high speeds are reached, it can do no harm in the low speeds. Though at first it may be uncomfortable to have seemingly "nothing in front of you," and "not to know whether you are coming or going," that is only a question of time accustoming the eye to novelty.

In reality, the extreme example of streamlining, the new Chrysler, with body and frame built in a single unit, so eliminates all vibrations that, even at 50 miles per hour one can, if necessary, read as well as in one's home.

Whereas, in an old model the doors are apt to be narrow and particularly



WILL IT BITE? This is how one of the latest model streamlined cars looks when you open the bonnet to inspect the engine.



ALL READY for the run. And isn't it smart!

hard to manage if one is wearing long evening frocks, the new Chrysler Airflow car has wide doors, as easy to manage as those of a house.

Whenever streamlining and convenience are hostile, as when a long tapering tail would make parking awkward, or when putting the spare wheel inside instead of outside would lessen the luggage-carrying facilities, the perfection of streamlining is not attempted.

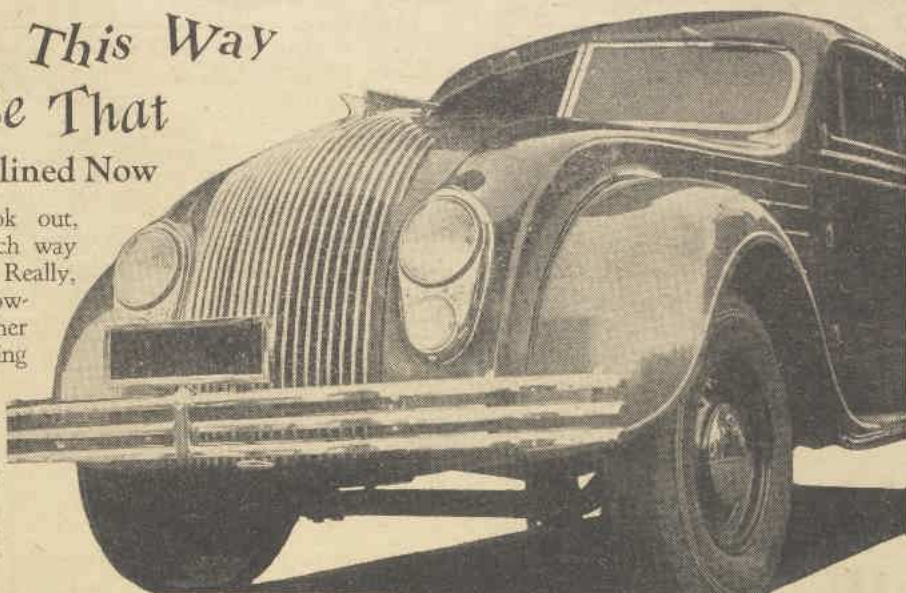
The Airflow car has a ventilation valve in the windows, as well as the main window pane. This is so arranged that it spells the end of draughty cars.

In an accident the new one-piece streamlined car would not buckle in so easily as many of the old disjointed makes.

### Popular Babies

ABOUT the most popular car at the moment is the new Ford V8. It has a modern outline, the characteristic Ford low price, and performance qualities, yet in it "Henry" made a lady out of "Lizzie" indeed. It is all in one piece, and there is nothing to rattle!

The Terraplane—a less expensive car than the Chrysler—bears an exciting name, gives superlative performance at low cost, and is very popular. It has rustless mudguards and automatic quad-



THIS LOOKS like the back view, but it's really the front of a modern streamlined car—the Airflow Chrysler. It may look unusual, but it is very comfortable and gets you places quicker and more smoothly.



HELLO! Eve's just as curious as ever. Now she's going to find out just what makes these new cars go. The lady is Boots Mallory, Paramount star.

gets which are enough, but not too much.

Baby cars, always in demand because of being economical to run, are also, with the exception of the Triumph babies, becoming even more economical

by turning streamlined with their elders. The little beetle-looking model that now runs around the town in company with the little frogs is the new Willys Knight.

Please turn to Page 4

## Develop a Beautiful BUST—Quickly!

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands!

### IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charms by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.



### Try This To-day

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—IT costs you nothing. I want you to try it! I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to increase your bust this way is marvellous!

### Sent FREE!

If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

### SEND THIS AT ONCE!

MARY MONROE, DEPT. WW,  
107 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 2d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address .....

18.9.34.

### GENUINE PROOF!

DEVELOPED 3 INCHES.

"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 3 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (I., N.S.W.).

WONDERFUL!

"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (F.T., Vic.).

ALREADY 1½ INCHES GAIN.

"I have already gained 1½ inches in my bust measurement."—W.B. (C. N.S.W.).

GAINED 3 INCHES.

"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your cream my bust measurement was 30 inches, and now it is 33 inches."—Miss A.L. (C. N.S.W.).

RESULTS IN 3 DAYS.

"It is only nine days since I started your bust development treatment, and I am writing this note to tell you how surprised I am with the results so soon. I repeat the treatment each day and find it a pleasure and so simple."—E.E.N. (M. Vic.).

These letters and many more are open for inspection at my offices at any time.



# ARE English GIRLS Wanted HERE?

## Immigration Plan to Offset Our Surplus Males

**SHOULD** we assist the immigration of English girls to Australia to counterbalance the surplus of men that exists in some States, especially in our country areas? In Queensland the proposal is receiving serious consideration.

Opinions of certain authorities in support are given in this article. It would be interesting to know what the majority of Australian women think.

Figures for all Australian States suggest the average woman prefers city to country life.

**O**FFICIAL figures show there are 46,378 more males than females in the State of Queensland. Taking the State's population outside the metropolis of Brisbane, where the fair sex outnumber the males by nearly 13,000, we find that the preponderance of males is more pronounced. Actually, in the country districts there are just over 59,000 more males than females.

These figures provide the ring of truth to the contention that the Queensland girl is averse to going into the country, either as a domestic or in the capacity of a settler's wife.

Though Queensland shows the greatest preponderance of males, there is numerical superiority of men over women in all the States except Victoria.

Figures from last year's census are interesting. They show, in round numbers, 38,000 more males than females in New South Wales, 28,000 more in West Australia, and 3000 more in Tasmania.

In South Australia the totals almost balance, there being 290,970 males in that State in June last year, compared with 290,017 of the other sex.

Victoria is the only State with a feminine surplus, the totals being 903,000 men to 916,000 women.

### More Men in Country

**T**HE advantage of the men—or shouldn't it be their disadvantage?—is wholly in the rural districts, where they outnumber the women by nearly 60,000 in Queensland; by 84,000 in New South Wales; by 56,000 in Victoria; by 17,000 in South Australia; by 34,000 in West Australia; and by 9000 in Tasmania.

In all the capital cities, on the other hand, there is a surplus of women, their majority being 53,000 in Sydney; 62,000 in Melbourne; 13,000 in Brisbane; 17,000 in Adelaide; 9000 in Perth; and 4000 in Hobart.

It is clear on these figures that the

demand for girls in Australian country districts, whether as wives or domestic helpers, must be much greater than the supply.

In Queensland they have again taken up the idea of bringing out girls from Great Britain. At a recent meeting of the New Settlers' League in Brisbane the Governor (Sir Leslie Wilson) expressed himself as wholly in favor of the project.

### Domestic Workers

In her report to the league, the President of the Women's Committee (Mrs. W. Grierson Brown) stated: "The Society for the Overseas Settlement of British Women (London) recently approached the league to see if the time were opportune to encourage girls to come to Queensland for household work. After due consideration it was decided to inform the society that the league would welcome any girls the society was prepared to send, provided the girls were willing to undertake household work of a general nature. My committee is of the opinion that the need for introducing girls is a serious and pressing one. Our male surplus still stands in the vicinity of 40,000."

**W**HEN the apparent need of increased female population in Queensland, especially in the country districts, was referred to Rev. Canon Garland, O.B.E. (President of the New Settlers' League), it was given as the opinion of the league that the introduction of domestics was a branch of migration that could be requested without bringing heart-burnings to anyone.

"These girls who come from overseas enter only household employment, about which so many Queenslanders are reluctant," said Canon Garland. "They do not, therefore, compete with Queensland girls who desire business careers."

"Household employment is so easy to obtain in Great Britain that girls who migrate do so from a spirit of adventure."



**THE HAPPINESS BOYS**—Billy Jones and Ernie Hare. This brilliant pair will be the dominating personalities of The Australian Women's Weekly Feature Broadcasts from 2GB on Sunday nights, and it will not be long before they top the poll of radio popularity in Australia.

## WORLD-FAMOUS Stars Delight LISTENERS

The Australian Women's Weekly feature sessions have created a furore in the broadcasting world. Listeners were particularly delighted on Saturday with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, the world-famous novelty artists. All agreed that their humor was clean, crisp, and zesty, while their songs and patter were convincingly and effectively told.

On Saturday night at 9.15 another radio treat awaits all those who tune-in to our celebrity recitals at 2GB.

**T**HESE talented partners have earned their fame by sheer hard work. Punctually at 9 every morning they arrive at their studio in New York, where they spend several hours creating new ditties and sketches, so that they may amuse and entertain their colossal public. Because their humor is wholesome, as well as spontaneous, they have endeared themselves to all types and all nationalities.

In response to many requests, Carl Ellnor and his orchestra will again be presented during our Saturday night broadcast from 2GB at 9.15.

"Discobolus" also has other surprises for both the Saturday and Sunday night programmes, chief among these being "The Bird Catcher," a delightful fantasy by Zeller.

It will be the aim of The Australian Women's Weekly to give their listeners thirty minutes of undiluted entertainment every Saturday and Sunday night. The best artists and recordings available will be broadcast, so that a high standard of excellence will be maintained.

Dorothea Vautier, who conducts our day sessions, and handles our entire radio publicity, believes in creating interest in her broadcasts by playing the right music at the right time. Modern topics, people in the limelight, news from far and near, are some of the features she deals with each day. Just as it is important for the actress to get "across the footlights," so it is necessary for the radio announcer to send her personality across the ether. Miss Vautier has the happy knack of doing this.

Full details of these sessions are to be seen among the 2GB Highlights in our Home Maker section.



**"I'VE OFTEN WONDERED  
WHY OLIVE OIL WAS  
MY FIRST BEAUTY BATH  
.....NOW I KNOW!"**

"It was our old doctor who told us, 'Yes,' he said, 'Olive Oil is undoubtedly the best thing you could use for your skin. Why—when you were born we used Olive Oil for your very first bath; it is the perfect cleanser. Also, Olive Oil alone is safe for a baby's delicate skin. Thorough cleansing and true nourishment are precisely what make and keep skin lovely. That is why I advise you now to use Palmolive.'"

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of Olive Oil, Nature's greatest beauty aid.



"ONLY Olive Oil is safe for Baby's delicate skin. That is why Palmolive is so safe for yours."

Olive Oil is indeed the foundation of all reliable beauty treatments. Nothing can cleanse the skin so surely, nothing nourish tissue so completely, as Olive Oil. Beauty experts know it. And they advise the use of Olive Oil in its most convenient form; they usually recommend Palmolive Soap.

Palmolive's green is the green of Nature's own vegetable oils. No artificial coloring is added; no heavily perfumed spirit; nothing that could possibly harm the skin. The action of Palmolive is gentle, safe and sure.

# PALMOLIVE

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



## Which Way are Cars Going Now?

Continued from Page 3

**S**TREAMLINING is the outstanding modern trend, but there have been a great number of other alterations in car fashions during recent years.

Nine out of ten purchasers to-day want leather coverings. Plush is almost entirely out of date, as holding the dust, and a good broadcloth is hard to obtain in Australia. Leather can be wiped clean in a moment with a cloth, is cooler in our long summer, and easier to slide in and out of.

**A**LTHOUGH some car owners still apply polish to the silver of their cars in an excess of zeal, nickel is to-day universally superseded by chromium. Chromium, indeed, plays its part in the present color schemes, which have also gone "modern" with other motor details.

The Ford Company recently completed a model with black exterior, green upholstery, and chromium wheels for a leading business man and artist in Australia. Black is again coming into favor, together with gunmetal and various bright and clean-looking colors with "modern" names, such as "Arabian Sand" and the former superstitious dread of green is passing.

A B.S.A. model which is very popular is in two tones of grey, with red wheels, to imitate a seagull's grey body and red feet. Blue, which for so long held pride of place, is now only the choice of the conservatives.

The B.S.A. coupe, by the way, is an example of the way the very great increase of women drivers has resulted in many makes being designed largely with an eye to the woman buyer. Its form as well as its colors is made appealing to the feminine mind.

Though the inexpensive modern Ford and Terraplane are so popular, the good old cars still sell to many, and specialised cars to special customers.

The de Soto, the baby of the Airflow Chrysler and less expensive, is gaining ground, but has not been on the market long.

Two Rolls Royces only have been sold this year, but that is about the average. They probably cost about \$4000, and with cocktail bars or like luxuries, very much more. We are not yet as wealthy in Australia as the Indian potentates who buy Rolls Royces by the half-dozen, many owning a regular fleet of about thirty.

The Daimler, too, is only for the chosen few. This is known as the "Royal" car, from the number of Royalties and Vice-Royalties who will have nothing else. King George has always used a Daimler, and has one with old-fashioned high body, so as to fit the top hats in.

The King of Siam's Daimler, however, has a modern top with low roof. This is not because he wears a turban on State occasions, for he doesn't—when he brings forth his head-dress, he also brings forth his elephant.

The Packard, costing from £1200, is a luxury car of the heavy type.

The Studebaker, Buick, and Chrysler cars have always been considered about on the same level. The modern Buick is—in stock colors—maroon, blue, grey, and black.

More of the smaller Vauxhalls are seen to-day than of the larger. A model costing about \$400, with a rumble seat, is very popular. The Vauxhall has always been slightly streamlined, but has not progressed to equal the other modern models. The Hudson is still bought by those who rank dependability high.



You'll Enjoy this Novel of Love and Hope in the Lives of Four Young People

# Change of HEART

## You will meet—

**FANNY FURNESS**, 22, slim, blue eyes, tawny hair, vital personality, sunny-tempered, and kind.

**CHRISTOPHER THIRING**, 24, broad, dark, rather silent, sensitive.

**MADGE ROUNTREE**, same age as Fanny, clever, and ambitious for stage fame.

**MACK WISE**, fair and confident, resolute, big, lean and athletic.

By **Kathleen MORRIS**

The World's Most Popular Woman Author

quite suddenly Fanny knew that he was glad to be richest, even though the amount he promptly produced was but composed of but one twenty, one five, and some silver. She knew what she had not even suspected before, that the reason Chris had been rather silent during their free and frequent talks about finances was because he was a little ashamed of having so little.

"Twenty-eight twenty," he said. "Fifteen dollars and five cents apiece." Fanny announced, after calculation with her new fountain pen—the Dean's parting gift. "But isn't this fun?" she asked, glowing, as the rich gold of the cut peaches was set before her, and her coffee smoked at her elbow. "Look at that man over there drinking iced coffee at 9 o'clock. I never tasted it. I'll bet it's good."

"You'll find out to-day, Fan," Chris said. "It's going to be brilliant hot."

"Fifteen dollars and five cents apiece," Madge murmured. "We can't—we can't beat New York on that!"

"We can live some-how for a week, and I'll have a job then," Mack said.

"And I—when I see Mr. Overman; they promised, and they can't offer me less than twenty-five a week," Chris said so earnestly and concernedly that Fanny's heart gave the little twist that was becoming familiar, as her eyes met his.

"If we can beat New York at all, we can beat it on fifteen dollars and five cents," she announced.

"Less what this breakfast costs," Mack reminded her.

"Less what this breakfast costs!" Fanny agreed serenely.

## CHAPTER VI

"ALL I can say is that, as I go to work Monday, you might as well let me treat you to a twenty-five cent show to-night!" Fanny said. She patted her mouth with the back of her hand, as one who yawns.

The other three looked at her in stupefaction.

"Fanny, you haven't a job?"

"I have a very good job, as it happens. Not," admitted Fanny, "highly lucrative; but I can live on it until better offers. While Chris was seeing Overman—"

"He's in Europe," Chris put in briefly.

## Fanny Breaks the Clouds of Despair

"And Mack was seeing the I.B.C. people—"

"Who have nothing!" Mack interpolated in his turn, bitterly. "This is a swell town, if you like to eat," he said.

"And while Madge was trying to get in touch with Mr. Sang," Fanny resumed patiently.

"He's away over the week-end," Madge contributed.

"Well, I got a job!" Fanny finished brilliantly.

"What doing?"

"I'm sorter in the 'Emanuel Salvage Shop,'" Fanny said.

"What on earth is that?"

"Rich people send in their expensive clothes, and I hang them on hangers, or air them, or have them cleaned, as the case may be, and then poor people come in and buy them. I want to tell you that this is a wonderful city."



Fanny said enthusiastically. "Every minute you come across something extraordinary. The subways—were you all down in them?"

"I was afraid," Madge confessed. "They're marvellous, all right," Chris conceded, "but they—they overpower me. They're—horrible, in a way. All those people jammed in—the air, and the noise, and the rush of them. Fanny and I got into a downtown express—"

"But you and I were part of 'all the people,'" Fanny reminded him hearteningly. "And I loved it. I went in the subway to this place—the salvage shop. It's two tremendous lofty. They call these big empty floors lofts. It was really cool in there. And a

"I thought it might be you and Mack some day," Chris said, not quite as casual as he tried to be. Fanny felt her mouth dry.

"You naturally went to him and suggested that he adopt you, Fanny!" Mack said.

"Just about. After I left Chris I went to his office, and it seemed you have to have an appointment. So I asked the nurse how you made these appointments, and she said—she was a darling—by telephone, mostly. So I looked at her desk telephone and asked her if I could use it, and she laughed and said, 'I'd answer it.' And immediately she got up and went into the inside office, and when she came out she said I could go in."

"You told him you were going to have a baby?"

"I did not. I told him the truth, and I said I was an orphan, and asked him what he'd do, in my place."

"And what did he say?"

"He opened his purse and took out two fifty-dollar bills," Fanny said flushing, trying to smile, tears in her eyes.

"He didn't!"

"He did. And he said to report to his secretary every month until I got work."

"I don't believe it!" Mack exclaimed.

"It's true. And that—" Fanny said softly, looking away across the Library Park, where they were all seated in the warm summer darkness, "maybe that's New York too. Of course, I wouldn't take money," she went on. "I don't know why you can't, for you take their time and their advice, which is worth ten times more, but anyway, I couldn't take his money. So then he asked me if I could live on ten dollars a week, and I said 'yes.'"

"But you can't!" Madge exclaimed, in dismay.

"You watch me! And he telephoned," Fanny finished her story, "and I went there on a bus and talked to Mrs. Behrmann, and I start to work Monday."

"But, Fanny, we're paying eleven dollars a week apiece at Mrs. Brown's!"

"I know we are, and that's why I can't stay there."

"I'm afraid I'm not going to like it," Madge said, looking about at the great mass of the city, bulked against the stars. "It frightens me—it really does. We—you and I can get along, Fan, of course. But suppose you get sick, or when my year is up I go home—"

"I never do get sick."

"You can have it, the whole city, for all me!" Mack said. "Oh, sure you can make money here; if you can live a few months without eating! If I get into this I.B.C. racket I'll be making a hundred a week this time next year. This is the place to make money! But what can you buy with it when you've got it?"

"Walk down Fifth Avenue with Madge and me to-morrow morning, and you'll see," Fanny suggested. "Oh, the windows—and the awnings making everything shady—oh, my city, my city, my city!" She spread out her arms.

"I'm not so sure. It seems rather big for my size," Chris said slowly. "I believe that if you stuck to it, and stood for the summer heat and the hard winter, you could lick it, the same as you could any place. But we've come here right in the middle of the most terrible depression the world has ever known—"

Please turn to Page 30



from Stanford to New York, where she and Madge, Chris and Mack, hoped to find fortune and happiness.

Their first glimpse of the towering skyscrapers and glittering Broadway with its throbbing traffic had been exciting. Looking that New York address had been a nuisance, necessitating, after pursuing fruitless memory trails, temporary lodging for the four at this hotel.

How thrilling, thought Fanny, to be in New York with Madge and Mack and Chris... broad, dark, rather silent Chris, whose entry into her life had so altered everything. Somehow or other the four had drifted together at Stanford College and resolved never to lose each other again—Fanny, whose mother and father were dead, Madge, whose mother ran a girls' school at Piedmont, Mack, son of a doctor in Salt Lake City, and Chris, who had coached and corrected papers at college to relieve the burden on his mother and sister.

Lying cozily in bed, Fanny sighed. A flaw had developed in their comradeship, even in college. Chris loved Madge, Madge loved Mack, Mack loved Fanny, and Fanny herself loved Chris. "What a world," thought Fanny. "I wonder if we can ever straighten it out."

Her eyes roved the room again, caught at the things loosely tumbled from her suitcase, then with a gasp she jumped from the bed across the room and searched frantically and hopelessly for the long envelope in which she had slipped most of her own and Madge's small fortune. It was gone.

"What's wrong?" asked Madge, awakened. Her face fell and tears glistened at the bad news.

Hurriedly the two girls dressed and in the hotel foyer met Chris and Mack, both wearing worried expressions. The boys, too, had been robbed. It was a gloomy beginning to their life in the big city... penniless almost, and no jobs.

"We ought to have thought that we came in late and tired, and that anyone seeing us would know how green we were," said Chris.

"Will you wire home, Madge?" asked Mack, and received an emphatic "No" for his answer. Over breakfast the four considered how far their few remaining assets would take them.

THEY were seated at the shining white table now, and the heartening odor of good food was about them.

"Sliced peaches, double order twenty cents—that's me," Fanny announced. "Oh, this is fun! Cheer up, Madge, if we're going to make good in New York a few hundred won't matter. And if we're not, they wouldn't have saved us. The boys—thank goodness!—still have their money."

"I have sixteen dollars," Mack announced, after a count.

"I have three dollars and ninety cents," Madge burst out, ready to cry.

"I have twelve dollars and ten cents," Fanny said, adding hers to the little pile on the table.

"I'm a rich man," Chris said. And



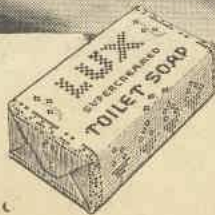
I must tell you  
my Beauty Secret... says  
**MARION DAVIES**



"I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It is so refreshing to the skin and keeps it so youthfully smooth. No matter how hard the water one must use, this delicately fragrant soap lathers gorgeously."

*Marion Davies*  
M.G.M.

Shortly to be seen starring in  
"Operator 13."



THE OFFICIAL SOAP IN  
HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

**LUX Toilet Soap**

6.175.25

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED



Afternoon  
Sundown &  
Evening  
COIFFURES



Exquisite creations by our well-known hair experts are shown here... "La Informal," for day coiffures interpreted with soft, sleek waves, falling close to the head... "La Grand Mode," for Evening or Sundown. This new wave introduces an entirely new system of permanent waving in absolute comfort. There are no ultra steam tubes, electricity or chemical heating action, yet the results are guaranteed perfect, and take only 25 minutes to execute, from time of commencing until shampooing for setting.

PERFECT RESULTS OR REFUND OF MONEY.

Shingle Head .. 17/6

Full head, ringlet ends .. 25/-

Ring F3141 for appointment.

**FACIAL REJUVENATION**

Ugly facial hairs and moles, guaranteed permanently and painlessly cured by Sister Louise, who is one of the few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. Sister Louise also specializes in facial rejuvenation by the famous Andree Beauty Mask Treatment.

Facial Hairs removed .. 2/-

Removal of 4 Treatments .. 10/6

MOLES permanently removed .. 10/6

Andree Beauty Mask complete .. 15/-

**Buckingham's**

Ring F3141. BEAUTY SALON, SECOND FLOOR, OXFORD ST.

# NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

## A Mother's Hopes and Plans go all Awry!

With more plot than is to be found in many novels of to-day and a very human interest, Miss Diana Patrick's latest novel, "Next Year's Rose," is assured of a good reception.

IT is the story of a Yorkshire family with whom life has dealt very kindly up to the time the reader first meets them.

Andrew Chester had married on a salary of 25/- per week, and after 25 years he had just obtained a post as Superintendent of Parks and Public Gardens for the town of Wrythe, with the princely salary of 55/- per week and a dwelling known as Strong Close Mansions.

Mrs. Chester glories in her new home, and the world looked very rosy on that day when she awaited the arrival of her second daughter, Laurel, from the teachers' college where she had completed her training.

"It looks as if by next year we ought all to be right, comfortable and happy," she thought as she put the last finishing touches to her daughter's room. "Not that I'm a little dissatisfied now, this very minute. I reckon it's just a sort of habit a person gets into to think there's something better round the corner. It's like Andrew with his next year's roses that are always going to beat anything he grew this season."

But, alas for next year's roses and for Mrs. Chester's hopes!

In no succeeding years was she to know the peace and tranquillity that possessed her mind that summer evening.

## SHORT Reviews

"SUMMER LEAVES." Denis Mackail.

In a style peculiarly his own, Denis Mackail tells the story of a vacuous young woman, Ursula Brett, and her love affairs.

She has four suitors, three of whom suggest impetuosity, and the other a more normal type, despite his humble-mindedness. There is nothing very sensational in their forms of love making, all of which would irritate the average woman unless she had a sense of the ludicrous.

The scene is laid in a country cottage where Ursula is spending the summer months with her brother and his wife. An absent-minded newspaper man, a civil servant, and Lord Buntingford aspire for her hand, and her kind heart and empty head get her into some worrying situations.

Her choice finally falls on a man who is her brother's greatest friend and a companion of her own in former years. The last we read of the pair is when they are setting off for London after the summer holiday, both in a blissful state of "don't-careness." (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"PELICAN WALKING." G. B. Stern.

One can always be sure of delightful literary fare and in good measure from the pen of G. B. Stern, and she has supplied it again in her latest book "Pelican Walking."

In this collection of short stories we meet delightful people, most of them very sophisticated, and revel in situations far removed from the humdrum. G. B. Stern has a refreshing mode of expression. We read with a chuckle of the debonair hero of at least seventeen luscious scandals writing in a letter to his middle-aged son who has had a mild excursion into the realms of amorous adventure, "We haven't got much conscience, but what we have is gully—thank God."

And of the worried mother who tried to console a discontented daughter with a couple of seats in the upper circle "for a play so harmless to young girls as to be already flagging in the second week of its run." (Heinemann. Our copy, Sydney.)

"PICARO." Rupert Croft-Cooke. Tomas Lopez, the hero of this story, is born of humble parents, but his outstanding qualities lead him from one success to another. But the story closes with his return to poverty and impending death. (Jarrold. 7/6.)

## Deafness

Wilson's Ear Drops relieve Catarrhal Deafness; stops Head Noises; makes words more clear; cures undrained; new sense hearing by taking the place of perforated or destroyed natural drums. Price 1/11; complete 4/-; 4/- for Booklet. H. WILSON, EAR DROPS CO., 225, Pitt Street, Melbourne, C.A.

WILLIAM HATFIELD, whose novel, "Sheepskins," was so well received, has followed up that success with "River Crossing," of which a copy is to hand from Angus and Robertson. The new story deals with station life in Queensland, and should enhance the author's reputation as a writer of Australian country life.

eventually happiness came to her in full measure, there remained always those thorns which prick and stab on even the fairest rosebush.

"Next Year's Rose" is a book well worth reading, and the cleverly woven story of the Chester family is one that will make a general appeal. (Hutchinsons. 7/6.)

**FREE**  
**CAKE-COOLERS**

and

**GLASSCLOTHS**

for Trufood  
labels

HOW TO OBTAIN  
YOUR FREE GIFT



Save the labels from Trufood tins until you have 8 for a cake-cooler—or 10 for a glasscloth. Then take your labels to PARKES HOUSE, HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send personally, attach your labels to a sheet of paper bearing—1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS. 2. The number of labels enclosed. 3. The gift you require.

Post to "FREE GIFT DEPARTMENT," Box 3022TT, G.P.O., Sydney. Make sure you put the correct postage on the envelope.

IF THE RECIPE SAYS MILK USE  
**TRUFOOD**

30.68.327

## A Quicker Way To Ease Headaches

HERE I AM... A BIG DINNER PARTY ON HAND... AND ANOTHER OF MY BAD HEADACHES. WHAT CAN I DO?

EVERY TRY BAYER ASPIRIN? TAKE 2 TABLETS AND YOUR HEADACHE WILL BE GONE IN A JIFFY!



2 BEFORE THE DINNER

THAT BAYER ASPIRIN YOU SUGGESTED IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL! MY HEADACHE WAS ENTIRELY GONE IN A FEW MINUTES—

I KNEW IT WOULD BE... BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST!



A Discovery that's Bringing Fast Relief to Millions

Now comes amazingly quick relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia... the fastest, safe relief. It is said yet discovered.

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And once to start "taking hold" of pain few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. And thus is ready to go to work almost immediately.

When you buy, though, see that you get the Genuine BAYER Aspirin. For Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "Bayer" and insist because "Bayer" means "Better."



Does Not Harm the Heart



# The Unforgotten Hour



CHRISTINE had taken one small appreciative nibble off the ginger-snap she fished from the kitchen table on her way through to the hall. The ginger-snap stopped midway on its second trip to her mouth, and she stood very still—so still that she could hear the tick-tock of the tall clock that had belonged to Grandma Medfield and, like a faster echo of that sound, the pulse and beat of her own heart, quickened in an instant by the sound of that one loved voice.

He was back! Pat Derwent had come home!

She leaned against the white newel-post. She was in shadow there; the copperish sunset light filled the front of the house, a long finger of it came almost to her feet. She could see him. He was standing looking out of the great bow-window in the sitting-room to the left of the hall, and Clione was beside him. Clione had her arm through his, and Clione's hair, like gold possum in the sunset, came just above his shoulder.

Christy saw possessiveness in the way Clione held his arm. Why, it was preposterous! Clione was only a child—or was she? Three years ago, when Pat Derwent was last here, Clione had been a child. But not now.

Suddenly, Christy felt a wave of anger sweep over her—anger against Clione. Always waiting, always grasping, always taking. "Why, it was because of her, so that she might finish her business-college course that I sent him away and told him I wouldn't marry him. And now—"

She hated herself for being bitter and resentful. Clione, after all, was hers. She had mothered her sister now for ten years. She had worked and succeeded, denied herself that Clione might have all she wanted.

Often Clione scolded her for working so hard, for sticking at the job even when she was worn and tired after long nights of poring over dull and stupid manuscripts.

But Clione didn't know how great the need had been, three years ago, when their small income from dividends had ceased.

It was just at that time that Pat Derwent had asked her to marry him, to go to South Africa with him, and she had refused, and not told him why. Had she told him, he would have insisted on paying Clione's fees, and he was poor himself, and Christy was proud as all the Medfields were.

His voice, deep, with always the suggestion of laughter in it, mingled with Clione's babyish drawl. What did they have to talk about? Clione had

## My Favorite Poem

### The Joy of Life

BETTER a word that is kindly spoken—

Even one little word—than wealth untold;

Never forget that a heart high broken

Sighs for affection and not for gold;

Find out the ones who are travel-weary,

Ones who have failed in the earthly strife,

Reach them a hand when the road is dreary,

Then you will find there is joy in life.

—Brian O'Higgins.

Sent in by Miss Kathleen M. Smith, 72 Rathmines St., Fairfield, N.S.W.

been away at school when he was last here, and Clione had been so young in the years before, when he and Christy were young lovers. But Clione bewildered her sometimes—the way she pounced on things.

"I won't go in to meet him now," she thought how tired she was, and untidy from her tramp through the woods. John Blake had driven her out from town, and she had got out of his car for the half-mile walk home. Strange, she had been thinking of Pat, and wondering about him. He hadn't written to her after the first few months. He had gone away angry, hurt, his first great dream defeated in that hour.

That hour! Christy went quietly upstairs to her room. She took off the little black felt hat and laid it with her gloves and her bag on the bed. She walked to the window and sat on the yellow cushions of the window seat and looked down on the garden—looked, as she had so often looked at that rustic seat under the cedars, and thought of that hour forever unforgotten.

... By ...  
**Louis Arthur Cunningham**

A great moon had rolled through a sea of sky that night and wispy grey clouds were the waves that broke away from its passage. It was an autumn night, late September, and Clione had gone back to school. But the lawns were green under the moon, and the gay phlox, pink and white, had a mystic beauty in the silver halo that the moon spread over and around the earth.

That hour—his arms about her. His words—so boyish, so throbbing with wild, impassioned fire, the touch of his lips on her hair, on her cheek, their eager pressure against her own, the strength of his arms, holding her as if they knew and feared that some awful hand would draw her relentlessly away.

As it had! The little fingers of Clione, who was her charge and her trust, who must not be left now, who must be kept at school, so to be prepared for a world in which she must work. Christy hadn't told Pat why she refused. Perhaps, even though she would never permit him to shoulder the extra burden of Clione, she might have told him, had he not been angry with her, had he not said:

"You haven't any heart, then, I suppose. I took it for granted that you loved me and would marry me. I suppose I took too much for granted. Are you afraid to go to a new country, to fight with me? I'll get there, Christy, I'll make good, even without you; but the fight could be so easy, such great fun, if I had you—"

But there was the job with John Blake's publishing firm, the good salary, and Clione's school fees waiting to be paid. She wanted to tell Pat that the Medfields had no money, that they might even have to sell the old house and its garden. But it would sound like a hard-luck story; so she said only:

"You'll be back again, and things will be different perhaps. I'll feel different perhaps."

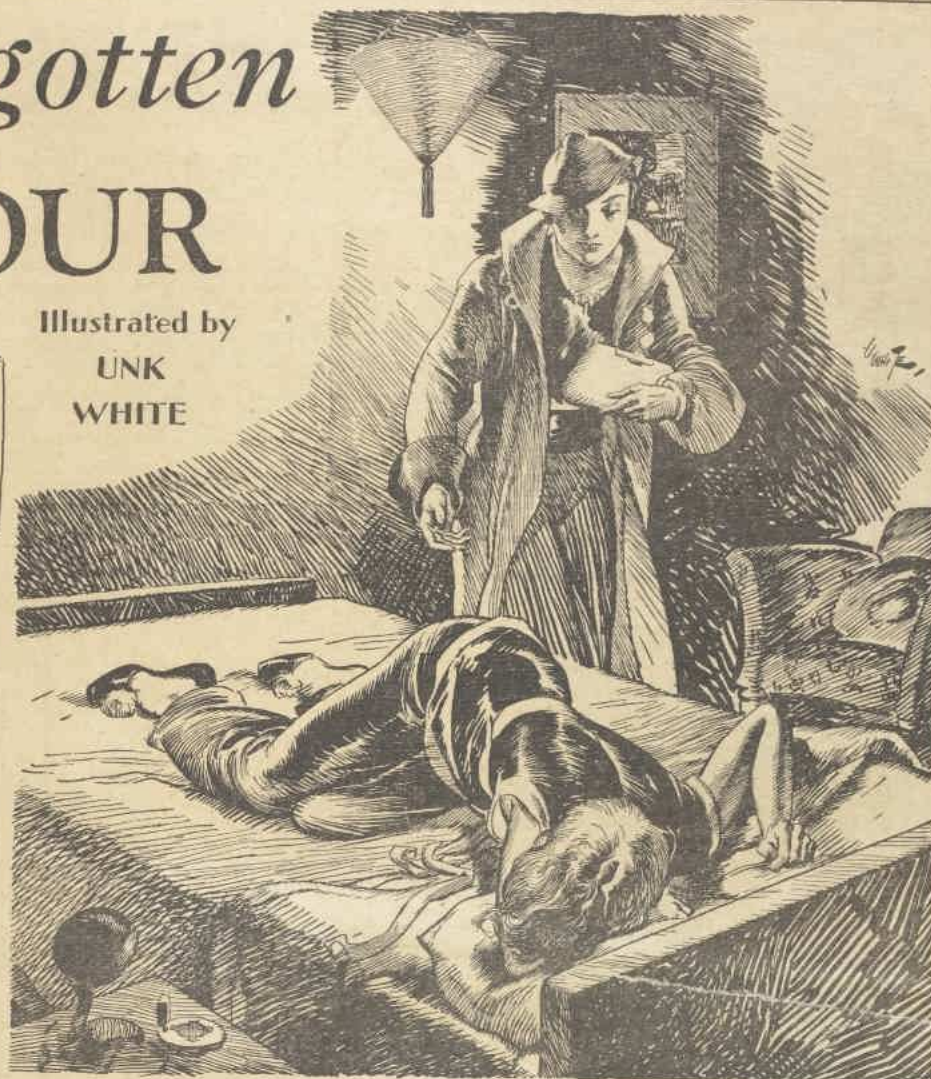
"Maybe," he said grimly, "I'll feel different, too. You are my first and only love, Christy. You fill my heart even now. But you don't care the way I do, or you wouldn't let anything keep you away from me. And I love you so much, and have planned so many things for you."

He knelt on the grass at her feet and slipped his arms about her. He laid his head in her lap, against the white satin of her gown, and she knew his face was comforted with young unhappiness, and she had a hard fight not to cry, not to hurt out all her own agonising troubles.

She had stood up—a slim, virginal, mystic figure, in shimmering satin and sequins, like a moon-maiden that worshipped at a shrine of sorrow. And they walked silently out of the garden, which had never since been the same garden to her, but which had become a place where moonlight brought ghostly whispers and the suggestion of tears and the winds sighed with sad voices among the lofty cedars. For that hour was ended, but never by her forgotten.

**P**AT DERWENT and Clione walked into the garden and round the corner of the house. Christy heard the whirr of a starter, the sudden roar of an engine, then the whine of gears. She was sitting in the window-seat when Clione came running upstairs and boisterously into the room. Clione's cheeks were pink from excitement and the winter wind, her blue eyes were bright, and she came to Christy, put her small, strong hands on Christy's shoulders, and kissed her. "Darling, I'm so happy! Isn't it wonderful? Why didn't you come in and talk to him? He asked for you." "I didn't feel like it, Clione. I'll see him soon. I suppose he will be here for a little while?" "A few weeks. Then he's going

Illustrated by  
**UNK WHITE**



Clione was lying face down on her bed crying... looking grotesquely like a French doll thrown carelessly by some indifferent hand.

back to South Africa, and Chris, do you know, I feel that I'm going with him."

"Silly!" "Oh, no, I—well, I've always dreamed about someone like him, someone I could fall madly in love with. You used to be fond of him, too, didn't you?"

"Yes. Once." No one else not even Clione, knew of that vanished hour and of what had been said then. It was locked up, put away in an old chest that was seldom opened, and with it, never worn before or since that night, was the white satin frock with sequins. So much was locked away in that ironbound chest in Christy's cupboard.

Clione had never looked inside that chest. Christy kept the key hidden on the cornice above the cupboard door. Clione would never see the dress. To Christy it was like a wedding garment, worn once, then kept reverently, with memories folded away in its softness.

"He's going to take me to the dance at the golf club to-night. Now what shall I wear? Oh, Chris, lend me your blue velvet, will you, and your little fur cape? You're going with John Blake, aren't you?"

"Yes. He said he'd call for me," said Chris lifelessly. She resented

"John told me, Clione, that the job is waiting for you, and you can begin on the first of the month."

"Maybe." Clione was putting rouge on her lips in front of the mirror. "I'm not looking forward to it. I have a vision of sailing over blue seas—you know 'dipping through the tropics by the palm-green shore'."

"All laden with diamonds, emeralds, amethysts—"

"Quite." She turned seriously to look into Christy's grave brown eyes. "Why not? He likes me. I could tell it the moment he saw me. He said, 'Goah, how you've grown! You were just a provoking little brat when I last saw you, and now you're a provokingly lovely woman.' And he kissed me." Clione didn't mention that she had said, "And you used to kiss the provoking little brat when you came home."

"I hope you get him," said Christy, wearily. She didn't feel like talking. Didn't feel like anything. The prospect of going to the dance with John made her feel depressed.

"You look tired, Chris." Clione was

ated with her dreams, riding so high and fast on the wings of a new infatuation, that Christy did not want to spoil it. She had always stood aside for this blonde little sprite. Perhaps now, once more and finally, she would be thrust aside. Two years did much to a man. He might see her with other eyes.

And she had altered, she knew. She was paler, thinner. She didn't have much color now. He would turn to youth, careless and ready for any fun, to whose lips laughter rose more swiftly, in whose eyes brightness bid the shadows. If it were some other girl, she could fight, could draw him to her as of old, but Clione—she couldn't fight Clione.

**J**OHAN BLAKE called first that evening, and Christy was getting into his car when Pat Derwent arrived. She turned to him and gave him her hand, and a quiet smile. She could not trust herself to speak, to look at him very long. She knew his face, anyway; she did not need to look. Every lineament, every little wrinkle about the grey eyes, every quirk of his wide mouth.

"I'm so glad to see you, Christy, I—"

Clione came down the steps, a vision of loveliness in Christy's blue velvet and little fur cape, her hair like a soft, bright crown about her small head. She called gaily to them, and Pat turned to her. Hastily he said: "I'll see you at the dance, Chris." Then shook hands with John, and went to meet Clione.

Christy talked, though she did not feel like talking. After two years of loneliness, of hard, driving work, of shutting out of her life all that she loved and wanted; after so long, to have only the clasp of his hand, only a few commonplace words, when her very heart hungered for his arms about her, for his kiss, for him to say, "I love you!"

John Blake was her employer, junior partner in the publishing house for which she worked. He was a quiet, reserved, very earnest young man. He loved Christy and wanted to marry her. He had told her so in many words, and she answered him with one that tolled the knell of hope.

Please turn to Page 35

## COMPLETE SHORT STORY

Clione, resented her possessiveness, her swift assumption of proprietary rights in Pat Derwent. "You may wear the blue velvet, if you want to."

"Darling! You always have such nice things, don't you?"

Chris reflected that she had nice things because she kept them nice. She had given Clione a generous allowance for clothes, but Clione's clothes never suited her. The green dress she was wearing now belonged to Chris. It was new, and Chris had worn it only once. Clione was always doing things like that. Gloves, stockings, hats, anything in the way of clothes, she looked upon as common property, but it was Chris who suffered, who looked often in vain for a frock for a pair of gloves, or a scarf she especially wanted. They would be found in Clione's room, soiled or rumpled, thrown carelessly aside.

But Chris was indulgent. After all Clione was five years younger, and bubbling with life and laughter. Soon she would have to settle down and be serious. Might as well have her fun now.

all concern. She came and sat beside Christy and put soft arms about her. Christy caught the fragrance of Lys Renoir, a special perfume she had bought recently, and also noticed how becoming her ear-rings looked in Clione's little ears.

"I've been working pretty hard, Clione." She knew it wasn't her work that made her feel tired and somehow old. It was just the last few minutes that had aged her, that made her see something dismal and significant of decay in the yellow leaves that fluttered down and blew away on the wind.

"Poor Chris." Clione laid her soft cheek against Christy's. "When I'm married, you'll come and live with me."

Christy said nothing. She smiled mirthlessly, thinking how she might, a few years ago, have said those identical words to Clione, and on surer grounds. She felt like telling Clione now that Pat Derwent had loved her and might love her again, and that it wasn't right to take so much for granted. But Clione was so intoxi-



# TWO of a KIND

A TEN-MINUTE STORY  
By STATON ABBEY



As Colonel Blenkinsop swore a kidney violently from a steaming array before him and replaced the cover with a clatter, the french windows which gave on to the sunny gravel of the terrace were flung open, to admit a trim figure in riding breeches and sky-blue jumper. The breeches were smeared with zoll, the boots muddy and wet with dew. Colonel Blenkinsop regarded the apparition with a jaundiced eye.

"So," he observed cuttingly, "you are up, then?"

His daughter pushed a lock of fair hair out of her eyes, an expression of pained righteousness on her engaging features.

"Of course, Daddy—since six o'clock. Quodling was showing me a lair."

Charles, with the earth rocking under his feet, stared incredulously at the reddish brown ball curled up in the corner.

"Hey! A what?"

"A lair, Daddy, in a hollow tree over in Four Acre Wood. There are two fox cubs in it."

The Colonel grunted, and stared at her for a moment suspiciously.

There was comparative silence for ten minutes, while Pat absorbed a breakfast which would have amazed those who estimated her cubic capacity by her deceptive fragility. She scraped the last of the marmalade from her plate, and piled it on to the last morsel of toast. Then she took a deep breath.

"Daddy," she began tentatively, "About those cubs."

The Colonel lowered his screen of

newspaper and glared at her, a wary suspicion in his eyes. Pat took another deep breath, and plunged.

"Could I have one? They make the loveliest pets. Like dogs, you know. And they're so fashionable. Everybody's got one—everyone who is anyone, I mean."

The Colonel was swelling visibly. There was a moment's silence as he mustered his forces preliminary to a devastating barrage. At length he found his voice.

"As if it isn't enough that every confounded fox has left the county!" he exploded. "And now my own daughter suggests purloining the sole

miserable misbegotten offspring this year—as a confounded lap-dog!"

"But, Daddy, just one—"

"Next season we will want every fox we can get. What do you think I'm Master of the Hunt for—hey?" He glared at her. "It's out of the question—you understand?"

Pat nodded, defeated. The Colonel grunted and, erecting his barrier of newspaper, entrenched himself behind it in an eloquent silence. Pat slipped quietly from her seat, tiptoed to the window, and out on to the terrace.

She leant on the balustrade and gazed across the park. In the distance was a glimpse of the cottage lately taken by the young gentleman from London.

Pat allowed her thoughts to stray for a moment. He was a personable young man, this Charles Harding. A little serious, perhaps, from what she had seen of him—although, after all, that was permissible in a rising, young author—and of an almost incredible innocence as far as the country and country ways were concerned.

the following morning, dressed in his oldest suit and carrying a small cut-bag, he possessed, in spite of his misgivings, a healthy confidence in his ability to cope with any eventualities which might arise, and an almost complete ignorance of the countryside.

When he stumbled wearily into his cottage at five o'clock that afternoon, his opinion of himself had been reduced to vanishing point, and his knowledge of the countryside in its more painful aspects, gained at first hand, had been extended immeasurably.

He dropped the empty basket in the hall, and made for the bathroom, where he removed a stained handkerchief from his right thumb, bathed that member carefully, and not without difficulty applied a bandage.

Turning his attention to the iodine bottle, he had commenced a systematic survey of the more accessible portions of his anatomy when the telephone shrilled in the living-room.

At the sound of the musical voice in the receiver, his heart sank.

"Did you have any luck?"

"None," he admitted reluctantly. He sensed the disappointment at the other end of the line. Bitterly, Charles cursed his incompetence.

"I got hold of the beast," he volunteered at last. "It was the vixen. She bit," he added, with feeling.

There was a ripple, instantly suppressed, in the receiver. Charles hesitated suspiciously.

"Then, Quodling turned up, and I—er—made myself scarce," he concluded, evasively.

"I say, you have had foul luck!" The voice was full of sympathy. "Are you going to have another shot at it?"

Charles groaned. "I suppose so," he said at last, without much conviction.

"W

ould you? It would be sweet of you. I think you're a dear to take all this trouble. I've been telling Daddy how nice you are—although I didn't mention the cub, of course—and he has been lapping it all up. He wants you to come to dinner to-night. Do come! Can you?"

"Of course. I mean, I'd love to."

"Really? Eight o'clock then, and Daddy says don't bother to dress."

Charles debated whether to get out his small and noisy car. As it was only fifty yards from his garden to the drive gates of the Hall, he decided to walk. He found the Colonel, when he arrived, warming himself with his back to an open fireplace, on which a log fire crackled in defiance of the slight chill in the Spring air.

They both turned as Pat came down the staircase. Charles gasped. He stared at her incredulously, hardly recognising in the slim, sophisticated figure the tomboy of the previous day. The blue-sweater and muddy breeches had given place to a long, clinging frock of cornflower blue.

Her hair, once ruffled and unruly, now curled enchantingly in little honey-colored tendrils behind her ears. She came towards them and held out a white hand to him.

His laughing, tomboyish companion was revealed to Charles as a gracious and desirable maiden of eighteen.

"Gosh!" thought Charles, dazed, "And I thought she was only a kid!"

Charles took his place at dinner in a dream. He could not keep his eyes off Pat. Indubitably she was the same girl, yet strangely and incredibly transformed.

He became aware that the Colonel was saying something. He apologised hastily, and bent a polite ear towards his host.

"I said," repeated the Colonel slowly and carefully, "Are you interested in hunting?"

Charles caught a glance from Pat, on the other side of the table. "I don't know much about it," he replied, "but, of course, I'm tremendously keen on the idea."

The Colonel grunted approvingly. "Hard enough to find anybody with the right ideas these days," he commented pointedly, looking hard at his daughter.

He blew out his moustache aggressively.

"Quodling was here again this evening," he observed with apparent irrelevance. "Said someone was blundering about in Four Acre Wood to-day."

Charles' heart gave a guilty jump, but the Colonel was staring at Pat, whose features bore an expression of innocence that would have done credit to a seraph.

"Really, Daddy?" She turned to Charles. "Daddy has a terrible job to preserve the foxes round here, you know," she observed brightly.

Charles found this difficult to cope with. For the rest of the dinner he confined himself to agreeing unreservedly with every statement made by his host.

Please turn to Page 37

IT TREATS ONE'S THROAT SO KINDLY  
AND HOW IT SOOTHES ONE'S NERVES

Society's Cigarette

"Throat-ease" ... "nerve-soothe"  
... this is an important aspect  
in the success of Ardath De-Luxe ...

But ... apart from the satisfaction of a healthy smoke, there is the pleasure of a perfect smoke ... not "perfect" in its superlative use ... but "perfect" in its dictionary sense. There is no tobacco like this traditional Ardath blend. There is no process of manufacture which can produce at any price, a cigarette more ... completely satisfactory.

SLENDER TINS OF 10... 9d 20... 1/6 AND FLAT 50'S

ARDATH De-Luxe

KIND TO YOUR THROAT  
SOOTHING TO YOUR NERVES

ARDATH De-Luxe

7650-94

PAT told him. She explained the location of the lair, and dealt with the probable movements of Quodling.

"You see, Daddy has said the cubs mustn't be touched, and no one in the village would dare to lift a finger once he has laid down the law."

"Oh! Charles, even with his short acquaintance with the village life, had come to learn something of the respect which the Colonel's words commanded."

"It all works in so beautifully. I shall have to go with Daddy to-morrow to a sort of bazaar he's opening, and we shall not get back until evening. If a cub is missed, Daddy will know that I have been with him all the time—and knows that no one in the village would dare to do it for me. Of course, no one would suspect you. Everyone knows that you don't know anything about the country."

"But what happens when you suddenly turn up with a fox cub?"

"Oh, that's simple," she pointed out gently. "As there won't be any suspicion as far as you are concerned, I shall just say that you gave it to me."

Charles was not reassured. Her parting words did nothing to raise his confidence in the enterprise.

"Look out for Quodling," she warned him. "He'll guard that cub with his life. And steer clear of the vixen, too; she'll be just about as dangerous as Quodling."

When Charles set out at ten o'clock

HOST Holbrook says: Since 1700 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vindgar. It is mellow and fragrant.\*\*\*



# HYSTERICIS in COURT ... with LOWER K.C. He Gave the Judge and Jury a Proper Dressing Down and Got Six Months!

The sooner they get these confounded elections over the better. Politicians on the air, on every street corner ... strike me lucky, I went to the Stadium last Monday night and sat right next to one!

And those people who ring the front doorbell at five-minute intervals and ask me if I'm on the roll! Me, that haven't had a drink for months!

WE'VE got a barrister as a candidate in our electorate. I've never seen or heard of him before, and I don't know what side he's on, but I think I'll vote for him. I have a very soft spot in my heart for barristers. I used to be a barrister myself once.

I took silk some years ago. Only three rolls it was, and I got six months. A man tries to get on in the world and they incarcerate him in the cooler. Life is like that.

When you are a lawyer life is even more like that.

I have had my upsides down during my career. I have seen the seamy side of life (come up and seamy some time). Sorry. Couldn't resist it. It has a bad effect on a man when he enters the law. For instance, I was a non-smoker until I successfully defended a fellow accused of pinching four tons of tobacco. He had no money, so we whacked up the tobacco. That's not the only drawback in the profession.

You might get a victim in the witness-box and say to him, "Is it a fact that on or about the fifteenth of October, 1931, you did heretofore inasmuch and with malice intent, to wit and how, maliciously cause, or cause to be caused an act wherein the plaintiff did or did not participate as the case may be with full knowledge of the party of the second part?"

And the witness says, "Well, you see, it was this way ..."

And you yell, "Answer the question!"

And he says, "Yes."

And where the hell are you?

All you can do is to say "Ah!" in a sneering sort of way, and then try to think up something else.

You know, among other things I read the short stories that are contributed to this paper, and if anyone sent me in a story with five sentences in a row all starting with "And," I'd throw it away. And just look at what I've done! Wouldn't it drive you mad?

## Wig Trouble

I USED to have frequent trouble with my wig when I was a K.C.

When I first got it I thought to myself, "This is good. Nobody will ever notice my dandruff now." But the moths got into it and the tassel thing on the back kept coming undone, and quite frequently the Judge would say to me when I came into the court with only half my wig on, "I must uphold the dignity of the Court. I'm afraid I can't see you."

Then I'd get the idea that I wasn't all there (since confirmed beyond doubt) and go away and ask someone, "Have you seen me about lately?" If it was a married man he'd say, "No, old man. It's jaks with me. What have you done?" All of which was extremely confusing. I was defending a poor co-respondent

in the Divorce Court once and the poor husband produced a pair of strange pyjamas as evidence. So far as I was concerned that wiped out all chance of the co-respondent getting out of the mess. I mean to say, they were my pyjamas.

Since time immoral this immemoriality has been going on, and, believe me, I've heard some hot cases. There's times I've come out of the Divorce Court and all the lads would flock around and say, "What was in that note that was passed up to the Judge?" I'd sort of hang back and say that the case was still sub Judas. After about eight drinks I'd allow it to be wrong out of me (the information that is), and then they'd all go about the place whispering it to everybody I used to get a lot of drinks that way.

I was a very elephant speaker, and it was nothing for me to have the whole jury in hysterics and the Judge mopping the tears off the bench with his wig. (He means "eloquent speaker."—Ed.)

## Keep Out of Law!

HOW did I come to give up the law? Well it was like this. I had a bit of a misunderstanding with a Judge and



"I must uphold the dignity of the Court," the Judge would say. "I'm afraid I can't see you!"

he couldn't quite see my point of view, and one thing led to another, and I got five years for perjury, and after I came out I didn't think it was worth while going on with the law business, so I just resigned.

I wouldn't recommend anyone to go in for being a barrister. It's all right in the summer, but in the winter those thin gowns are no protection against the weather and, besides, it's so dashed awkward getting a hat over your wig,

and a man looks a bit ridiculous in a beret.

Before I leave you, I have to make a public apology on account of something I said about Mr. Hector Smith last week.

Mr. Smith is an outstanding example of everything the perfect office-boy should be, and is noted for not carrying pictures of Marlene Dietrich in his hip pocket. His new suit doesn't reek of dope. It's his old suit. I reckon that's handsome of me,

# PLAY SAFE in Contract BRIDGE ... a Golden RULE

Ely Culbertson and Dr. McAdam Tell  
You What to Do!

It is when interposing calls are made at a low level of the bidding that the severest penalties are often sustained, as this week's contract bridge article emphasises.

By the late DR. F. V. McADAM

DEFENSIVE overcalls, also known as interposing bids, have had from time to time various terms applied to them, such as secondary bids, following bids, and the like, but whatever you call them, they are always a matter for careful consideration.

When vulnerable you should count on partner for no more than two supporting tricks. If he lacks them, you should be two tricks down on your contract which, if doubled, nets 500 points to your opponents.

This is a profitable exchange for the game which they obviously could have made.

By ELY CULBERTSON

No. XXXIV: Defensive Overcalls

ALL defensive overcalls are based on the Culbertson rule of two and three—a rule designed to prevent the accumulation of large penalties. The theory behind this rule is that a player, when not vulnerable, should not go down more than 3 tricks, and when vulnerable should not go down more than 2 tricks. In applying it, the player merely bids two or three more than the number of playing tricks in his own hand according to whether he is vulnerable or not. The additional tricks necessary to prevent any set at all must be figured in partner's hand.

Defensive overcalls, even though they involve the possibility of a small penalty, should be made quite often. An entirely passive attitude is bound to re-

When not vulnerable you are entitled to count on your partner for three supporting tricks, and should he have a blank hand, your loss should be at most three tricks down, doubled—a matter of 450 points. This is also a good save.

It is when these overcalls are at the two level—as 2 hearts over 1 spade—that particular care is necessary, as it is in these circumstances that the severest penalties may be inflicted.

The 2-3 rule is one which we must always be mindful of when contemplating overcalling any bid made by an opponent.

sult in allowing the opponents to get together at their best contract without difficulty, and it is necessary to make some attempt to cut their lines of communication. When not vulnerable, an overcall at the range of one should be made on about four sure winners, including a biddable suit and about 11 honor tricks. For example, one heart should be bid over an opening bid of one club by the opponents, holding:

S-A 4 3, H-Q J 10 9 8, D-6 2, C-9 3 2

The requirements for an overcall at the range of two are the same, except that one more playing trick should be held. Add another heart in the above hand and substitute the Q J 10 of clubs for the 9 3 2, and the hand would justify an overcall of two hearts, if such a bid were necessary.

WHEN vulnerable, the requirements are a little stricter; according to the rule of two and three, one less trick should be expected in partner's hand. For instance, the following hand is a sound example of a two-diamond overcall when not vulnerable:

S-9 3, H-J 6 2, D-A Q J 10 6 2, C-8 4

When vulnerable, however, at least the following strength should be held:

S-K J 2, H-6 2, D-A Q J 10 7 3, C-8 4

Jump overcalls of one more than is necessary are also defensive bids, and are also dependent on the rule of two and three. They are made for the purpose of shutting out one round of bidding from the opponents and show a non-flexible hand which probably can be played only at a suit bid. When not vulnerable, two spades may be bid over one heart, holding:

S-K Q J 10 8 7 3, H-4 2, D-9 8, C-7 5

When vulnerable, the hand requires at least another spade.

When not vulnerable, three spades may be bid over one club, holding:

S-A Q J 10 6 4 2, H-6 3 2, D-8, C-K 5

When vulnerable, the proper bid is two spades. This bid may prevent the opponents from bidding hearts, even though they hold enough in that suit to make game.

## The Forcing Rebid

This is a very similar situation to the forcing take-out. When the original declarer has a very strong hand containing 4 or more H.T. he cannot "force," seeing that he cannot guarantee game. However, when partner can make some constructive response to an opening bid of One (even though the response is but that of one no-trump) game is in sight, and the original declarer may now rebid his hand by jumping the bid in a different suit.

This is known as a forcing rebid, and ranks next in importance to the forcing take-out.

Responding hand must answer the original declarer's request for further information.

(Copyright.)



## Bank Interest Now Lowest on Record

The rates of interest charged by the trading banks on overdrafts are now the lowest on record, and are considerably below the rates charged before the depression.

The rate of interest mainly depends on the supplies of money available, the demand that exists for that money, and the risk involved in lending it.

When the public are cautious about investing their money in commercial enterprises, they lodge it with savings and trading banks. The rate of interest on deposits, therefore, falls as the money in these institutions increases.

The banks, having more money to lend, lower the rate they charge to borrowers in order to increase the demand for money.

Thus the banks do not arbitrarily fix deposit and overdraft rates, both of which rise or fall with changes in the supply of, and demand for, money.

Bank of New South Wales.



# An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 15, 1934.

## WOMEN'S VOTES DON'T MATTER

BECAUSE women have a political inferiority complex, their votes don't matter at election time. Everybody knows women vote the same way as their menfolk.



This phenomenon is a beautiful example of the shallowness of such ideas as Freedom and Democracy, as popularly understood.

Woman has freedom, and is a full partner with man in the joys of democracy. So we are told. Actually she has only the title to these things, without actual possession.

She lacks the essential economic basis. In other words, the ability to stand on her own feet.

*Woman's principal sphere is still the home. A job is mostly only a prelude to marriage. And marriage makes woman a dependent of man.*

This is ridiculous, of course. A wife is just as important an individual in every way as a husband. From a business point of view she earns as much as the average man. Look at her jobs—housekeeper, companion, nurse, mother, drudge.

She earns as much as her husband; but, of course, she doesn't get it. Anybody who doesn't get paid falls into the category of dependent. And, naturally, dependents are not supposed to have minds of their own, or think for themselves. Man is traditionally lord of his wife and children.

This tradition is breaking down, but it won't finally disappear till some sort of system of wages for wives is devised. A wife should be as much entitled to a share of her husband's salary as an ex-wife is entitled to share her ex-husband's salary in the form of alimony.

When women have achieved this economic equality with men, then will they gain intellectual freedom and self-consciousness. Their votes will then count for something at election time.

—THE EDITOR.

### Lyric of Life

#### THE LADDER

A ladder  
Lying against a wall  
Up which we climb;  
From which we sometimes fall.  
That is life.  
Some look upward  
To the blue above,  
The sunshot clouds  
And sleepy dreams of love,  
And are content.  
And some look down  
Where the dunghills lie,  
The weedy mould, the rot of years;  
Of which are you?  
Of which am I?

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

# POINTS OF VIEW

Conducted by ALICE JACKSON.

## Valiant Ladies

MANY a woman who can endure intense pain without flinching is panic-stricken at the mere sight of a mouse, beetle, spider or other "wiggly." This phenomenon has caused men a good deal of amusement during the ages, but it is no joke to women. The cause of their horror of obviously harmless little animals and insects is too deeply rooted in their subconscious minds for women to be able to discipline themselves into calmness when a mouse suddenly crashes into their presence.

What, then, must have been the sufferings of Sisters P. J. Maddock and D. M. Allen, of the Australian Inland Mission, when, on a recent journey across Northern Australia, they encountered a plague of rats which swarmed from Newcastle Waters to Lawn Creek?

The Sisters have been two years at the Hall's Creek Hospital, have fought a malaria epidemic, endured the shortage of food, and undergone innumerable hardships in their mission of bringing succor to the sick outback.

They confess the rats were a worse ordeal than any of these! But, in spite of all hardships and risks, and with the possibility of a recurrence of the dread terror of the rats to boot, the Sisters intend, after a short rest, seeking another appointment in inland Australia. Valiant ladies, we salute you!

## Question of Precedence

QUESTIONS of precedence have been concerning the Centenary Committee. His Majesty the King has settled the most important of these by directing that the Duke of Gloucester shall have precedence over the Governor-General on the opening day of the Centenary celebrations in Melbourne. On other occasions the Governor-General is to take precedence over the Duke. The Duke, however, always takes precedence over the State Governors.

All this is logical and not difficult to follow. Ceremonials become simpler with each passing generation, and the days of loading events with every possible adornment have gone. Monarchs do not, for example, risk pneumonia every morning before dressing, as they did in the heyday of French monarchy, when every garment had to be passed through the hands of suitable persons-in-waiting before it reached the royal body. Should a link be missing in the chain of attendants, it was practically impossible for a queen to get into her parlor, that morning!

It is interesting to note that much of the meaningless ceremonial which once cluttered up the everyday life of Buckingham Palace was abolished by Albert the Good, Consort of Queen Victoria. King Edward VII suffered so much from the ceremonial usages which set him apart from his fellows that he insisted on a democratic upbringing for his family.

This royal freedom has "broadened down from precedent to precedent" till the present members of the Royal Family have all enjoyed the advantages of being brought up exactly like other children. So, except where it facilitates smoother working of the "Show," it is most unlikely that worry of questions of precedence will ever cause Prince Henry a headache.

## Big, Good Wolf

INSPIRED by the Centenary celebrations the City of Rome is to present the City of Melbourne with a replica in bronze of the wolf of the Capitol. This ancient work of art represents a wolf suckling Romulus and Remus.

According to the legend it commemorates, these heroes were the twin sons of the war god, Mars, and a mortal princess, whose father lost his throne. Whereupon his usurping successor set the twins adrift on the Tiber in a trough, which grounded and was discovered by a big, good wolf, who forthwith set to work to raise the lads. The boys later decided to found a city on the spot marked, but in a quarrel over precedence, Romulus killed Remus, and then he proceeded to build Rome.

If the bronze gets copied in the multiple way that usually befalls such historic pieces, doubtless sixpenny celluloid replicas will soon be included among toys in nursery land. Then Sir Truby King and his followers better watch out for trouble! What babe worth his salt could be expected to meekly imbibe the mild lactical fluid given by Strawberry, when he knows that others have feasted on the fierce delights of wolf's milk? Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf, indeed?

## FROM SUE TO LOU

## A Bright Girl's Letters.

## Bacteria Wars

AS a result of his long research, Dr. von Brehmer, a member of the Reich Biological Institute in Berlin, and head of the Dahlem Anatomical Laboratory, believes he has proved the cause of cancer to be not an irritant, but bacteria. Other famous scientists have carried out experiments, the results of which support Dr. von Brehmer's conclusions.

Another outstanding medical report of the week is that of Professor W. J. Kerr and Dr. J. Lagen to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on the common cold, and what has generally been known as the "flu germ." In the opinion of these experts, colds are not due to bacteria, but to the inability of the body to adapt itself quickly to changes in temperature and other climatic conditions.

Each of these reports means that science has won another outpost in the big bacteria war. Some day, no doubt, such fighting scientists will gain their objective of ridding the world free of disease. Will they have discovered, meantime, whether it is an evil germ that infects nations with a mania for mutual killing and so, in time, also abolish the disease of war?

## Child Victims

ALMOST every week we read of a child having been killed because it was exposed to unnecessary risks. Among the tragedies of the last few days were the deaths of a little three-year-old Melbourne girl, and of two Sydney lads aged eight and thirteen. The little girl's death was caused by her eating some chrome green



THE LATE General Bramwell Booth, son of the founder of the Salvation Army, and brother of the new leader, General Evangeline Booth, shown at right. See story column 4.



crayons which she had been using at a kindergarten.

The coroner at the inquest expressed surprise that, so far as he could ascertain, there was no prohibition under the Poisons or Health Acts on the sale of such poisons as chrome green.

The two little boys were found dead in their bath. There was a bath-heater in the room. The coroner stressed the necessity of thorough ventilation in bathrooms.

Everyone can recall previous tragic deaths of children due to their coming in contact with exposed electric wires and to other avoidable causes.

Everyday life involves greater risks for children than for adults, and the law should make every effort to minimize the dangers to which children are exposed. When the death of a child reveals a flaw in the Poisons Act or a flaw in the manner of using a modern invention, special precautions should be taken by those in authority to prevent the possibility of a recurrence of similar tragedies. Too many young lives are being cut short, and too many homes desolated, by such terrible accidents.

# Woman Leader of World's Biggest Army!

The recent announcement of the election of Commander Evangeline Booth, fourth daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, to the post of General, in succession to General Higgins, who retires on November 1, marks a recognition of the tremendous energy and enthusiasm that women have always evinced in the work of this great religious and social organisation since its foundation in 1865.

ALTHOUGH in her 69th year, Commander Booth is regarded as a woman of outstanding ability and evangelical power, and the greatest satisfaction has been expressed in Salvation Army circles throughout the world that the highest post the Army has to offer is once more in the hands of a member of the great Booth family.

In 1865 the Rev. William Booth, an ardent mission preacher, broke away from the Methodist Church, and, with the assistance of his wife, Catherine Booth, resolved to devote himself to less conventional methods of reaching the poor and neglected classes in the great centres of population in England. It was not, however, until 1878 that the new organization became known as the Salvation Army.

Through long periods of persecution the Salvation Army continued its work, its members, women as well as men, being frequently treated with much cruelty by organised bands of roughs. In 1904 the first public recognition of the great work of the Army came, when His Majesty King Edward the Seventh commanded the attendance at Buckingham Palace of General Booth, and expressed his warm sympathy with the Army's aims and objects, and made a donation of 100 guineas to the institution.

Since that time the first General has been received by the rulers of many of the countries of Europe, by the Presidents of the United States, the Emperor of Japan, and the Governors of British dependencies.

THE work of the Salvation Army during the great war is too well known to need recapitulation. That period of travail definitely set the seal of greatness on the organization, and its ministrations among the sick and wounded removed from the minds of millions of people the prejudice that existed against this evangelical body.

For her work during the war period Commander Booth received from President Wilson the Distinguished Service Medal, and had similar honors conferred on her by the rulers of Sweden and other European countries.

## United the Army

AN example of the extraordinary force of character of the new commander-in-chief occurred during the troubled times of 1896, when the Salvation Army suffered its greatest danger of disruption through the breakaway of Commander Ballington Booth, a son of the founder, and his wife.

It was Ballington's intention to take over from his father the whole Army forces of the United States. Evangeline, who had failed to induce her brother to withdraw his resignation from the Army, was refused admission to a meeting he had called. With the same resourcefulness which characterised her father, she rushed into the next street and climbed into the building through a fire escape, and addressed the gathering of Salvationists with such persuasive eloquence that the disruption was averted, and Ballington was left with hardly a supporter.

Cable advice received last week by the Army headquarters in Australia announced that this distinguished woman will visit Australia next year for the purpose of conducting the Congress campaigns. The news has been received with the greatest enthusiasm by Salvationists in Australia and has created a great deal of public interest here.

As showing that the work of the commander-in-chief is a labor of love, it is interesting to note that the salary paid to her is only £500 a year, this sum being made available from a trust fund created by the first commander.

And this woman of 69 on a salary of £500 a year is in complete control of an organization, the ramifications of which include 90 countries, embracing 80 different languages, with 15,931 stations, 130 day schools, and controlling assets said to be worth over £20,000,000.





# KEPT Husband

There are hundreds of young wives to-day keeping on their jobs and making a big success of marriage. But there's one condition—a husband must have his job, too. For a man's pride will not let him live happily on what a woman earns!



**B**UT where are your witnesses? The registrar looked at George and Nina over his gold-rimmed eyeglasses. A little man, half streaked thinly over his scalp and a stringy walrus moustache. A melancholy little man. George and Nina looked at one another, twinkled, almost laughed aloud. Of course. How absurd! They'd forgotten that tiresome detail, they'd been in such a hurry. As it happened, witnesses were exactly what they least desired, and as Curtis, the one and only human being in the secret, had been called away on urgent business, there were no witnesses.

The registrar would have none of it. George had to find witnesses. The man at the street corner was quite willing to leave his newspapers on the wall for a small consideration. He brought with him as second witness a frail, little, dim-eyed woman with a nervous whisper. When it was all over she touched Nina's hand shyly and whispered, "Bless you, ducky!"

Nina sighed and drew a deep breath of the spring air. What a dim, drab

By  
**MARY  
BRIDGE**

House, of the Chequerbent General Transport Company, an imposing doorway with a grim sphinx on either side. Nina ran to the lift, it was past two o'clock, and George leapt on the first pausing bus bound east.

Nina held it in the stream of sunlight in the office window, that gleaming ring, so new, so golden. Her lips touched it lightly. Then she drew it off her finger. It was tight, quite hard to draw off. Her finger smarted where she forced it over the bone. She wrapped it carefully and gingerly in a handkerchief, and buried it in her handbag.

"Miss Romiley?" Nina obediently ceased to be Mrs. George Wendall. Mr. Hastings came in with his usual unnecessary, self-important hurry.

"Is everything ready for the Federation meeting?"

"I've packed your portfolio with everything you'll need—all the reports and batches of statistics and the provincial returns. You'll take these in your breast pocket, won't you?" Nina permitted herself a subdued smile as she handed her chief the notes of his lengthy speech.

"Thanks, I shan't be coming in again to-night. There's nothing you can't deal with yourself this afternoon?"

"Nothing, thank you, Mr. Hastings."

**W**HERE would be our Napoleon of transport, chairman of this board, president of that, but for his confidential secretary? If he had no Miss Romiley wild chaos would reign among his correspondence, for every appointment he kept six would be forgotten. Boards would wait in vain for their absent-minded chairman. As to his speeches, they were Nina's compositions from beginning to end. Mr. Hastings would run his eye over them and grunt approval. Then he took them, all neatly typed and tabulated, in his pocket—and reeled them off.

Chequerbent's meant seven pounds ten a week to Nina, a sum very well worth consideration when you began your career at thirty-five shillings. But Chequerbent's meant more. It meant work and life and power to her. Nina loved to feel her power, to know that her brain had done no little to make Chequerbent's what it was, though no one, least of all Mr. Hastings, would ever remark on the fact. Nina knew it, quietly and confidently. She loved Chequerbent's. In these five years she had grown into the place, her job was part of her.

As to George, he was the other part. She loved George with all the part of her that she could give to love. And no woman could give more. That a woman couldn't make a success of her marriage and her job at the same time was all stuffy Victorian nonsense. Sheer bunkum. Nina and George had talked it over frankly, and she brought George to see her point of view and now he agreed with her whole heartedly. Besides, how could two people live on the profits—or losses—of George's one-man business? It couldn't be done, and Nina had no intention of attempting it.

Bunkum or not, the rule made by old Mr. Chequerbent thirty years ago still held good. "Any woman employed by the company shall upon marriage immediately resign her post."



Illustrated by LOCK

Mr. Hastings would uphold it. Such had been the experience of Miss Allington and Miss Bates, her predecessors, dismissed without notice, without mercy.

Nina knew Mr. Hastings only too well, when someone trod on his pet prejudices. That was why she had sacrificed white satin and orange blossom and bridesmaids and all the things the bride's heart craves as her due, and always will be she private secretary, engineer, airwoman or what you please. That was why Nina took off her ring every morning at nine-thirty, after lunch every afternoon at two.

George dropped off the bus and turned into Simon's Court. Simon's Court was a blind alley in both senses of the word. The dusty wooden stairs echoed bare and hollow as he ran up to the office. George was secretary-bookkeeper-general manager at Hillier and Wendall's. You saw little of Hillier these days, since his health had got him down. While Nina had the choice of three underling typists, George dictated his meagre correspondence to a single mournful-eyed child with straggling fringe.

But the sun was shining into the office this afternoon, and for George it would continue to shine no matter what happened. And this afternoon exactly nothing happened. Except that a customer rang up to cancel an order. So the mournful-looking child read her novel undisturbed; propped up the gaudy paper-back almost under her chief's nose.

**G**EORGE meditated. He smiled. To think of it, to dream of it! Never to go back to Mrs. Day's dreary boarding establishment, but home to the little flat. Home! Nina had furnished it so exquisitely, with that suite in a lovely blue-grey wood, those Devonshire cream yellow walls,

those brilliant, daring splashes of color. Everything about it expressed Nina—her gaiety, her refinement, her clever modernity.

How had it happened? Nina, the wonderful, the exquisite, the lovely—and every other adjective George's not particularly well-filled mind could think of. What could he do to deserve her? Only love her and love her, give her his whole self—everything. If only that order had gone through, he'd have surprised her with those jade earrings she'd admired that day they shopped together. Now it would have to be something rather cheaper. However, that was a very small fly in a marvellously sweet-scented ointment.

Every morning they banged the orange-colored door with the green bronze knocker. Each had a latchkey, for sometimes George, sometimes Nina came in first of an evening. Most days they lunched together. They never talked business over meals. George had not the slightest idea how Nina filled her working day at Chequer-

bent's. He never heard the name of Mr. Hastings. Nina had only the vaguest notion of Simon's Court.

Always on the dot of seven-thirty, Millie served a tasty dinner on the blue-grey table under the opal lamps. Millie served and cooked with light-fingered perfection. Trim, discreet Millie. Trust Nina to choose a maid. She picked Millie with the same unerring flair for personalities with which she had chosen Chequerbent's junior typists—and George.

A wife can't keep her job and run her home successfully? Bunkum! But—there's one condition. Her husband must have his job, too.

Within a year of that registry office marriage, the worst happened at Hillier and Wendall's. George had struggled manfully against depressions and taxes and foreign duties and creditors, and the other things that nowadays swallow up all but the sturdiest businesses.

Now Nina took the nine o'clock bus alone. George dawdled over breakfast and the morning news. He ran his finger down the "Situations Vacant" column, and if he drew blank there—which he usually did—he strolled out to no particular destination, on the chance of meeting unexpected luck, or at least some old friend for a pow-wow.

Nina had loved that moment of slipping her latchkey into the orange door

Curtis found George along the embankment.

George, had he known it, was by no means easing the situation. He had made a resolution never to complain, to be exactly his old self. They'd chaff and joke and laugh together, just as in old days. George tried. He tried too hard. It was his forced jolting that Nina found almost unbearable. She could have slapped his face—if her heart hadn't been bleeding for him. What good had he done by hiding the truth? As though she wasn't strong enough to face it, as if she, Nina Romiley, must have life sprinkled with sugar for her. As though she hadn't love enough to understand.

Nina closed her umbrella with an angry snap. Nearly eight o'clock, after an afternoon that had heaped up petty annoyances all its weary length! And now, stepping off the bus, she slipped into the swirling gutter, ruining her black suede shoes. Never another pair as good as those! Not while George was out of work. George would have dinner ready, that was some consolation. After all, George was a dear.

There was George, sunk in an easy chair, holding his stockinged feet to the electric fire. The kitchen was in darkness.

"Hello darling! Late aren't you?"

"Oh George, you might have peeled the potatoes, or at least got the water boiling and the table set."

"But dear, I've only just come in myself. Ah, you're not the only one who's been kept late on important business to-night." His effort at a sty, bantering smile sent Nina into a paroxysm of irritation.

"Business indeed! What business have you, except to moon about the streets or drink with the less desirable of your old acquaintances?"

**"N**INA!" The pained surprise in George's eyes did not touch her. George looked merely silly. She wanted to hurt him.

"Nina! Please, please listen. I've been round to see Villiers. He's starting a garage out Hendon way, and wants me to go in with him. His place is right on the main road. It'll be a gold mine when once he's got it going."

"You needn't waste your valuable time romancing about Villiers and his gold mines to me! You don't know a rogue when you meet one. Never did, or you wouldn't be where you are."

Nina was in the kitchen, slipping a jazz chintz apron over her head. She turned on the tap with a sharp, vicious twist and sent a noisy stream splashing into the sink.

"Leave those potatoes, Nina. We'll go out to-night."

Please turn to Page 32

## A Complete Short Story

place to lie in her memory, for ever sacred as the place where she was given to George and he to her. She felt for George's hand. His comforting squeeze pressed the ring into her finger—thrillingly. They strolled into the park. No gay crowds emptied bags of confetti, or paper rose leaves over them. But as they passed, an almond tree in full bloom showered down delicate petals from its branches, those fragile flowers that come before the leaves.

The wedding-breakfast-lunch was celebrated at Alvaroni's in Piesdilly—no family, no guests. It included steak and kidney pudding which was George's favorite, and charlotte russe, which was Nina's. But, of course, there was champagne, and they pledged one another, hands clasped across the table. Nina's brown eyes mirrored in George's blue.

They kissed in the doorway of the vast black known as Chequerbent's

of the dream flat. But now the thrill had gone. When your dream flat eats half your salary in rent and upkeep and with the other half you've to feed two hearty appetites, where, I ask you, stands your dress and your manure and all the hundred and one insignificant extras that go a very long way towards making life worth living? Life without them is a strain on the temper of the most exemplary wife.

**W**ORST of all, Millie had to go. They had a daily "char" now. No tasty little dinners on the dot of seven-thirty. When Nina came home, she slipped on an overall and set to work. And when Nina was late or tired the piece de resistance of that dinner came out of a tin. Meals of an obviously tiny origin are a strain on the temper of the noblest-natured husband. Lately George had undertaken the cooking. He had nothing to do all day. It was only fair and reasonable. Nina argued to herself.



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,  
sketched by Petrov

## FROCKING a Modern MUSICAL COMEDY is an ART in ITSELF!



A GOLF SUIT showing the new divided skirt in navy blue sheer wool. A tailored white pique jacket is worn over a white cotton sweater. White felt hat and white suede brogues.



ONE OF the new coolie coats for beach wear, made of white twined linen with handpainted spots in coral, black, and green. A large square hat of white linen. Black costume and sandals.



PALE GREY linen makes this beach skirt and emerald green alpaca the draped top and sout-western hat. The shoes are green canvas.



EVENING DRESS in pale blue crepe with the new split skirt. The long train is lined with navy blue velvet, which also makes the large evening hat, long gloves, and dress revers. Designed for the ballet.



COPY of a Marcel Rochas model. White taffeta with pleated frills and the split skirt. A large black stuffed bird trims the bodice.

## Difficulties Confront La Mode ...when She takes to the Stage!

WATCHING a musical comedy from the audience and seeing dozens of dresses dance across the stage, few people realise the tremendous amount of work and thought behind every single item. In period or costume plays there are photographs from abroad to copy. In some modern musical shows it is possible to copy some of the original frocks worn, but, as a rule, by the time the show is produced here, even though it is only a few months later than the London or New York season, the fashions have changed, and, in any case, the clothes must be adapted to suit the different personalities and the different countries.

During the last few years there have been many modern musical comedies produced in Australia with the entire wardrobe designed and made here, with perhaps the principal actress's frocks coming from abroad, the more recent being "Blue Roses," "Our Miss Gibbs," "Quaker Girl," "The Beloved Vagabond," and "Gay Divorcee."

To dress a straight play in which there are possibly only four or six women characters is comparatively simple, but with a musical show it is quite another matter. Here there are many more principals and also the ballet, chorus, and showgirls.

### Some Color Problems

THE first thing to think of is the scene itself, the right type of frock and the colors that will blend in with the

ASSISTED by Gretel Bullmore, I have just concluded the dressing of an Australian musical comedy demanding the most up-to-the-minute frocking styles, and I thought you would be interested in being taken behind the scenes and hearing of some of the difficulties encountered in this fascinating business of frocking a stage show.

scenery. Having decided upon a color scheme for the ballet there are then the principals—each to have a different color, and yet they must mix together and with the ballet. Color is the most important consideration. If you choose your materials in daylight or ordinary gaslight you find that most of them look entirely different when under stage lights.

Blue is the hardest shade to work with under the stage lights. Most blues change completely, turning grey or mauve; mauve and purple lose their color; yellow turns white, and navy blue looks black. You might have a dress, hat, and shoes all blue and matching perfectly under electric light, and then when you see them on the stage they are three different shades.

### Fugitive Fashions

ONE of the difficulties these days when fashions change so quickly is to have frocks and hats in the very latest fashion at the time of the show's production, and yet they may have to be designed and made some months before.

If each scene in the play calls for different types of clothes—for instance, one for sports dresses, one for evening gowns or beach clothes or afternoon frocks, it is ever so much easier than

when two scenes require the same type. Then you must have two contrasting sets of ballet clothes, possibly eight individual dresses for the showgirls in each scene, and then two for each of the principals—by the time you have finished choosing colors, styles, and materials, all absolute contrasts, you begin to think that there is not another design or color left in the world.

### And the Fabrics!

ONE of the hardest problems when dressing a show in Australia is to find materials that everyone has not already seen in the shop windows or in the material departments of the big stores.

Very often if you work out an unusual color scheme for the ballet clothes you find it impossible to procure the right material for the costumes in the exact color. Then weeks have to be spent having it all dyed.

The ballet clothes are always the hardest. Possibly you want them to be tailored-looking satin or crepe evening gowns, but the ballet mistress tells you that the girls have a big dance where they do a lot of kicking, and that she would like the skirts to be about six yards wide at the hem! Or, perhaps, you have put them in velvet or tulle

dresses. Then you may find that at one stage of the dance they have to roll on the floor!

You may think that having selected all the designs and colors the biggest part is over, but only then does the hard work really start. Once you have found the right materials in the colors you want, and the dresses are started, there are the fittings. Sixteen ballet-girls and eight showgirls, with four changes, have at the least two fittings each, that is, one hundred and twenty-two fittings to be seen, not counting any of the principals or the actresses with small parts.

Then come the shoes, and hats, and accessories.

DAYS are spent going from shoe shop to milliner with small patterns of material matching up the colors. All the shoes have to be specially made for the ballet, as they must be similar and also suitable for dancing. Every pair of shoes must be dyed under the right light, and when unusual designs are required, for instance if you want elaborate beach shoes, styles have to be chosen from books, and then the colors and materials found. Hats must also be specially designed. However smart a hat might be for street wear it is seldom suitable for the stage. Except for the principals, hats for the ballet must be more decorative and yet keep within the realm of fashion. That, in fact, is the foundation of the whole—to realise just how different everything must be to the clothes one would wear oneself, and to know what patterns will show up on the stage, what colors come out best, and

just how much to exaggerate smart everyday clothes.

### Important Details

APART from the shoes and hats there are other things that although seemingly of small importance make all the difference to the general effect—gloves to be dyed to match shoes or dresses, bags to be made, artificial jewellery to be specially constructed so as to show up well, the right color stockings for each set of frocks, short socks dyed to go with the sports clothes and even make-up if you want the girls to have anything out of the ordinary.

Then there are countless little things that no one sees. You probably find that many of the frocks when tried out on the stage are transparent and have to be lined again, or that the lengths of the ballet-dresses are not exactly the same height from the ground; perhaps some of the girls lose several pounds in weight while rehearsing, so their frocks have all to be taken in. Then the fastenings on every dress have to be made strongly and simply so that the girls can change quickly and get in and out of them without staining them with make-up.

Yes, it means time, thought, planning, endless and often exhausting work, but when the great first night is over, and you have the thrill of seeing everything come out just as you dreamed and planned it, you know that all the wear and tear of the job has been well worth while, and that the fascination of it more than repays for all the seemingly endless weeks of preparation.

THIS week Petrov has sketched some of the frocks from "Blue Mountain Melody," the Australian musical comedy by Mr. J. C. Bancks, which commences its Australian season under the J.C.W. management on Saturday. Jessie Tait, who conducts our "Fashion Parade" page, is the wife of Mr. Bancks, the author of the play. She is a daughter of Mr. E. J. Tait, and has dressed many of her father's shows.



# EVENING WRAPS . . . . are both Simple and Sophisticated!



• A SWAGGER evening coat, worn by Evelyn Venable, is achieved in wine velvet. It boasts soft shoulder flares and an Ascot tie, and is worn over a gown of dull rose taffeta.

• MASSED star-sapphire blue beads on a background of grey chiffon sound fascinating, and Carole Lombard (Paramount player) shows how irresistible they can appear when used for gorgeous evening raiment and worn by her!



• SILVER LACE, heavily embroidered with crystal beads, is the elaborate fabric which fashions a lovely evening gown for Carole Lombard. The frock is cut on severely classic lines, in piquant contrast to the richness of the material.

• EVENING COAT of sapphire velvet luxuriously trimmed with bands of silver fox and worn by Irene Dunne, R.K.O. Radio star, over a trained frock of Alice blue crepe.

## Seasonable Styles...for Both Sides of the World

THIS is one of the few periods in the year when the Australian season fits in with the European, so that the newest styles are practical for both climes.

Over here we are just starting to think about the cooler days and mid-season wear, while Australians are longing to discard winter coats and welcome light-weight coat-frocks and little suits. So we are both in mid-season mood, and ready for the latest news on sportswear and street clothes.

Matita, whose keyword is "She Shall Be Charming Wherever She Goes," showed me some very snappy models from their newest collection which has not yet been shown, even to the wholesale buyers.

Outstanding points from the Matita collection are: Tailormades in light, uncrushable materials take the form of neat little suits with breast pockets and centre fastening, or the coat frocks which look like coats, or suits, or frocks, or a combination of all three, and are really the

From MURIEL SEGAL  
Our Special Representative in Europe

most serviceable and neatest of garments.

Necks remain high in the main, though there are not so many choker effects. Necklines tend to be square in some of the jumpers and less severe frocks. Skirts are always straight and pleated to give necessary freedom of movement.

BELTS are in enormous demand this year, and even when the jackets are not actually belted there are attractive little half-belts at back. Rever interest is as strong as ever, but takes a form that flows naturally, and without exaggeration out of the classic-tailored silhouette.

As far as color schemes go, rich greens and browns are well to the fore, and there is a new shade called crushed grape, which is a lustrous tint, beautiful in itself, and kind to the wearer.

Plaids and stripes are all the rage, and plaids are again combined with plain colors. Stripes

are cleverly arranged to give style interest to the simplest sports frock.

VERY lightweight tweeds are the featured materials which are so unusually featherweight as to be unrecognisable as tweeds until closely examined. There are also many jersey weaves which take fascinating novelty forms.

Details are more and more important, and especially clips, belts, and fastenings. Clasps which are gilt, and resemble goose-feathers, ivory screws complete with threads and slotted heads, and carved steel domes which look like pearl button effects exactly like snails and murderous-looking daggers. These last fit into curved sheaths to fasten the belts of very jaunty cossack suits.

Scarves made of chamol leather, and worn with hand-made chamol gloves, is a style point I should recommend any girl who wants distinction, as well as chic for her new morning suit, or travelling garb, or sports ensemble. Other scarves have a great deal of tinsel woven into their fabric pile, giving a more or less dressy appearance to the most severe garments.



MOTHERS,  
DON'T  
COMPEL—

Appeal! WITH THE  
1934 BREAKFAST



MODERN mothers don't force children to eat heavy, rich foods. They appeal to young appetites in the 1934 way—by serving Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast, lunch or supper! Made from delicious toasted Australian white corn, malt and sugar, Kellogg's are full of nutriment, easily-digested.

Ready-to-eat, economical, they save work for busy mothers! Serve them to all the family!

Oven-fresh  
Always

The new inner-  
sealed Waxtite  
Wrapper keeps  
Kellogg's fresh and  
crisp after opening.



Kellogg's  
CORN FLAKES



# WHIDDON TICKETS FREE!

**Prize Valued  
£4000  
For Nothing!  
GOLDEN BOX  
FEATURE**



WINNERS ALL.—Every week Mr. W. H. Whiddon wins for people like those in this happy group. In 35 weeks he won over £44,000, and paid every penny to lucky shareholders.

That he will give away free of all cost tickets which can win a prize valued at £4000 is announced to-day by Mr. W. H. Whiddon, former Director of State Lotteries!

This special gift offer is made in connection with the New South Wales Golden Box, of which Mr. Whiddon is the Honorary Director.

The free tickets can win the first prize in the Golden Box valued at £4000 or any of 2000 other prizes. This offer may be withdrawn at any time.

## POST THE COUPON

They are to be given to readers of The Australian Women's Weekly who post in the lucky coupon at the foot of this announcement, together with a postal note for 1/6 to pay for one of Mr. Whiddon's lucky fifth shares in the New South Wales State Lottery.

The usual price of the share is 1/6 and the usual price of the Golden Box ticket is 1/-, yet for 1/6 only readers can procure the "Double" ticket which can win them prizes valued at £5000.

The free ticket is a personal gift by Mr. Whiddon to those readers who help him help St. Margaret's Hospital, through the Golden Box, and the offer may not be repeated.

## SPEED IS URGED

Readers are urged to write at once for this opportunity, which is doubly lucky because of Mr. Whiddon's gift, and because he guarantees the value of every Golden Box prize.

The special coupon MUST be posted, and there is only one "Double" for any one household. The Whiddon £5000 Double can win for you in a week, so post without delay.

## LOTTERY LURE— Poor Are Patient— Win Big Prizes

*The lure of the Lottery affects young and old, rich and poor. Youth sees in its prizes a rosy hued future; Age hopes for comfort and security. To the rich it is a gamble, but to the poor success means salvation.*

It is little wonder that the Lottery has a perennial charm, that people will be patient and persevering with Lottery tickets and with nothing else. There is always the hope that some day a big prize will come.



MR. W. H. WHIDDON

Former Director of the New South Wales State Lottery, Mr. Whiddon is now the Honorary Director of the New South Wales Golden Box, and makes a special offer to Australian Women's Weekly readers in this issue.

Take the New South Wales State Lottery. In thousands of cases poor people have plunged with a few pence, and poverty has been replaced with prosperity overnight.

## PRIZES TO PANTRY.

Two weeks ago five people in the pantry of a city restaurant shared £5000. Clerks and cooks... painters and plumbers... porters and policemen, poor people all, have won big money in the lotteries.

Lottery luck brings luxury, comfort, and independence. Look at the big wins of Mr. W. H. Whiddon, and what they have done for thousands of poor people. Two 1st prizes of £5000, five 2nd prizes of £1000, four 3rd prizes of £500, and three 4th prizes of £300 have all been won by people who could well do with the money.

Altogether he has won over £44,000 in Lottery cash, and every penny has been paid to shareholders.

To-day, through his association with the New South Wales Golden Box, Mr. Whiddon brings the magic of his lottery luck within the reach of all.

For only 1/6 he offers chances to win prizes valued at £5000.

## THE BIG CHANCE.

The Whiddon £5000 Double at 1/6 provides for a lucky fifth share that can win £1000 in the New South Wales State Lottery—This is the usual price—and a ticket which can win a prize valued at £4000 in the New South Wales Golden Box absolutely free.

Mr. Whiddon gives the Golden Box ticket free to people who help him help St. Margaret's.

At this Hospital over 10,000 tiny Australian babies have been born, and 1/- a day keeps a baby a day.

The whole of the profits will go to benefit St. Margaret's, for Mr. Whiddon is acting in an entirely honorary capacity.

Mr. Whiddon's ideas on luck point to patience as the principal requirement. It is simply a matter of trying. If at first you don't succeed, try and try and try. You cannot win if you do not try, and this wonderful free offer makes trying both simple and cheap. Clip and post to-day—start a fortune on its way.

# Music and Radio

## Conservatorium Successes at Eisteddfod

MEMORABLE scenes marked the conclusion of the second City of Sydney Eisteddfod at the Town Hall on Saturday night. The great auditorium was packed with an enthusiastic audience which showed its appreciation of the fine efforts of the choir from Sydney, Melbourne, Newcastle and Hamilton in the interstate championship. R. McLelland's Students Choir repeated its performance of last year and carried off the honors with the Newcastle Choral Society as runners up.

Although inclement weather right throughout the ten days of the festival detracted from the public attendances, the Eisteddfod was a remarkable success, and has now definitely established itself as an annual event in Sydney. All the country centres of N.S.W. were well represented in the various sections, and took their full share of awards, particularly from Newcastle and Kurri Kurri districts.

A pleasing feature of the results was the success of pupils of Mr. Roland Foster of the Conservatorium of Music in the solo items.

Miss Merle Ambler, a Newcastle contralto, who is studying under Mr. Foster, secured the highest aggregate number of points in the opera, oratorio and solo sections, and was awarded no fewer than six prizes during the carnival.

Other pupils of Mr. Roland Foster who were signally successful were Miss Jean Watson, winner of the contralto championship, Mr. David Barwell, baritone, who won two prizes, and Miss Ruth Scott, an Auckland girl who carried off the honors in the soprano sections.

## University Musical Society

WHEN the University Musical Society hold their concert at the Variety Great Hall on Tuesday, September 18, the attractive programme will be broadcast.

The society, conducted by G. Faunce Allman, will present a programme composed of gipsy songs for voices and piano by Brahms, three-part songs, an anthem and three madrigals, of which one is "Arise, Awake," by Thomas Morley.

Alex. Sverjensky, pianist, will play compositions by Liszt, Rachmaninoff and Godowsky. Among Dora Rancand's violin contributions will be "Tempo Di Menuetto" (Fogman-Kreiser) and Mozart's "Rondo." Marie Bremner, popular soprano not long returned from abroad, will sing, while Bessie Coleman will be the accompanist.

## "Con" Country Party

IT is gratifying to hear from the secretary of the Australian Music Examinations Board, Mr. T. E. Lobban, that the practice of sending a party of Conservatorium musicians to the country is to be resumed. Artists who shortly will leave for the west are Lloyd Davies, Alfred Cunningham, Osie Pyfe, Winifred Burston, and Heather Kinnaird.

They will present programmes in various country towns such as Harden, Young, Corowa, Grenfell, Coolamundra, and Junee. These are intended to defray the travelling expenses of the artists, who otherwise will be giving their services free.

However, the main function of the party will be to demonstrate in each centre the pieces which are set down for the forthcoming examinations of the A.M.E.B., for which there are some 7000 candidates. Profits from the concerts will be handed to the hospitals in each town.

## Radio Matinees

SOME changes have been made by the Broadcasting Commission in its radio matinee programmes so that each afternoon now listeners of all tastes are catered for.

On Monday afternoon it is planned to present chamber music interspersed with a vocal recital.

Each Tuesday afternoon there will be a symphony concert. On Wednesday afternoon there will be a musical open-air with a programme of classical music from 3.0 until 3.15, followed by an organ recital by Ernest Truman from the Sydney Town Hall until 4 o'clock and concluding with a series of miniature recitals by famous artists.

Wednesday afternoon is allotted to dance and variety music, the session being titled "Gramophone Pic."

## English Folk Songs

MISS MARIE BREMNER, who gave her first recital in the series of musical lecture-recitals held in David Jones' auditorium every Monday afternoon about a month ago, so delighted the big audience present with her Old English folk songs that she is to give the second next Monday afternoon at 8.30, when she will appear in Old World costume. Miss Bremner who will be accompanied by Mr. Lindley Evans, will sing a group of English songs by Arne and Bishop, and also Essex and Somerset folk songs.

## Piano Recital

EVELYN BLANCHE, from the studio of Mr. Isidor Goodman, is to give a piano recital at the Conservatorium on Thursday, September 20, at 8.15 p.m., at which Charles Harvey-Maple (baritone) and Dulcie Holland (accompanist) will assist.

The programme will include Handel Variations (Brahms), Organ Toccata, and Fugue in D Minor (Bach-Taubig), and compositions by Chopin, Ireland, de Falla, also Elizabethan Lute Songs and songs by modern writers.

Reservations may be made at Pallings.

## Albert Cazaban

IT is some time since Albert Cazaban, well-known theatre conductor, was heard in a recital. His splendid recital at the Conservatorium a year or two ago, when this talented violinist gave a beautiful reading of the Cesar Franck sonata will be remembered. Now he has announced a "Con" concert for September 17. The intriguing feature of his programme is a new sonata by Bohuslav Martinu, a Czechoslovakian composer. Another interesting item will be "Sweet Thoughts in a Dream," by Felix White, an Englishman who won the Carnegie Prize with one of his larger chamber works.

## Chamber Music Club

THE N.S.W. Musical Association will give a chamber music club evening at Pallings Hall, on September 21.

Another recital of note will be given by Ethel Holden, violinist, at the Conservatorium, on September 21. Her programme will include Vivaldi's Concerto in G Minor, the Handel Sonata for two violins, and a group of short solos by Australian composers. The assisting artists will be A. E. Y. Benham (bass), Frank Hutchens (pianist), Cyril Monk (violinist), and Nano Kinsella (accompanist).

# ASTHMA?

## A DIFFERENT INHALATION TREATMENT

If you wish to lie down and sleep without being disturbed, for the reason to be easily brought away, the reason to start to live the ability again to walk up hills without effort, for the attacks to become less severe, less frequent, and subsequently stop altogether, without recurrence, has

## MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

### Inhalation Treatment

Also effective in cases of  
**LUNG TROUBLE CATARRH  
BRONCHITIS**

Send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MR. C. E. MURPHY, of

### IRVINE LIMITED

Chemists, 183 Victoria Road, Drumoyne, Sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

## ECZEMA

Londoner Praises Australian Chemist. SKIN DISEASE ERADICATED BY BRILLIANT SYDNEY DERMATOLOGIST

An English businessman, Mr. Harry Ennes, of 30 Brunswick Sq., London, has written Mr. J. J. McHugh, the brilliant young consulting chemist, of 124 Liverpool St., Sydney, expressing delight at the rapid recovery effected with Mr. McHugh's treatment. From a stubborn, long-standing case of PSORIASIS. The following is an extract from his letter. "The ointment and pills have acted on me in a wonderful manner; you have certainly done more for me than any of the specialists I have consulted here, and I had suffered the tortures of this complaint for over four and a half years." This letter and hundreds of others received from grateful patients all over the world, may be inspected at Mr. McHugh's rooms. Mr. McHugh's secret formula (used in all his treatments) has brought him fame in treating successfully ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, GERM UNDER THE NAIL, VARIOUS VEIN AND OTHERS, TROPICAL RINGWORM (TUBERCLE), SCALP RINGWORM, HAIRLESS RASH, PANICUFF, RINGWORM, ACNE, PRURITIS, MILKING ECZEMA, ROSACEA, and similar distressing complaints. WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR OTHERS HE CAN DO FOR YOU.

Readers should write to mentioning stamped envelope, or call on Mr. McHugh and he will be pleased to advise them without obligation. CONSULTATIONS FREE. Mondays to Fridays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays, 9 a.m. to 12 noon; Tuesdays and Fridays, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

JOHN J. McHUGH, M.P.S., Ph.C. (Consulting and Pharmaceutical Chemist), 124 LIVERPOOL ST., FIRST FLOOR (Opp. Bank's), SYDNEY. Phone. MA3028-3033

## POSITION WANTED

SOBER, industrious man, 30, needs work. Farm, station, or gardening. Refs.

J. FONE, 20 King St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

## WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD GOLD, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hurst Street).\*\*\*

# To Join with Whiddon POST TO-DAY

Mr. W. H. Whiddon, Honorary Director,  
New South Wales Golden Box, Desk No. W.2,  
Box 2716 C, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me the Whiddon £5000 Double (Lottery share and Golden Box Ticket) which can win me prizes valued at £5000. I have not previously had this offer.

I enclose a postal note for 1/6 and a stamped addressed envelope.

**PRIZES VALUED AT  
£5000**

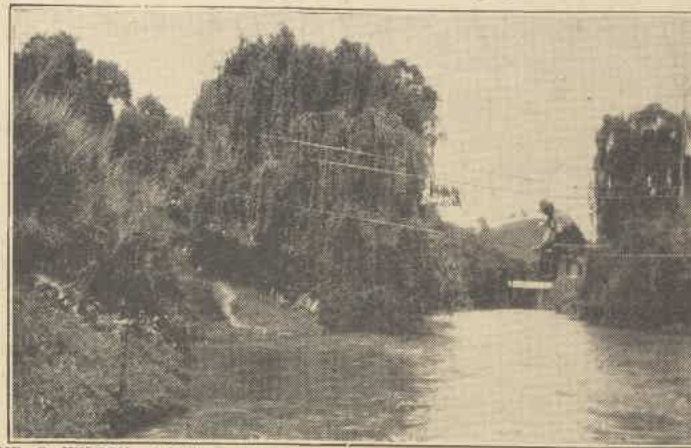
NAME .....  
STREET .....  
TOWN .....  
STATE .....



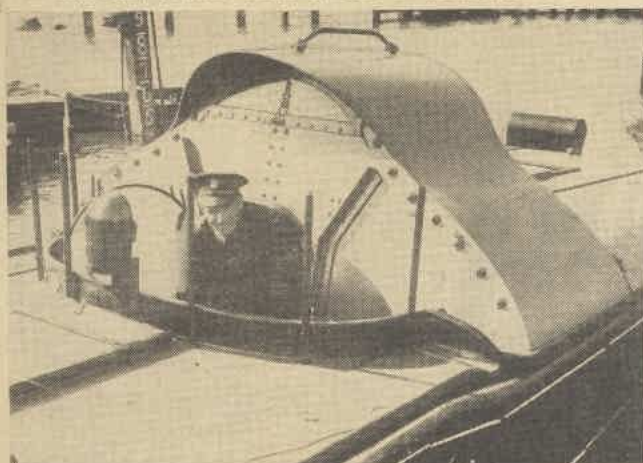
# Camera Sees Some Strange Sights



THEY LOOK LIKE a couple of Channel swimmers, greased up for a swim across to France, but they are only two Weston-Super-Mare bathing girls after a mud fight. Someone has discovered that the mud on this famous English beach has health-giving properties—so now everybody throws mud at their friends.



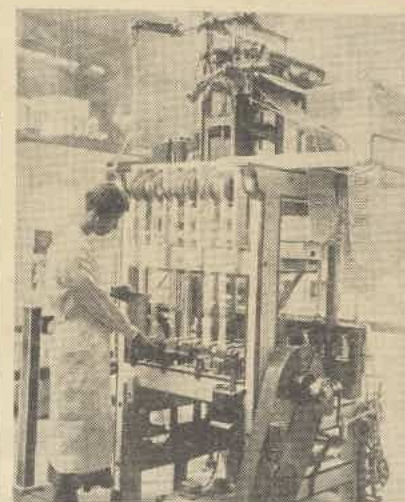
MR. O. WILSON, of Belltrees, via Soone, N.S.W., sends this study of a bushman crossing a river in his district. Wires are strung from bank to bank, and by an arrangement of pulleys he draws himself across high above the water. The inventor is Mr. Leggot.



THIS BRIGHT-LOOKING sailor man can have his job all on his own. He is seen in the new special "Power Boats" made by the British Navy for bomb practice. The boat is the target. It is built in such a way that it can travel 130 miles an hour, and is bomb-proof. "For a thrill come for a ride with us," says this man.



ABOVE: If you met this on the pavement one night going home, would you be afraid? The creature is Leslie Burrows, celebrated exponent of the German dance, in London in a dance entitled "Fear." It is not her own face. She has on a mask.



THIS GIRL is not playing some strange kind of pianola—she is operating a laundry-marking apparatus. The laundry clients' names and numbers are fed into the machine in a series of punctured strips and, operating on the same principle as a player piano, the machine weaves the name into whatever garment requires marking.



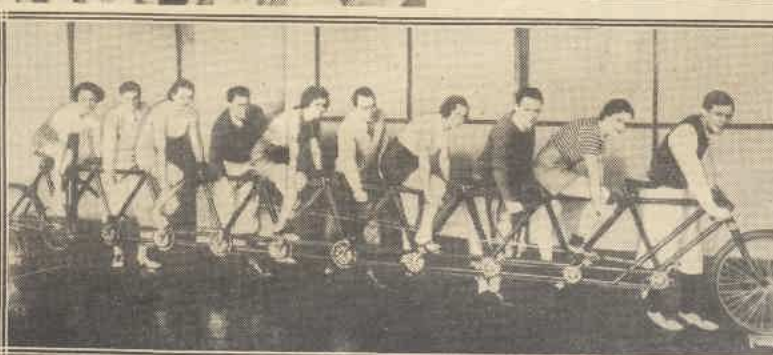
A CLEVER CARICATURE of Don Bradman, the famous Australian batsman, who has again won world-wide laurels for Australia. This model, which was made out of a solid block of wood, was carved by Banx, and was exhibited at the Carlton Studios, London, recently.



LEFT: This unfortunate small boy, in America, is suffering from a disease of the digestive organs which make it necessary for him to live on a diet of bananas. He has eaten 14,000 during the last two years.



ABOVE: Mrs. Nelson, London's 60-year-old woman sweep. She took on her husband's job when he fell ill. Snapped going about her business by F. M. Mulholland, an Australian visitor to the "Old Country."



LEFT: A bicycle built for two, indeed—here is a bicycle built for ten. It was made and ridden in Boston, U.S.A., where it holds the record for this sort of thing.





# To WOMEN

*... It is especially important!*

YOU MUST PUT A NUMBER IN EVERY SQUARE ON YOUR BALLOT PAPER.

"My dear, it is quite natural that you should be absorbed in your home interests and say, 'Bother politics!' But this time you must take a hand. If the Socialists win, everything that matters most to you will be in danger. The Socialists have boasted that what they are after now—Political Control of the Commonwealth Bank—is only the first step towards Socialisation of everything—your home, for instance, and even your children."

"Then this is our fight all right. We must keep Lang and Scullin out."

## VOTE U.A.P.

FOR THE SENATE VOTE

**3** Abbott **2** Courtenay **1** Dein

Authorised by H. W. HORSFIELD, 15 Bigh Street, Sydney.

U.A.P.-17/A

**EMPLOYMENT . . . WAGES . . . SECURITY**



# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER



"Oh! by the way, did I ever tell you about my apparition."



MISTRESS: What is the meaning of those cobwebs?  
BRIDGET: Spiders, Mum!

"This is my daughter cultivating her voice!"  
"Not cultivating—that's harrowing, old boy, harrowing!"



HE: You're the cream in my coffee!  
SHE: Yes—and you're the pain in my neck!

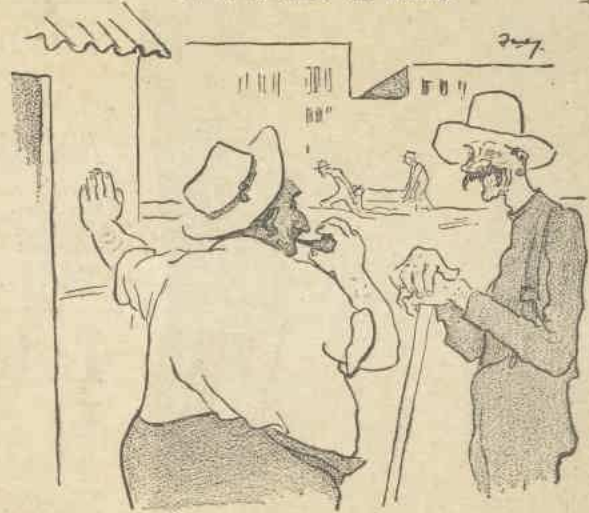


"William, construct a sentence using the word 'archaic'."  
"You can't have 'archaic' and eat it, too."

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Yes, go on, George—I'm listening."



FIRST RELIEF WORKER: How did he break his arm?  
SECOND RELIEF WORKER: He was leaning on his shovel and the handle broke.

Cool... Smart... Economical...

And guaranteed fadeless in all the most attractive of the new season's colourings. British Chief is the ideal summer fabric for sports frocks. It is fresh and dainty. It feels and looks cool. It is serviceable and does up like new. British Chief is splendid, too, for house frocks, school uniforms, children's wear, etc.

Look for the name on the selvage... good drapers everywhere sell the genuine British Chief.

D. & W. MURRAY, LTD.



All British made and sold at one price everywhere

36 INCHES WIDE  PER YARD

**British Chief**  
THE ALL-PURPOSE SUMMER FABRIC

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SALESMAN: These shirts simply laugh at the laundry, sir.  
Customer: You're telling me. Most of them come back with their sides splitting.

"HE'S been sitting there all day, doing nothing but wasting time."  
"How do you know?"  
"Because I've been sitting here watching him."

BUBB: Do you know of anything worse than letting your wife find a letter you had forgotten to post?  
Tubb: Yes, letting her find one you'd forgotten to burn!

"AUNT SUE, if you had your life over again, what would you do?"  
"I'd get married before I had sense enough to decide to stay an old maid."

"WILL you marry me?"  
"No."  
"Oh, come on, be a support."

MRS. NEWLYWED: My husband admires everything about me—my voice, my eyes, my hands, and my figure.  
Friend: And what do you admire about him?  
Mrs. Newlywed: His good taste.

"I LIKE your uncle," exclaimed one girl to her chum. "He is such a sporty old man!"  
"Yes, but he's a little too sporty at times," remarked her friend. "For instance, the other Sunday he fell asleep in church, and when I nudged him he yawned, stared at the hymn-board, and cried out so loudly that everybody must have heard him. 'Good gracious, only three starters!'"

## Congested Livers

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,  
the Recognised Regulators

Many people contract congested livers at times. In fact, the liver gets out of order about as often as any other organ of the body. During that condition, life is unbearable for the sufferer and any one who comes near. No doubt this climate is partly responsible, but a frequently contributing cause is excessive eating and drinking, or wrong type of food.

In such instances something is necessary to cleanse that vital organ, and restore it to healthy action. As a remedy for this purpose, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills possess a world-wide reputation. They cause the liver to function in a natural manner, stimulate the kidneys, and generally cleanse the system.

DR. MORSE'S  
**INDIAN ROOT PILLS**  
- For the Liver



# Hasten the Happy Day!

## W.W.CAMPBELLS' WILL GIVE YOU 2 YEARS TO PAY

SEPTEMBER SPECIAL. Furnish on the "50 Pay Way" (50 Fortnightly payments). This remarkable plan for completely furnishing the home is available in the Metropolitan Area during September. **LOWEST DEPOSITS IN SYDNEY.** You can also make smaller, or any purchases on W. W. Campbells' Warehouse Easy Terms—the easiest in Sydney, too.

OPEN ON  
FRIDAY  
NIGHT

### WONDERFUL REDUCTIONS BRITISH AXMINSTER CARPETS

9ft. x 7ft. 6in.	9ft. x 9ft.	10ft. 6in. x 9ft.	12ft. x 9ft.
Usual Value: £5/19/6	£6/19/6	£7/19/6	£8/19/6
NOW AT— £4/10/-	£5/10/-	£6/5/-	£7/5/-

### Latest in Quality Radio

This beautiful Radio has latest clock dial, Amplion Q. Speaker and recessed Sounding Board. It gives Perfect Local and Interstate Reception. To appreciate this set you must hear it—call at the Warehouse.

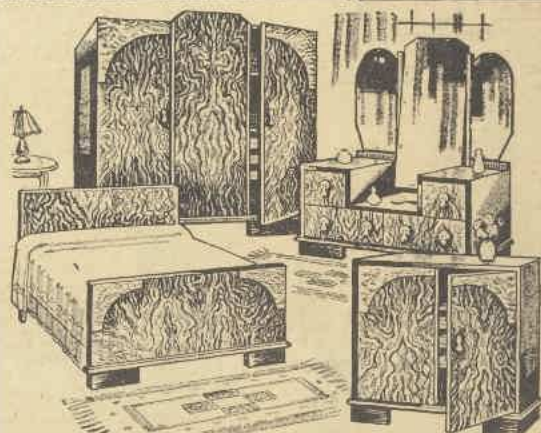
Introductory Cash Price  
**£15/19/6**

Guaranteed 12 Months.

This Model can be secured on:

**17'6 DEPOSIT 4' WEEKLY**

Free Delivery : Free Service  
Free Installation



Highly polished Figured Maple, in contrasting veneers, make this a particularly handsome Bedroom Suite. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe and Double Loughboy are fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. 3ft. 6in. Drop-centre Dressing Table has extra large Cheval Mirror and two shaped wing-mirrors. Examine the unique design and perfect finish. Introductory Cash Price, £18/18/-, (Bedstead Extra).

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

**18'6 DEPOSIT 4'6 WEEKLY**



This "Art Moderne" Lounge Suite has reversible, inner spring, Loose Cushion Seats of latest design. The suite is upholstered in attractive English material and is splendid value at This Week's Cash Price, £17/17/-.

IMMEDIATE METROPOLITAN DELIVERY ON

**17'6 DEPOSIT 4'6 WEEKLY**



**5' DEPOSIT  
2' WEEKLY**

TROUSSEAU  
CHEST

New design 4ft. 6in. Oak Breakfast Room Cabinet, fully fitted. Colored leadlight doors are particularly attractive. This Week's Cash Price, 79/6.

Trousseau Chest, in Polished Walnut, has full-length sliding trays, etc., and is a beautiful article at the Special Cash Price, 65/-.

Oak Loughboy has sliding trays, trouser rails and adjustable mirror. This Week's Cash Price, 59/6.

Full panel Oak Bedstead has strong adjustable wire mattress. This Week's Cash Price, 31/6. (Kapok Mattress, pure Japan, is 26/9 extra.)

31/6

**249 CLARENCE ST.**  
(One door from Market St) **SYDNEY**



Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

# So They Say

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

## BE INTRODUCED!

AN introduction may not be a guarantee of character, but acquaintanceships so regularised are wiser for girls to make. While one may safely make friends with anyone anywhere, girls and men who meet unconventionally rarely have friendship in view. The romance of "pick-ups," innocent though these may be, is falsely glamorous.

A true man respects womanhood under all circumstances, but there are far too many male persons ready to take advantage of the girl who foolishly dispenses with the moral and social backing of family and friends that a formal introduction ensures for her. The girl who discards that protective background takes a serious, if thrilling, risk.

£1 for this letter to Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

## HEALTH ABUSED

PICTURES of girls owning a perfect physique are common these days in our papers; but what a sad sight some of them present. The case for record-breaking seems to be almost a mania. Lately I noticed the photo of a young girl who broke the cycling record between Sydney and Melbourne. The paragraph describing her worthy feat also stated that when she completed her task she burst into tears. And later another showing the finish of a woman's foot race with an English harrier club.

Under this photo was written: "Note the mark of strain on the winner's face." Is it worth while? Such a pity, I think. Perfect health is too precious to abuse like this, and the contestants must feel the strain afterwards. Do other readers agree with me?

Gladys A. Schulze, Warrambo, S.A.

## INTERCHANGE OF IDEAS

THE Australian Women's Weekly gives ample scope for contributors, not only to write on matters of interest, but also to express opinions on matters of social life. By the interchange of ideas much may be accomplished in the way of broadening one's outlook, and finally at arriving much closer to the ideal in social life than would otherwise be possible.

It is for this reason that this paper is so popular with men who love theorising and expounding their points of view. My husband buys several papers weekly, but his first choice, like mine, is The Australian Women's Weekly. He is continually finding within its pages confirmation of many of his own opinions. He says it is our women of Australia—paper, and continually encourages and urges me to express my opinions through its pages.

Mrs. J. G. Kennedy, Sonoma St., Collingwood, N. Qld.

## LAZY SPEECH

AUSTRALIANS are said to be casual. We are, most of us, more than casual in our expressions of speech—we are absolutely lazy. "Awfully nice," "Simply marvellous," "Too thrilling," are phrases which habit seems to have inevitably placed in our vocabulary. They sound as a rule so flat, lifeless, and unimaginative, not giving expression to our real thoughts. Is it mental laziness that causes us to be satisfied with these substitutes for individually original speech—or just habit?

Mrs. B. Noel, Wood's Flai, via Blanchetown, S.A.

## THE BITTEN MALE

MOST of us do not mind giving a few coppers now and then to some unfortunate individual who needs them. Sometimes, however, I am turned completely against the street-unemployed who ask for money. I am rarely approached by these when alone, or with a male companion. But it seems that whenever I am with a woman I am sure to be "bitten." This in itself is suspicious, but the motives of the biter become plain when he keeps on looking from me to the lady, and by a persistent and wheedling manner endeavors to excite her sympathy. I do not deplore their needs but their methods.

G. Tribe, 124 Meredith St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

## "Dinkum Aussie" Denotes A Healthy Pride

I AM sorry to see Miss Purdon (25/8/34), or anyone else, for that matter, censor the spirit which causes anyone of any nationality to show his or her pride of country.

"Dinkum Aussie" is a slang expression, and a mild conceit—certainly not insanity—which very inadequately expresses an immensity of pride in our Australia. And why not? Are the Australians not a race to be justly proud of?

Gladys McBride, 148 Ipswich Rd., Brisbane.

## Missed the Point

MISS STELLA PURDON (25/8/34) has missed the real meaning of "Dinkum Aussie." The term is used to apply to a person born in Australia—a true Australian—and is not intended to convey any superiority to any other nationality.

Mrs. R. M. Tighe, Gracemere, Central Qld.

## Justifiable Pride

RE Miss Purdon on "Dinkum Aussies." I should like to state that it is not an expression denoting contempt for, or a superior attitude towards those of a different nationality. It is merely a justifiable pride in the fact that they were born in the "land of the Southern Cross."

Australians are only too proud to rank themselves among those loyal to Britain, while yet calling themselves "Dinkum Aussies."

Miss Mona Naah, 15 Haldene Crescent, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

## Never Use It

RE Miss Stella Purdon's letter (25/8/34). It is quite obvious that Miss Purdon's experience of the educated Australian is very slight, or she would know that they are not given to slang expressions.

For instance: I am an Australian, and regard myself as an average one, and I have never made use of the expression "Dinkum Australian." In addition, I possess a fairly large circle of friends and acquaintances, and numerous relations, none of whom has ever made use of the term which Miss Purdon regards as a mild form of insanity.

As for the Australians thinking themselves superior to the English, that is too futile to answer. Nowhere in the British Dominions are there people more loyal to England than these same Australians who have incurred her censure. The Great War proved this.

Miss A. Galwey, 30 Anderson St., Belmore, N.S.W.

## Are Large Families Always The Happiest?

RE I. H. August's letter (25/8/34) about large families. I agree that large families may seem happy, but they have not the monopoly of happiness. From my own experience I know that there can be, and is, true happiness in the small family. It is only a matter of understanding and love. The parents that have their children's interests at heart, whether there be two or ten children, will plan for their ultimate happiness and prosperity.

Mrs. W. R. Graham, 10 Yabsley Ave., Marrickville, N.S.W.

## Centenary Decorations

LOOKING at the decorations for the coming Centenary celebrations, I think the money could be put to a better use by giving the buildings themselves a painting and letting the Duke and the Centenary visitors see our city as it really is—instead of through a lot of tawdry decorations. When these have been pulled down there will be nothing to show for the money that has been spent. What do other readers think?

Miss G. Dahlstrom, 152 Roden St., West Melbourne, C3, Vic.

## Bond Strengthened

I AGREE with I. H. August that large families make for happiness. Mothers do not think of themselves as martyrs, but all they do for their children is done for love of them.

The children return that love, and the mother feels well repaid. The bond between parents is strengthened by such family life.

Mrs. P. Fredericks, Queen St., Balmain, Brisbane.

## Must Support Them

I. H. AUGUST (25/8/34) speaks in favor of large families. Certainly a large family of happy, healthy, well-cared for children is something to be proud of. But what of the large family of ragged, under-nourished children? Does the birth of another baby bring joy into the home where, for years, the father has been on the relief? I cannot think so.

Mrs. Humphreys, Betts St., E. Kempsey, N.S.W.

## Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



## Why Not Make Every Year A Leap Year?

I AGREE with Miss Fitzgibbon in her suggestion that the feminine sex should have the right to propose marriage, whether Leap Year or not. So many capable girls remain unmarried through not meeting a suitable companion. I think very often the men are shy and rather backward in coming forward to propose.

Miss E. Matthews, 194 Childers St., North Adelaide.

## A Man's Viewpoint

I SHOULD like to add a man's viewpoint in hearty opposition to Miss Fitzgibbon's ideas (25/8/34). She realises the modern age appreciates the modern woman, but what of the man? Does this "tardy, shy, and somewhat unintelligent" creature not know his mind that he can't propose when he is in a fit position? Surely, in this age, the couple will decide beforehand whether problems to be surmounted merit mention of a ring. As to the girl proposing, no doubt she will do the next logical step and provide her beloved with a home and give him an electric washer for a wedding present? I think it may be conceded that man has carried his share of the contract sufficiently well to ensure the continuation of civilisation for the last twenty centuries. Is he only failing now? Man has tolerated the intrusion of woman into nearly every sphere; can he be blamed if he resents the monopoly of his most sacred prerogative? And, after all, there is still some vestige of "antiquated custom."

N. F. Gamble, Farney, Berkeley Crescent, Forrest, Canberra, F.C.T.

## Lowers Her Pride

RE Miss Fitzgibbon's inquiries on the subject of women proposing. I think it is a man's place to propose. If he loves a woman enough he will do so. Dealing with the shy man who seems a long time in coming to the point, one must not be impatient. It may not be timidity which holds him back, but some personal matter. I consider that the woman who proposes denotes her impatience, lowers her pride, and forgoes some of the romance dear to a woman's heart.

Miss D. Macdonald, Lansdowne St., Norman Park, Brisbane.

## The Leap Year Spirit

A GIRL would be justified in "popping the question" if a man is timid and to himself he would never propose. Personally, I think that a woman should be just as free to choose a mate as a man is, especially in these modern days. It would be a good idea to foster that "Leap Year spirit" among young women who are in every way fitted to be good wives and mothers.

Mrs. R. Heath, 65 Broadmeadow Rd., Newcastle, N.S.W.

## Isolated Cases

MISS FITZGIBBON speaks of modern girls resigning themselves to the old-fashioned idea that women must wait to be asked. How can it be otherwise? In a very few isolated cases it may be permissible for a girl to ask a shy and nervous man if he loves her in order to bring an end to a difficult situation, but it is a very deeply-rooted part of a man's nature to woo and win his mate for life, and no self-respecting girl could have the audacity to ask him to bestow his name and worldly goods upon her. Of course, there are some who will shamelessly pursue a man, but even they do not go as far as proposing.

Mrs. G. Hutchison, P.O., Aldgate, S.A.

## Would Respect Her

IF a man does not propose to a girl it is usually because he does not want to marry her, or because he is too shy to ask. So a woman who feels that this man is the man she wants, and who has reasonable grounds for believing that she is looked upon favorably, is certainly entitled—in the absence of a proposal from him—to put the matter to the test herself. I believe any man would at least respect such a girl for her courage, and he could also accept or refuse with equal decency.

Mrs. J. R. Evans, 23 Tait St., Fivedock, N.S.W.

## MODERN DEBUTANTES

READING through papers to-day one is impressed by the number of girls who are "coming out" at different balls in the cities. Many of these same debutantes have been dancing and going to dances for years. Does it not strike one how absurd it is in these cases? Years ago to be an "entering debutante" meant an entrance into the world of society for the first time, something very special in a frock, and really and truly a grown-up.

One wonders which debutante had the greater thrill, the present or the past.

M. Wilson, Palmi Crest, via Sarina, Qld.

## HAIRY MEN

"I FEEL a bit shuddery at the hairy men one sees sometimes, but they will outgrow their hairiness in a generation or two," wrote A.Q. ("A.W.W.") 25/8/34, during her interesting talk about the need for a broadminded outlook on life.

Why feel shuddery at hairy men? It is a sign of masculinity, and I think

## ETIQUETTE



DIFFERENCES of opinion are no cause for offence. Don't interrupt or contradict, but await an opportunity to explain your viewpoint.

most girls like to see their male friends sporting a little bit of hirsute growth. The creature without any hair on his limbs, the man who looks like an overgrown baby, with peach-bloom complexion and soft, lard-like limbs does not appeal to girls who like their men friends to look like men.

And as for outgrowing hair in a generation or two, my opinion is that they will become hairier. Judging by the bronzed "Greek gods" on the beaches, hair is as popular as backless bathers. The exposure of more of the body to the rays of the sun and the use of oils and ointments to counteract sunburn is causing hair to grow on places where it never thrived before.

Quite a few of my girl friends are developing hairy backs—the cutting of the hair on the head might have something to do with it—and sunbaking is stimulating the growth to an amazing degree. Far from losing hair in the future, it seems to me that as we get back to nature, remove our superfluous clothing and bare our bodies to the breeze and the sun, we will return to the hairy state. After all, hair is mainly for protective purposes and Nature will soon get to work by the production of pigment and hair to protect the exposed skin on the bodies.

Mrs. A. B. Nugent, East Moree, N.S.W.

## STREET DIRECTIONS

HOW few people are really capable of assisting a stranger by giving definite directions! During my travels I have had some most bamboozling directions given me. A few nights ago we walked for almost an hour, with the dread of the street lamps going out, and when we asked directions to our home, three times we were told "we were a long way off and they did not know how we would get back." Not very helpful, was it? In such a predicament one realises how badly street names are placed, and how little people know of their own town and suburbs, or is it the old adage "Familiarity breeds contempt?"

Mrs. Saunders, 18 Lyons St. South, Ballarat, Vic.

## PAYING HER WAY

SHOULD a girl share the cost of amusements when a man is on a smaller wage? Definitely no. A man likes to pay the way, and, although he might agree to share, there is an undercurrent of feeling which sooner or later shatters all illusions, and takes away the romance which is every girl's right.

Miss V. Amble, 45 Victoria Rd., Auburn, Vic.





THE FOUR young collegians of "Change of Heart." This picture shows Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Ginger Rogers, and James Dunn deep in discussion on the campus.

## GAYNOR-FARRELL Once More!



Nearly two years ago the team of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell dissolved on the completion of "Tess of the Storm Country."

Now, after an interlude marked by a flood of protests against the separation from screen fans and film exhibitors, these two favorites are together once more in "Change of Heart," their twelfth co-starring vehicle. This is to be given its Australian release shortly. The story on which the film is based is now running in serial form in The Australian Women's Weekly.

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

IN the new film which reunites the pair professionally, two significant changes have been introduced. This will be the first picture definitely to present Janet in a grown-up role, and it will be the first to show the two stars in a realistic setting.

Ever since "Seventh Heaven," the celebrated duo has appeared in films of a purely idealistic type. Since the '29 crash in particular, Mr. Sheehan, general manager of productions for Fox Films, has wisely avoided casting them against a depression background.

But with the country cheerfully on its way to prosperity, so one hopes, and the public now in a mood to look back over the past four years with real relief, Janet and Charlie are about to abandon idealism and present brand-new portrayals to their admirers.

It will be a new and more mature Janet who appears in "Change of Heart," a Janet who has laid aside the juvenile aspects of her former films in favor of a womanly characterization. Janet Gaynor mimicked her way to fame. Her ability to "take off"

her playmates and the screen celebrities of her school days was the motive force behind her meteoric rise to stardom.

From the time she was a toddling youngster in Philadelphia, the future film star showed surprising talents in imitating Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and the other picture luminaries of the period, her mother says. The Gaynor family encouraged her, and when they moved to Chicago, and Janet entered grade school there, she became a feature of the school "assemblies."

### The Rise of a Star

BY the time she was ten, the girl who was to become one of the screen's foremost romantic actresses was already receiving recognition of a purely local kind. Her impersonations were much in demand at the Great Lake Naval Training School, and they subsequently led her into amateur theatricals.

After Janet and her mother went to San Francisco, she found her high school work demanded too much of her time for much mimicking. But it was



AT LEFT: Chris (Charles Farrell) and Fanny (Janet Gaynor) find happiness together.

ABOVE: Mack (James Dunn) and Midge (Ginger Rogers) similarly discover where their hearts lead them.

the memory of her successful characterisations and her instinctive feeling that the screen could use her talents that induced her to attempt a film career—with what results, the world knows.

MAYBE you've always thought of Janet Gaynor as a somewhat fragile and delicate star with a flair for light romance of the fairy-tale variety and a tremendous popular appeal. You've probably given her credit for dramatic ability rather unusual in one so tiny. But the betting is six, three and even that you've never considered her as a comedienne.

Not that Janet is any stranger to comedy. She's had amusing scenes, many of 'em, in almost all her starring vehicles. But heretofore they have been mostly in the form of interludes, and the general tenor of the pictures has been more or less serious.

"Change of Heart," however, differs in this as in other respects from her preceding films. There is a comedy undertone running through the story from the very beginning, and this undertone frequently swells into hilarious scenes that afford the dainty heroine a real chance to show what she can do as a side-splitter.

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

### ★★★ MURDER AT THE VANITIES

THIS successful combination of a musical backstage film and a thriller was reviewed in our issue of August 18.

### ★★ THAT'S A GOOD GIRL

Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, Vera Pearce. (B.D.F.)

WHAT connection, if any, the title has with this film it would be difficult to say. Likewise we are pretty vague about the plot. But who cares? The quite clear impression remaining is that it contains some sweet idyls and that we thoroughly enjoyed it.

There is plenty of action in this lighthearted musical farce, which takes us from London, where Jack Buchanan is besieged by dunning tradesmen, to the south of France, where he is pursued by a bogus telegraph girl (Elsie Randolph), and a temperamental opera singer (Vera Pearce), who want his blood. Through the various crises of the story Buchanan, as darkly handsome and elegant as ever, retains his charm and good humor. His ministrations in his first floor retreat at the beginning to a very confident cat, the chase through the hotel grounds (in quick motion), which lands Miss Randolph literally on top of him, the escape on the lorry hung about with tin pans, and his maladroitness performances in costume among the opera chorus stand out in recollection. In fact, the memory of his kneeboots on that occasion will not soon leave us. But the comedy, as a whole, has a pleasantly unforced quality.—Mayfair.

### ★★ MYSTERY OF MR. X

Robert Montgomery, Elizabeth Allan, Lewis Stone. (M.-G.-M.)

A WELL-THOUGHT-OUT thriller by Philip MacDonald about a series of demoniacal murders of London policemen has here been excellently adapted, the only noticeable departure from correctness in settings, etc., being the court scene. It is a minor flaw that a few of the policemen by their accent obviously do not hail from anywhere in the British Isles. Rather more serious is the fact that Lewis Stone, who gives a good performance otherwise as a chief inspector of Scotland Yard, is unable to counterfeits English speech completely. That Robert Montgomery is in similar case does not matter, because debonaire jewel thieves are cosmopolitan.

Coming forward for diplomatic reasons to proffer clues to the murders, Montgomery finds himself presently ensnared by love for the daughter (Elizabeth Allan) of the Commissioner of Police. An awkward position truly, and more than awkward, as it turns out, for the young Guardsman to whom the lady is engaged at the beginning. This part is attractively played by Ralph Forbes. So much so, that we doubted Miss Allan's wisdom in allowing the engagement to be broken off for the sake of the fascinating Montgomery, who was after all an unknown quantity. However, justice prevails reassuringly. And we leave the pair happily confident that a man of Montgomery's ability would be able to succeed in a more orthodox calling when married, so to speak, into the Force—Liberty.

### ★★ HOLLYWOOD PARTY

Laurel and Hardy, Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez. (M.-G.-M.)

YOU would hardly expect a Hollywood party to be a cosy chat over a cup of tea. And with Jimmy Durante, as Schnitzler, the lion-taming jungle king, giving the entertainment in his grandiose castle, you are never allowed to sit and brood in quiet. Orchestras suspended in mid-air, to give their music longer range perhaps, and rocket-tail bars revolving at dizzy speed to augment the effect no doubt of the liquors they dispense, are some of the marvels. And a near relative of King Kong brings Baron Munchausen along. The Baron is, in fact, the cause of the party, or, rather, Durante's anxiety to get from him newly-captured lions.

However, the Baron, running true to form, has not caught the lions himself, but has purchased them from Laurel and Hardy, whom he has done over the deal. For this reason, mildly persistent, they follow him to the party, where they fall in with Lupe Velez, who has crashed in, very out of humor because she has not been invited. By now you can see the party is getting pretty mixed. But there is still Charles Butterworth, as an oil king from Oklahoma, tearing up 1000 dollar bills to show how rich he is. And the most electrical appearance undoubtedly is that of Mickey Mouse himself, who introduces the latest Walt Disney fantasy, "Hot Chocolate Soldiers," a delicious thing. The party goes with a bang certainly!—St. James.

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.  
★★ Two stars—good films.  
★ One star—average films.  
No stars . . . . . no good.

### ★ CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE

(Reviewed by E.M.T.)  
Warner Oland, Drue Layton, Donald Woods. (Fox.)

CHARLIE CHAN (Warner Oland) has shuffled back again, imperturbable as ever. As he says, "Hunting needle in haystack only requires careful inspection of hay." With unflinching, unrelenting diligence he foils the machinations of a gang of jewel thieves. Only once does he so far depart from suavity as to leer "flaky cop" to the sheriff's officer who has arrested him by mistake.

No one is actually killed in this film, except a parrot and a Chinese cook, who hardly count. Donald Woods, as Chan's side-de-camp, Bob Graham, stages a stirring rough-and-tumble with one of the villains, and thereby rescues the Pauls (Drue Layton), who with her film company on location has invaded the scene of the crime.—Capitol.

### ★ MERRY WIVES OF RENO

Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods. (Warner Bros.)

WITH a title like this we are fully prepared for brisk farce, and we certainly get it. Marital unfaithfulness is not the most novel of themes for treatment. But the pace of this farce, showing how three married couples get involved in New York and then transfer their entanglements to the divorce city, is swift, and there are several amusing decorations on the main design which add to the well-sustained hilarity. As foils to the devoted young couple (Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods), whose first anniversary of marriage is so unfortunately clouded by misunderstanding there are Ruth Donnelly and Guy Kibbee, mature wranglers of 19 years' experience. Then the flirtatious Glenda Farrell and her absent-minded husband (Hugh Herbert) add to the confusion, of which the lady is the cause. Herbert's get-up and mannerisms are humorously developed, and he wins our gratitude with his pet sheep, which baas so aptly.—Regent.

### ★ GLAMOUR

Constance Cummings, Paul Lukas. (Universal.)

IT is rather difficult to follow the argument of this film, which, one feels, might have made a more satisfactory conclusion at an earlier stage of the story. Here we have a chorus girl (Constance Cummings) of no particular ability, as she frankly admits, who is such a thruster that she imposes herself on a composer of light music (Paul Lukas), marries him out of hand, and gets launched on a career. That might be: Miss Cummings is very pretty. Still, we do not feel that she exercises sufficient charm to explain her conquest.

Further, the idea seems to be that having chosen a career, for which a child is just an adjunct, she develops some genuine emotion. This does not convince us. Nor does the way the triangular situation is squared. A minor point, apropos of London theatrical notices, is that "The Times" (which is not called "The London Times") does not go in for chatty paragraphs about matinee idols.—Liberty.

### ★ KING FOR A NIGHT

Chester Morris, Helen Twelvetrees. (Universal.)

STRONG meat this, obviously intended for those who like robust farce. Chester Morris and Helen Twelvetrees are here a bright pair of minister's children in a small town who inevitably gravitate to New York. There the young man, after serving for a while in a soda fountain makes his way in the boxing ring, unaware that his sister's acquaintance with a fight promoter gives him his chance. Miss Twelvetrees seems rather light weight for her part in the ensuing melodrama, whereas Morris, with his set jaw and hard eyes and his tendency to get his dander up, is a good type for a bruiser. About the moral of the whole thing we are doubtful. But Grant Mitchell, as the minister who had had ambitions for the ring in boyhood, and Warren Hymer, as a pug, who has had his wife battered out of him, are convincing.—Civic.



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, September 15, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One

## Margaret Vyner is Now "Michele"

### Great Triumph of Australian Girl in Paris!

From MURIEL SEGAL  
Our Special Representative in  
Europe

**D**URING the seven years in which I have attended the Paris openings, I have never seen a mannequin cause such a sensation as was created by Margaret Vyner at the champagne supper on Friday night, when Patou showed his new collection to the Press and style experts of Paris.

**I** THOUGHT I was too hard-boiled ever to be thrilled to the marrow by the appearance of any new mannequin. I could have wagered my last franc that this held good, also, for all the band of hard-bitten pressmen and presswomen who, from among the thousands of fashion-writers eager to secure admittance, had been invited to the great event.

Well, I had reckoned without Australia's Margaret Vyner! The world holds no more critical fashion audience than that she had to face. As well as the Press, it included stylists, fashion experts from every corner of the earth, and a brilliant galaxy of the leaders of Paris society assembled to pass judgment on the new collection.

What an ordeal for the young Australian, and how magnificently she came through it! As she floated gracefully through the brilliantly-lit salons storms of applause greeted her. Whether she wore a marvellous creation or a less striking model, the enthusiasm was sustained. It was a great personal triumph, such as none of us could recall having witnessed at any previous opening.

### What "Michele" Thinks

MARGARET is known as "Michele" now in the fashion world. I interviewed her after the show and found her radiantly happy, as was natural. It had been a trying experience, and she was glad it was over. She has had so much publicity that she felt, too, that she had to justify and sustain the golden opinions she had already won.

"I was terribly nervous at first," she said. "After my stage experience the audience seemed quite frightfully close, but I pulled myself together. Everyone has been so kind, I felt it was a friendly gathering and determined to do my best."

"Of course, I'm delighted that they showed their approval of me so unmistakably."

"I love the work," she con-



tinued, "but believe me, it is work. During this week, when all the buyers are here, I am in demand all day."

"But the other mannequins have been delightful to me, and we have lots of fun. They are all so cheery and entertaining."

"This is a cosmopolitan corner of the world. The girls pick up the funniest expressions in the various languages they hear—Spanish, German, English, and typical Americanisms, and I never get over being amused at the

inimitable way they bring out the most surprising phrases. Their Parisian accents make their expressions all the funnier, and a little chatty quarter of an hour among the mannequins here is always a delight to me. Often it is as funny as a scene from any comedy or farce."

"Yes, I love the work, and don't expect to get tired of it. There is always something new to learn, which means self-expression and self-development, and I find it all, even the hard work, very delightful."

**ALL** over Australia special interest has been aroused by the spectacular success of Miss Margaret Vyner, in the fashion centres of Europe. A popular member of Sydney's younger social set, Miss Vyner early developed her flair for frocking by taking up mannequin work. She was interested also in the stage and visited all the capital cities of Australia under J. C. Williamson's management. Then she decided to try her future abroad and left Australia a few months ago.

On her arrival in Paris she met the world-famous couturier, Patou, and he was so struck by her beauty and talents that he immediately engaged her under a contract which assures her, it is authoritatively stated, the largest salary ever paid for fashion modelling. In this picture, which appeared in the last issue of the Paris fashion journal, "Femina," Miss Vyner is photographed with Monsieur Patou.



DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE LIKE THIS!



Broken Health, No Interest in Life, Vitality Gone!

See **Mrs. J. BENNET, Masseuse**  
at once (free interview). Here 18 years.  
VIT-O-NET Electric Blanket Treatment.  
STATION HOUSE, RAWSON PLACE, CITY. Phone: MA4108.



### A PARTY DRESS can't hide ROUGH, UNLOVELY SKIN

When you put on your prettiest dress, are you satisfied with the way your skin looks? Or is it rough, coarse, leathery... not the way it used to be? In only 3 days you can make rough, dry skin soft, baby-smooth, white. You simply use Hinds Cream morning and night, and after exposure. Never neglect this. It replaces the natural oils the skin needs to keep it lovely. Makes a marvellous powder base. Try it for 3 days and see!



Buy the 2½ economy size, which contains 4 times the quantity.

1/- and 2/6 everywhere.  
Sole Agents: HILLCASTLE LIMITED

## HINDS HONEY & CREAM



### Buy Wholesale

From the Largest Direct Radio House in Australia . . . . .

RELIANCE HAS SET THE WHOLE RADIO WORLD TALKING!

The extraordinary quality of the RELIANCE GRANDE Series is freely recognised, and the astoundingly low prices are a source of wonderment. But, after all, it is just a matter of plain commonsense. You buy direct from the RELIANCE factory at WHOLESALE PRICE. You save two profits and secure a really high-grade set, many pounds lower in price than you could hope for through the ordinary retail channels.

There is a RELIANCE Model for every purse. High-grade quality sets may be purchased at Reliance Wholesale Prices — ranging from £7/16/8.

### ECONOMY

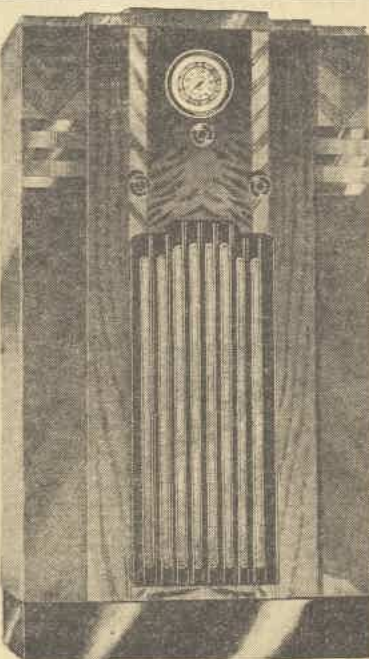
The amount of current consumed by the "Duo-Grande" is extremely small, 12 hours entertainment costs only one penny.

Furthermore, replacements are reduced to the absolute minimum. When you visit the Reliance Factory Warehouse you will be shown just why valve replacements in Reliance sets cost so little.

We finance our own terms and arrange payments to suit you!  
Phone: B3223, BW4407.

## Reliance

RADIO CO. (A'SIA)  
Radio Manufacturers & Wholesale Merchants



THE "DUO-GRANDE"  
5 VALVE SUPERHET  
RELIANCE WHOLESALE  
PRICE ..... £17/13/4  
WEEKLY PAYMENTS  
ARE ONLY ..... 4/11

Normal Retail Price for this Set is £26/10/-  
OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

RELIANCE HOUSE  
(opposite Wynyard Street)  
45 YORK STREET  
SYDNEY

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

### A CASCADE OF FRILLS!

Descends upon Us so that We may be more Femininely Beguiling This Spring!



WISPY BOWS and crisp frills decorate summery frocks and blouses; jabots adorn the fronts of smart tailored linen suits. Make them, and adorn them with this knotted edge stitch for chic and then wear them—night and day!

AFTER you have studied the fascinating quartet sketched here, each suggestive of the windswept mode, look well at this enchanting little knotted edge stitch, and after you have mastered it transfer it to the edges of wispy bows, intriguing jabots, crisp, frilly collarettes, and to the trailers, also, that must, windswept fashion, bedeck your next party frock or summery evening gown.

YOU can use this knotted edge stitch also on dainty handkerchiefs. It puts a pretty finish on those bought ready with a tiny hemstitched edge. Or you can cut sheer linen into 8-inch squares and work this stitch on the edges which have been delicately rolled and whipped.

Baby's muslin frocks for summer wear may, too, flaunt this dainty edge stitch. And you can use it as an effective finish for a luncheon set (made of stout material, say, Cossatine cloth) with inch-wide hemstitched borders for the cloth, and narrow hems for the serviettes. Oh, yes, and your monogram! Don't forget to work that into the corners of your new luncheon sets. So smart.

This knotted edge stitch is not placed

with a scallop or a buttonhole edge, nor even with the crochet edge. It is worked into the extreme edge of a hem, or into the edge of bias binding, or over the edge of a rolled hem.

Fig. 1 shows this knotted edge stitch with the knots not too tightly pulled up in order to show the working. It is often called knotted buttonhole stitch.

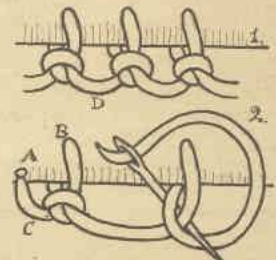
#### How To Work It

To work the stitch first secure the thread firmly in the edge. Fig. 2, point A, shows the commencement firmly in the edge, but it is better to run this thread through the hem and come out on the edge, rather than to make unsightly knots. Use a thick crochet thread or wool for practice. Non-stranded thread wears better than stranded for an edge stitch.

At about a quarter-inch or more away from the commencement, pierce the needle into the hem on the upper side—Fig. 2, point B. It is important that you do not pierce in the needle from underneath. Bring the needle out over the held down thread C. This is the movement of ordinary buttonhole stitch.

Now place the needle behind the two loops of the strand with the point over the loop. This is the position of the needle in Fig. 2. This last movement makes a knot which grips the ordinary buttonhole stitch in an immovable position. Continue by placing the next stitch through the edge a slight distance further along.

When this knotted edge stitch is worked over a rolled hem the effect is very dainty. To work it, whip the hem in the usual manner while rolling it between the thumb and forefinger of the



It's simple but enchanting. These close-ups, along with the expert directions, will make it easy for you to work the knotted edge stitch.

left hand. After the whipping is finished, work the knotted edge stitch, going right over the tiny roll.

Do you recognise this stitch as being the basis of a lace or surface stitch? Work a second row into the loops (note D), and you have the beginning of a mesh.

### SET your own WAVES

IN 20 MINUTES

This amazing new clip enables you to set your waves at any time, quickly and easily. Simply clamp the clip (or use setting lotion) and apply the clip. Remove when hair is dry. The secret is in the special new form of TEE-TH SETTING.

Sold by Hairdressers and Stores in Australia. Write to: TEE-TH SETTING, 41 York St., SYDNEY.



BEWARE OF

IMITATIONS.

Clips with roughly made teeth may seriously damage your hair. Also the success of the Lady Jayne is due to the special setting of the teeth, which is patented and cannot be copied.

The Lady Jayne WAVE-CLIP AND RE-SETTER

### Royal House Party

INSPIRED by Prince Henry's coming visit, the atmosphere of a Royal house party was perfectly re-created at Farmer's fashion parade last Monday. A record crowd of over a thousand people attended.

The terrace outside a station home was the scene of a wonderful display of frocking for all occasions. The salient feature of the gowns worn for sport and evening were the low-cut backs and matching capes. Gauntlets, not long gloves, were worn with short-sleeved street gowns. For afternoon wear, Miss Audrey Connell featured a gown of crinkled satin with coin spots, both large and small, while her sandals revealed rose-tinted toe-nails to match her finger nails.

The most charming scene of all was the wedding rehearsal. The bride was gowned in trilly silk net, with a tulle veil. The bridesmaids wore halitose mudlin and large hats, and in accordance with the old superstition, the bride tossed her bouquet of primroses to her maids.

The Lady Mayores, Mrs. A. L. Parker, Lady McElvey, and Lady Anderson Stuart sat at the official table. This fashion parade is being held daily at Farmer's Blackland Galleries until Friday. The first session is from 12.30 to 2.45 p.m., and the second from 3.30 to 4.45 p.m.

### BRONCHITIS

An Inhalation Treatment

Chronic sufferers, many of whom have endured for up to forty years, report complete recovery after a few weeks' treatment with MEMBROSUS.

It clears away all traces of congestion and mucus, stops that distressing wheezing—those wretched fits of coughing, night attacks and distressing shortness of breath. Never so many patients report speedy and complete recovery.

**MEMBROSUS (Regd.)**

Inhalation Treatment

Also for—

Lung Trouble, Asthma, Catarrh

Send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to Mr. C. E. MEYER, of JARVIS LIMITED, Chemists, 183 Victoria Road, Drumoyne, Sole Distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

### A BOOK OF BEAUTY CULTURE

Sound, proven beauty treatments that you can apply easily and economically at home are outlined in "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test." Over 25,000 copies of this book were sold in America. . . . send 6d. in stamps and get your copy without delay. Write to Bureau Distributors, Hardy's Chambers, 5 Hunter St., Sydney.\*\*\*



# This Absorbing Task of Home Decorating!

Turn it to charming account by giving your walls new life this spring!

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

HERE is no feature in the home more delightful than well decorated walls; and none more harmoniously adaptable than the modern wallpaper. It can be applied on old walls in which the cracks have been properly filled and on new walls as soon as the plaster is dry. It is durable because it shows wear and tear less than any other wall covering. And it is economical because it makes the most simply furnished room complete.

HAVE you sometimes looked wistfully upon the samples and rolls of beautiful wallpapers in a shop with a mental picture of your shabby walls before you? You know you can afford the paper, but you can't afford the cost of a paperhanger.

You know that your suite would look twice as charming, double its value, against such a lovely background. "If I could only hang it myself," run your thoughts. "I could make over my room."

You can—and in the easiest manner possible.

The old joke of getting tangled in the wallpaper and literally hanging oneself to the wall, or finishing up by decorating your head with the paste bucket, can be given the go-by from to-day, for I am going to give you the first lesson, and later on will give you more tips that will turn you into a veritable professional.

First of all, the secret of successful paperhanging lies in the tools you use, and the proper pasting of the paper.

Be clean with your work. A very handy little accessory is an attachment to your bucket to stop the paste (or kalsomine, if doing the ceiling), running down the side of the bucket on to the carpet.



YOU can make this little attachment to hold the brush.

Make a little tray to fit to your bucket. This is quite easily done. Obtain a small piece of tin, say, 8 in. x 6 in., turn a small flange on three of its sides, and fix two wire clothes pegs, one on either side. Attach these with plenty of solder, or even cut two small holes and wire to the bucket firmly. Be sure to fill up the holes afterwards, otherwise the paint or paste will run down the sides. See that the tray slightly slopes towards the bucket.

Be careful with your pasting. This needs as much care as the actual hanging of the paper.

When you reach the right-hand end of the table, lift the pasted part of paper right over and fold (see illustration), keeping edges evenly together. Then draw paper back over left end of table, and do exactly the same with the rest of the paper. Fold same back until the two ends slightly overlap, as shown in the next illustration.

PETROV, our artist, designs a charming room with drawing paper and ink for your delectation. The wallpaper is one I selected at Grace Bros., soft-tinted and modern of design. Note the rail surrounding the base of the bed. A new thought and worthy of note. It harmonises exactly with the wooded veneer panel on windows.

Get a good-size kitchen table. Cut your wallpaper to the desired length, making certain that your pattern matches correctly. Lay four or five lengths of paper face downwards on the table, keeping the edge of one side neatly level, and drawn to the front edge of the table, nearest yourself. Draw the top length of paper over the right-hand end of the table, and then start pasting evenly, working from the left. See that the edges are well pasted.

When you reach the right-hand end of the table, lift the pasted part of paper right over and fold (see illustration), keeping edges evenly together. Then draw paper back over left end of table, and do exactly the same with the rest of the paper. Fold same back until the two ends slightly overlap, as shown in the next illustration.

Now lay your paper aside to soak for a while, and continue pasting your next piece.

By the way, when one mentions soaking a wallpaper this means to place aside and let the paper absorb the paste. I once heard of a person who was told to allow the wallpaper to soak and this particular person placed the wallpaper in a bath of water.

With comparatively cheap wallpapers up to, say, 2/6 per roll, paste two or three lengths, and then start hanging the first length, pasted.

The thicker the wallpaper the longer it needs to soak, after pasting.

When hanging your paper, if you are having a border or frieze at the top, it is not necessary for you to be very careful whether you take the paper right up to the picture rail or not, as long as the space left will be covered by your border or frieze.

That is one of the big advantages of panelling a room, because in some types



A KITCHEN table is the ideal spot on which to cut and paste the paper. Read how it is done.

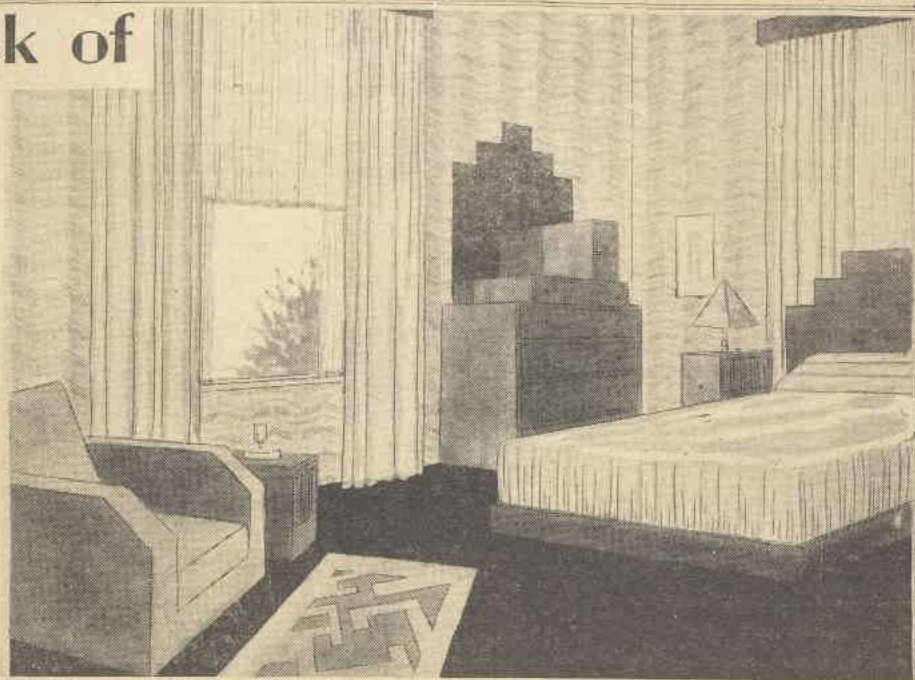
ful whether you take the paper right up to the picture rail or not, as long as the space left will be covered by your border or frieze.

That is one of the big advantages of panelling a room, because in some types

ful whether you take the paper right up to the picture rail or not, as long as the space left will be covered by your border or frieze.

SHOWING how the paper should be folded back until the two ends slightly overlap. (See article.)

of panelling your border is under the picture rail, just above the skirting board and down each corner. So you can see there is no need to take right to the top or bottom, or in each corner, and that is why panelling a room is often far easier than papering all over. Naturally, a panelled room is more costly, owing to the large amount of border that is used. Usually about 50 or 60 yards are required for an average-sized room.



... "here's what I'm writing to the Electricity Department"



"I honestly did not realise how much money I would SAVE by using an electric range. I have now PROVED that the cost of cooking by electricity is less than 1d. a person per day."

"I can cook better meals in such short time that I have twice the leisure I used to get. I am free from all the fuss and worry of pot-watching, continually peeping into the oven, and always wondering whether the cooking would 'turn out' all right. My electric range is as good as a chef. All I have to do is prepare the food, put it in the oven and TURN A SWITCH!"

"More and more women should be told how to buy an Electric Range on EASY TERMS. EVERYONE can make a 20 per cent. deposit — and your offer to pay the cost of installing the range up to £6, and to give a reduced rate for electricity makes all the difference!"

Approved Electric Ranges can be purchased from any Electrical Dealer on 20% deposit, two years' terms and free installation up to a cost of £6 (average cost). Also your household electricity will be charged to you at specially reduced rates.

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS are being held this week at ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD., BRICKFIELD HILL, Continuous MARK FOYS LTD., LIVERPOOL STREET Continuous YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND



Low Oven Electric Range.



Low Oven Model Electric Range with Plate Rack.



Cabinet Model Electric Range.

Cook by ELECTRICITY

Address this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney, for full details of Electric Range Easy Terms Offer.

MAIL THIS COUPON

NAME ..... ADDRESS ..... NO. 10, 10/2/34. E.D. 33

A photographic study of Miss Marjorie Leigh, of London, who is a world authority on Figure Culture. In addition, she is a Member of The Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing; and a Film and Stage Star.



## Engagement Announced!

THE engagement of Miss Marjorie Leigh by the Langridge School of Physical Culture opens a new vista for women who seek grace, slimness, and good health. In addition to dancing—Central

NEW SYSTEM OF LIMBERING. An entirely new system of limbering is the foundation of Miss Leigh's Method. It makes the body supple and paves the way for the more advanced work that follows. For those who wish to take advantage of Miss Leigh's tuition but are too far away to attend personally, a special postal course has been prepared. If you wish personal tuition, ring 18478 for appointment.

LANGRIDGE School of Physical Culture WOMEN'S SECTION, GEORGE STREET, (Phone, 18478).

## PLAN YOUR FUTURE in Australian Talkies

HERE is work that is rich in interest and variety—work that you'll enjoy every minute. Film production in Australia is increasing rapidly, each year more and more actors and actresses with personality and good speaking voices are needed. There may be a big future for you in Australian Talkies. Let us face you, free. Remember that even noted "stars" required special screen training to fit them for their important roles. We can give you that training.

Over fifty Cinema Academy students are appearing in Cinnamon's "SEEKING ME KICKY."

THE CINEMA ACADEMY (Under Patronage of Cinnamon Productions Ltd.) GRACE BUILDING, 77 YORK ST., SYDNEY. MAIL 18478.



RKO Radio Pictures' Star.



## Heed these Warnings!

STIFF, SWOLLEN JOINTS,  
RHEUMATIC PAINS

TAKE notice of any unusual swellings or stiffness in joints, rheumatic pains, constantly recurring backache, or pains in the sides, tired, depressed feeling, and headaches. These are all indications that your kidneys are weak and need attention.



## Check Kidney Trouble at once by Taking Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills

Delay may be dangerous, as Kidney Trouble often develops rapidly, therefore you will be wise to act at once, and take Dr. Sheldon's Gin Pills, which are the best possible tonic you can give your kidneys. Gin Pills have been proved efficient in banishing Kidney Ailments for over 35 years, and will help your inflamed kidneys to become strong and well again.

At the same time they will dissolve any excess uric acid in your blood, and tone up your entire system. Stiff Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Backache, etc., will then quickly disappear, and you will feel strong, well and young again.

Gin Pills can be taken with absolute safety by the strongest man or the weakest woman, and will do you good from the very first day.

HAVE THE HEALTH THAT CAN BE YOURS BY BEGINNING A COURSE OF DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS TO-DAY

27 Pills 1/9 — 60 Pills 2/9

# DR. SHELDON'S GIN PILLS

## At the Criterion

Some Impressions of "The Sacred Flame"

By ALICE JACKSON

"The Sacred Flame"... Somerset Maugham at his best. Witty with the very Maugham twist to the jest. Human in the Maugham manner... not expecting too much of human nature. Tragic, as Maugham sees life... No stirring of troubled waters with a healing angel wing. Relentless. One sacred flame... love, and it but a brief candle, no man knowing whence the wind bloweth for its quenching.

NO cheery, sunny play this. Makes a goblin of the sun and gives good cheer the face of a buffoon. But a fine play... the theme an elemental force in human nature... the treatment profoundly sympathetic.

Fine artistry is needed to put such a play across... Never over-exploiting its emotional values... never under-acting it down to bathos. Saturday's opening performance at the Criterion was a triumph for producer Gregan McMahon and the whole cast.

First, Grace Lane... Mrs. Tabret, mother of the young airman whom a crash has chained to an invalid's chair. Superb, subtle apprehension of every nuance of the part. No shadow of over-emphasis. No emotional storming. Every gesture controlled and each fulfilling its artistic purpose. Kindly, cheery, charitable, heroic in the level, everyday way.

One quiet, cheery sentence... you are racked with the tragedy of it... rapt with joy at the perfection of Grace Lane's art. So she leads you the double life. The greatest tragedienne can do little more for you. That's Grace Lane.

JANE WOOD next... Nurse Wayland. Bound on the chariot wheel of efficiency. Inhibited (vide Freud). Piercely chaste, tortured with love and hate. Essentially humane. A very difficult role, but not too difficult for Jane Wood. Jane WAS Nurse Wayland.

Gerald Savory... Maurice Tabret, crashed airman. Icarus with wings crushed... spirit still cleaving the clouds... a living corpse, gay, bitter, brave, passionately in love with his lovely young wife, Stella (Kathleen Goodall). Gerald Savory in Maurice Tabret's skin, with Maurice Tabret's broken spine, broken love, broken life. A fine performance. Kathleen Goodall... Gerald's young

wife, Stella. Once in love with him. Six years after the accident infinitely pitiful of him and passionately in love with his brother, Colin. No doubt about Miss Goodall's ability, but... not always keeping the heights she so often attained. Handicapped at times, perhaps, by unconvincing support from John Cameron (Colin).

Harvey Adams (Major Licenda) and Kenneth Brampton (Dr. Harvester), both excellent in their respective parts. In fine... a rare dramatic treat.



MISS DOROTHY ENGLISH, member of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital Junior Auxiliary, who is on the committee for the "Strike Me Lucky" ball being run by the R.P.A. Hospital in conjunction with Cinesound and British Films. The ball will take place on October 3 at the Maxian Galleries. — Desmond Woolley.

## DON'T... FORGET

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will hold a reception on Tuesday, September 25, at 2.30 p.m., at Chalmers Hall (behind Chalmers Presbyterian Church), Chalmers St., Sydney. In addition to brief reports, Miss Gussie Johnstone will sing, and Edward Acton, the key violinist, will give violin solos.

A card party and musicale will take place at David Jones' next Tuesday afternoon in aid of the Good Samaritan Current, Glabe Pt. Mrs. J. Hegarty (president), Mrs. E. Thornton, and Miss Alice O'Donnell (joint secretaries), Dr. Margaret Jones and Mrs. W. J. Dignan (joint treasurers), are members of the committee organising the afternoon. Cards will begin in the rest amaze at 2.15 p.m., and the musicale in the auditorium at 2.45 p.m.

The annual Randwick Race Ball will be held at the Palais Royal, Moore Park, on Tuesday, October 2. The ball is under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Game. Full information may be obtained from the hon. secretaries, Mrs. M. L. Conway (ring FX149), and Miss Margaret Walker (FX5759).

On September 19, a Ladies' Mid-Week Presentation Dance will be held by the Illawarra Suburban Lawn Tennis Association, Ltd., at the Castle Palms, Rockdale.

In aid of the Blind Institution, William St., a Chelsea garden fair will be held at the home of Miss Fairfax, Chingalla, Chingalla Rd., Bellevue Hill, on September 22.

The exhibition of china painting and hand-built pottery, at the Ceramic Art Studios, 147 Elizabeth St., will remain open until September 19.

Grace Bros. Employees' Annual Hospital Ball will be held at the Palais Royal, on September 28.

To celebrate its eighth birthday, the Sydney Literary Society (formerly the Junior Literary Society) is organising a Birthday Ball, to be held on September 14 at the Feminist Club rooms.

Hardy Bros. opened an interesting fashion parade last Monday to continue every afternoon from 2.30 till 4.40 until the 22nd of the month. All the latest decrees of fashion for formal and informal wear are beautifully exemplified in the frocks featured at this parade, which is a notable fashion event of the season.

St. John Ambulance classes in First Aid, Home Nursing, and Hygiene, for men and women, are now in progress at the head office of the association, 44 Margaret St.

An international residential scholarship to the value of £100, renewable only at Crosby Hall, is being offered for the year 1935-36. This is offered by the British Federation of University Women. For details of this, and of other offerings, write to Miss Gateward Davis, Kent Rd., Rose Bay.

# FARMER'S



Sensationally opens the Season! Doing  
Wonders in Style and Price!

## SUMMER SHOES



A



B

Blue-white fawn Toyon sandal; lacquered heels. 7/11



C

A.—"Mocette" Derby; white calf. 2 to 7, half sizes. 12/9

Immediate Heel Repairs—6d. Third Floor.

B.—Sandal, ghillie or instep tie awning shoe. Crepe rubber sole and heel. Exclusive to Farmer's. 2 to 7. 5/6

C.—Awning sandshoes—thousands of pairs at 3/6—heavy fawn rubber sole and heel; sizes 2 to 7. Price 3/9

Crepe de Chine with rows and rows of stitching; deep pleats back and front of skirt. In white, or pastels. Price, 42/-

Washing Crepe de Chine Frock, white trimmed with pale contrast shades 39/11

## A TRIO OF SMASHING SUCCESSES

700 Copies of NEW YORK Imports at 'affordable' prices

SPORTSWEAR ON THE SECOND FLOOR



Sports Shirt in heavy-weight dull-finish silk milanese. In shell, beige, powder and ivory. 10/11

Are you "on your feet" most of the day? Chiropody treatments—from 3/6 per foot at Farmer's—will quickly bring ease. M 2405.





A PRETTY STUDY of Miss Madge Elliott in one of the many charming frocks she will wear in "Blue Mountain Melody," which opens its world season at the Theatre Royal this Saturday. Of white romaine with a sapphire top, Miss Elliott's frock is very cleverly inwoven with sequins. Dressed by Miss Jessie Tait, fashion expert of The Australian Women's Weekly, and Miss Gretel Bullmore, "Blue Mountain Melody" holds special fashion interest. The most modern fabrics and up-to-the-minute modes are featured in it, and the various scenes demand frocking suitable for practically every occasion. Mr. James Bancks is the author of the play.

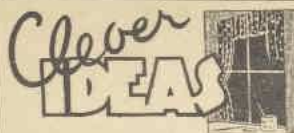
## These are . . . Men's Hobbies

The aim of the exhibition of men's hobbies, opened at the Trust Building this Wednesday, is not only to help the Industrial Blind Institution, but to show unemployed men of all ages how they can employ their leisure profitably or pleasantly, or both.

ENTRIES range from Sir George Julius' wonderful mechanical models, insured for thousands of pounds, to an exhibit of a tray made entirely from matches and seccotine. Among the most interesting entries are pictures drawn on ordinary grocers' paper with a three-penny crayon by Mr. Robert Farlow, an amateur of over sixty.

Many of the entries, such as teapot stands, toys, and smokers' outfits, entered by the Young Citizens' Association, a group of unemployed youths from all suburbs, are made for utilitarian and profit-making purposes, but the very numerous models of steamships, yachts, and trains show that the little boy has not yet died in very many men, and that men's hobbies embody their boyhood's dreams.

Sir George Julius is president, and Miss Rose Merivale, hon. secretary of the exhibition, which remains in progress from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. daily until September 20.



TO ENJOY a roast hot the second day, soak it thoroughly under the running tap. About 10 minutes before the baking vegetables are cooked, put the roast in with them to thoroughly heat. —M. E. McNeill, Granville Rd., Bangalow, N.S.W.

ON A windy day place all silk stockings and other fragile articles in a pillow case and peg it on the line. This will prevent delicate fabrics getting twisted round the line and torn, and it will be found that they will dry very quickly. —Maxine, Dalby, Qld.

A DEEP pocket of cretonne matching the cover and attached to an easy chair holds needlework and cottons, and is always neat and tidy. Shape it like an envelope, and let it fasten with a snap fastener. —Agnus, Mildura, Vic.

SAVE THE embroidered cuffs from silk gloves. They make delightful collars for little girls' frocks. —E.A.B., Paddington, N.S.W.

## ARE YOU ILL?



Headachy? Dizzy? Liverish? Run-Down? Eating and Sleeping Badly? Constipated? Anaemia? Dull, Sallow Complexion?

For over 35 years Bile Beans have been successfully treating cases similar to yours. Take a couple of these vegetable pills to-night—and every night for a week. You will feel better in every way. All Chemists sell Bile Beans at 1/3 and 3/- a box.

Every Night Take

**BILE BEANS**  
"FOR BETTER HEALTH"



# PULSFORDS

119 BATHURST STREET  
Between Pitt and George Streets

## WONDERFUL VALUES!

Buy with Confidence—we Guarantee the Quality

**£21'19'6**

Sydney's Keenest Price



### The Alexander Bedroom Suite

This smart Suite is one of the best values we have yet offered! The large and roomy Wardrobe is 4ft. 7in. wide, with two-thirds hanging space, and one-third fitted with trays. The doors are beautifully figured timber. Dressing Table is 3ft. 6in. wide, with large frameless mirror, two small and two large drawers. Loughboy is 3ft. wide, very nicely fitted. Bedstead is full 4ft. 6in. wide. The whole Suite is well made and guaranteed. You can't get better value anywhere at this £21'19'6 price.

These pieces may be purchased separately:—Wardrobe, £7/10/-; Dressing Table, £6/15/-; Loughboy, £3/19/6; Bedstead, £4/10/-.



**The Popular Stonebrook Suite** The covering is best quality Genoa Velvet in various patterns and colours, and the whole Suite is beautifully sprung. This Suite carries Pulsfords' guarantee of quality and high-class workmanship. Come and see it without delay, or post your order for prompt attention. Easily one of Sydney's best values for a quality Suite. Special Price.

Also shown in photo.—The Coffee Table is priced at £7/6. The Palm Stand 11/6, and the Axminster Carpet, 12 x 9 feet, at £8/17/6.

**£15'10'.**

Terms Arranged

Easily Sydney's Best Values!

## Floorcoverings

AT 10% SAVING

While Pulsfords' present stocks last, the recent 10 per cent. increase will not be marked on our prices. We give the public the benefit of our early buying at the old prices.

We have a large range of Patterns and Colourings in guaranteed qualities of British make.

BRITISH FLOORCLOTHS are obtainable in big range of new patterns and colours, to suit any room. 72ins. wide. PRICE, yard . . . 3/9

BRITISH LINOS, also showing in new designs as well as the old favourites, guaranteed qualities in various colour schemes. 72 inches wide. PRICES, yard . . . 5/6, 6/11

Felt-paper Base for linos and floorcloths heavy quality. 72 ins. wide. Price, yard . . 1/2



36'6

Combination

### OAK BEDSTEAD

This special value is of Pulsfords' guaranteed quality! It is solidly made, in oak, with combination wire and nicely shaped head and foot, and makes an ideal bed for the spare bedroom. There are two sizes:—

2ft. 6in. wide 36/6; 3ft. wide 42/6

Kapok Mattress for same, strongly buttoned, well filled. 2ft. 6in. 39/-; 3ft., 35/-.

PILLOWS TO MATCH, 4/8 EACH.

Printed Bedspreads for Single Beds, Oriental colourings; washable. 6/9.

PULSFORDS' FAMOUS EASY TERMS ARRANGED ON ANY PURCHASE!

## PULSFORDS

Established in Sydney over 50 years.

119 Bathurst Street

Country Customers.—We pack free and deliver free to Rail or Boat. Write for FREE illustrated Catalogue and Country Terms.



## When Somebody's growing in your House!

To make sure your child grows strong and sturdy, there is nothing like a cupful of Benger's Food morning and night. And if your child is weakly or backward, your Doctor will advise Benger's Food. Each year it transforms thousands of weakly

children into vigorous boys and girls.

Read about it in the Benger Booklet, sent free from Benger's Food, Ltd., 350, George St., Sydney.

Prices in City & Suburbs:  
No. 1 size tin - 3/-  
No. 2 - 5/-

Made at MANCHESTER, England.

**BENGER'S Food**

## 2GB HIGHLIGHTS

Sir Basil Zaharoff, mystery man of Europe, commercial traveller in munitions, received from one American armaments company £150,000 in commission over a period of ten years. Sir Basil Zaharoff, the report goes on to say, does not appear on the list of shareholders, but it was disclosed that he is a stockholder. No woman can ignore the implications of news like that.

What is the younger generation's attitude to such startling revelations will be told by Mr. A. W. Wood in a talk on Sunday, September 16, at 7.15 when he will answer the question, "Is War Inevitable?" At 7.40 Mr. D. A. Carnsey will discuss "Revolution in the Modern World." 2GB's programmes are rich with such provocative and informative talks.

The little girl with the big voice and small feet, was how Grace Palotta, that favorite of other days, introduced Eileen Boyd when she made her appearance as a specialty turn during the production of "Floradora."

She was only eight then, and back from a tour of New Zealand at the Baby Burlesque, Clog, Dance and Whistler. From then on vaudeville and pantomime alternated with Gilbert and Sullivan opera and school, the late J. C. Williamson seeing that the studies of his little leading lady were not neglected.

Later on she studied singing under Steffani and was the only pupil he and his wife took back to Paris to complete her studies there, under no less a teacher than Madame Marchesi.

And in those days, says Miss Boyd, the French people were always disappointed to discover that Australians were not blacks. But the war altered all that.

While she sang at the Shepherd's Bush Empire Theatre, London was air-raided

and though the lights went out, the manager called, "Stick to it, Eileen, stick to it!" and she did.

On her way back to Australia the ship on which Miss Boyd was travelling was rammed by a submarine; life-buoys were donned, but the ship did not sink.

Miss Boyd survived to become one of the first artists to make records in Australia for Columbia, and to broadcast.

On Wednesday, September 19, listeners will have an opportunity of hearing Miss Boyd in a programme of songs by her friend, May Braham, the Australian girl, who has had great success in England. Miss Boyd was the first singer to present her work in London back in the war days.

### 2GB's Sunday Music

"Highlights of Opera" should not be missed on Sunday, September 16, at 1.45 p.m. The records for this session will feature famous French, German and



DOROTHY JORDAN, whose work and hobby are both Radio.

Italian artists. Particularly fine should be the Gerhard Hensch number from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," than which there is no more melodious opera.

The delightfully gay Beethoven "Symphony No. 4" will be featured in the late afternoon. It is a queer coincidence that of the Beethoven Symphonies, the even numbers are light and happy, and the odd numbers almost invariably sad or tragic. The performance is by the Pablo Casals Orchestra of Barcelona.

### Ninety Years Ago

WHETHER it was the charges, or the necessity of providing sheets, towels, pillow cases and spoons (there was no mention of forks or knives), that frightened the recipients of their circular asking for pupils for a boarding school, doesn't much matter to-day, but the important thing is that the Misses Bronte (Anne, Emily and Charlotte) didn't get their pupils. So they turned to novel writing. That was ninety years ago. The result was "Agnes Grey," "Wuthering Heights," and "Jane Eyre."

To-day "Jane Eyre" is one of the best-loved of English novels. It is being presented from Station 2GB by Ellis Price on Thursday night, at 9.

### Dorothea Vautier

IN addition to her "From Far and Near" season—"People in the Limelight," "What the World is Reading," and musical presentation—Dorothea Vautier, The Australian Women's Weekly feature announcer, gives special talks during her daily sessions from 2GB, at 11.45 and 3.30.

On Friday, September 14, at 11.45, Miss Vautier will talk about "The Oberammergau Passion Play," which is much under discussion at the present time. It was thought that the present German Government would prevent the performance this year, but it is now being played in the quaint little Bavarian town after which the play is named.

"Number 10 Downing Street" are words that spell interest and claim attention from all. On Wednesday, 19th, at 3.30, Dorothea Vautier will tell you of an Australian woman's impression of this historic place.

### Oliver King Meets Percy Grainger

PERCY GRAINGER came down the aisle with a hop, step and a jump! An orchestral rehearsal was about to begin, and Mr. Oliver King, of the grand rollicking voice, then on a visit to America, was waiting.

"Your music, Mr. Grainger," said Mr. King, "has given us in Australia a great deal of pleasure."

"Fiddlesticks," said Mr. Grainger. "I do not compose to give pleasure; I compose to expend energy."

Mr. King, however, still sings to give pleasure, and on Monday night he will sing two groups of songs from Station 2GB. His first group comprises Moussorgsky's "sardonic little masterpiece," "The Song of the Flea," and Tchaikovsky's melodious "To the Forest." His second group will be the three Salt Water Ballads of Frederick Keel—"Port of Many Ships," "Trade Winds," and "Mother Carey."

### "The Divine Lady"

"A WOMAN who has art enough to make fools of many wiser men than an admiral," wrote the British Ambassador at Vienna meaning no reflection on admirals, for the lady under discussion was Lady Hamilton, "The Divine Lady." She was the daughter of a village blacksmith, who became the wife of an ambassador, and the inspiration of England's greatest naval hero.

Dorothy Jordan tells the rest in her series, "Love Stories of Famous People," under the title of "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson," on Friday, the 21st, at 11.15 a.m.

### TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A German Specialist visiting Sydney will gladly tell, free, how to obtain speedy relief and ensure freedom from this ailment. Enquire at once.

C. A. HOGAN, 23 Turner House, Jamison St., Sydney, N.S.W.

# 'ASPRO' Won't Stop the CLOCK—But



'ASPRO' has never been announced as a panacea for all conditions of illness. For some complaints 'ASPRO' would be as ineffective as it would be in stopping the Post Office clock. But for the complaints enumerated below 'ASPRO' has no equal. For just on 20 consecutive years, 'ASPRO' has stood up to all the claims made for it throughout the civilized world as the best home-hold medicine to have in the home ready for emergency. This is evidence and proof that 'ASPRO' is NOT AN IDLE PROMISE. It gives results in quick relief for Colds, 'Flu, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Sleeplessness, etc. Read the uses for 'ASPRO' listed below.

## IT WILL RELIEVE PAIN in FIVE MINUTES

### Rheumatoid Arthritis Sufferer Gets Relief & Sleep.

15 Glenmore Road, PADDINGTON, N.S.W.

27/10/34.

Dear Sirs,

For about 37 years I have suffered with RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, and was for some time an inmate of a Hospital of incurables, and my weight decreased from 15 stone to 9 stone. I have tried all kinds of treatment with little or no result. I first tried 'ASPRO' for a headache, and obtained immediate relief, and as it also relieved the pain of the RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, I increased the dose considerably to four and found that it gave very great relief and I was able to enjoy a good night's rest. I trust my experience with 'ASPRO' will help other sufferers.

Yours faithfully,  
(Sgd.) F. J. MITCHELL.

### Was a Martyr to Headaches and Billiousness 'ASPRO' Altered Outlook.

Mandemar, BOWRAL, N.S.W.

30/4/34.

Dear Sirs,

I think it is a fair thing to let you know of the great benefit I have secured by the use of 'ASPRO' tablets. I feel I cannot say too much in their praise as I was a martyr to HEADACHES and BILLIOUSNESS, but 'ASPRO' has altered my outlook, as undoubtedly it is weakening in every way in suffer pain. I have found 'ASPRO' to be a great pain repeller, and a soother of all aches and pains that afflict human beings.

Yours faithfully,  
(Sgd.) JOHN A. RICHARDS.

**1/3 LARGE TUBE.**

**REXOL TOOTH PASTE**

**REXOL the tooth-paste of today**

The urgent need for a modern toothpaste has now been filled! Rexol, superseding old-fashioned formulas, fills every requirement of modern dental hygiene. Use Rexol, the toothpaste with the highest efficacy at the reasonable price of 1/3 a LARGE tube.

**Rexol the modern TOOTH PASTE**

26.7.32

PREPARED BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LTD.

## CATARRH HAY FEVER

### An Inhalation Treatment

Only an Inhalation Treatment could be expected to give the results reported by so many sufferers. The fumus enters the blood stream and get rid of toxins and germs which set up the inflammation. Head noises disappear. Hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored. Chronic cases of up to 30 years' standing have reported complete recovery.

### MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

Inhalation Treatment. It is equally effective in all cases of LUNG TROUBLE, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

Send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to Mr. C. E. MUIR, of IRVINE LIMITED, Chemists, 181 Victoria Road, Drummoyne, sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

BETTER ENAMEL & TWICE AS THICK

**Clyde**

BATHS, BASINS & SINKS

LAST A LIFETIME

Obtainable from leading hardware merchants, or

THE CLYDE ENGINEERING CO., LTD.  
GRANVILLE and SYDNEY.

## Miss M. I. Douglas PERMANENT WAVE SPECIALIST

Visit My Bright and Spacious Rooms for all Classes of LADIES' HAIR TREATMENT MANICURE, PEDICURE, and FACIAL BEAUTY WORK

Only Highly Skilled Operators, and the most Modern, Safe, and Comfortable Equipment. Each client receives individual attention.

LASTING SATISFACTION ASSURED.

MISS M. I. DOUGLAS  
Rooms 24, 25, and 26, Fourth Floor.  
KEMBLA BUILDING,  
58 MARGARET ST., SYDNEY  
(Near Wynyard Station.)  
For Appointment Ring BW7433.





## KEEPS MY HAIR LOVELY

WRIGHT'S has done such wonders for my hair. It used to be so dull, so lifeless. Now I wash it regularly with Wright's Coal Tar Soap, and it's always bright and really rather lovely!"

Wright's creamy lather, emollient, antiseptic, is more than kind to tender scalps: whilst cleansing very thoroughly, it soothes.

10s. per cake at all chemists and stores.



**WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP**

## STOCKINGS BUY DIRECT FROM MILLS.

Very fine quality, double knit stockings, perfect fashioned full silk leg, with panel heels and double tops. In seven shades of flesh, also black, gunmetal and suede shades. Ordinarily retailed at 2/- pair, we can supply only retailed at 1/11 pair, we can supply for 4/-.

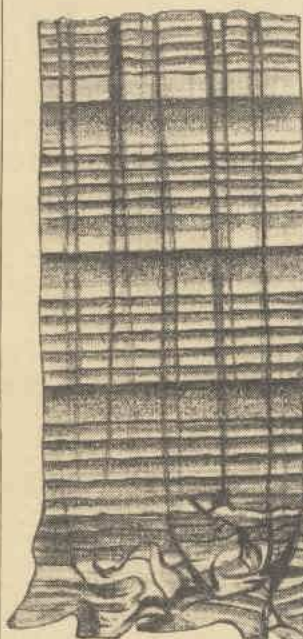
Write enclosing Postal Notes to SOCIETY CLOTHING & DRAPERY CO., Office, Manning House, George St., Sydney.

## INVISIBLE MENDING

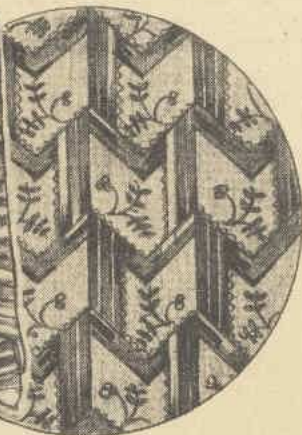
Damaged Garments Re-woven. Torn, Burnt, Moth-eaten Suits, Costumes, Carpets, etc. INVISIBLELY Re-woven.

Sydney Weaving Co. 90 PITT ST. Phone: BW6952

## Cotton Season This Spring

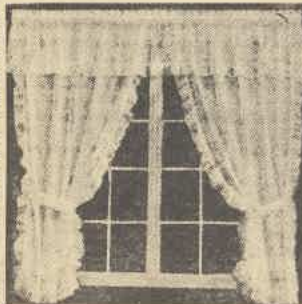


Curtains of Swiss-dotted Muslin. . . Soft Damask Cotton. . . Sheer Fabric. . . are here to bring Spring-time to Your Windows!



COTTONS in plaids and stripes, broken checks, and spots, in fine silk-like finish, and in heavy, rough, tweedy effects. Fine, softly shaded "damask" cotton, with all the sheen of a damask tablecloth right next door to a heavy honeycombed cotton with gay Belgian stripes.

Too soon to go shopping for our spring wardrobes, too soon to experiment with shorter sleeves and lighter frocks, we feel that we must do something about this spring that is unmistakably creeping upon us—giving us brief glimpses of the warmth and color to come—so let us take a peep into the furnishing drapery department of Grace Bros. Ltd. and see what they have to offer us.



THE makers of curtaining fabrics seem to have outdone themselves this season, for their displays for both glass, curtains, and drapery are more varied and lovelier than ever before.

Sheer fabrics are so sheer as to seem mere gauze, yet they are woven to withstand the sun and sunshine, and to lend themselves gracefully to almost any decorative style. For modest little bedrooms and other rooms simply furnished—with oak or lacquered furniture—such cottons are a delight; soft, ruffled curtains at the windows, and soft, ruffled spread on the bed to match.

SOFT cotton fabrics, dainty spring-like curtains caught back to let the sunshine through, are the new note in September furnishing for the modest bedroom.

Bedrooms have become daintier in the last few months, and more fabrics are made wide enough to permit a bed-spread to be made to match the curtains; if they are not wide enough the ingenuity of the maker is brought into being—a panel of ruffling is added or an extra frill—and the effect is the same. Some of the most delightful of the cottons suitable for this dual purpose are the flit nets in deep cream and ecru with festoon designs, from 2/9 to 4/11 a yard. They lend themselves admirably to any color scheme, as they can be lined with any color.

THE vogue for spots of all sizes that it is predicted we shall wear on every conceivable occasion, will invade our home, too. The Swiss dotted muslin of latter years takes on new life and comes forth in new guises and is accompanied by new nets—with tiny spots, middle-sized spots, and big spots—in lovely pastel shades or gay contrasts, the possibilities are endless for the uses of these fascinating "spots," and when one realises their price range from 1/11 they find an added attraction.

The curtains for the more formal rooms—the lounge, drawing, and reception rooms—are going to be a more difficult problem. The fabrics are the loveliest ever; one no sooner selects one than from the corner of one's eye one sees something entirely different, quite as suitable, and just as lovely, and the argument for and against starts all over again!

It is definitely a cotton season! But cottons that look like anything but cotton. Cottons in plaids and stripes, broken checks, and spots, in fine silk-like finish, and in heavy, rough, tweedy effects.

Fortunately these departments are so fitted that in a very few moments you can see the actual effect of the material of your choice; furthermore, there are many different window-sels there to give you an illustration of the newest ideas in curtain effects. The department is in charge of Mr. Brown, who will at any time be very pleased to give any assistance required, and to make any suggestion—for those of you who are in the country—just write to Mr. Brown, giving details of your requirements, and he will be glad to help you.

## ROBERT MONTGOMERY IN "MYSTERY OF MR. X"



### HE WAS DANGEROUS!

—but so charming! You'll be fascinated by Debonair Robert Montgomery as a dashing, delightful thief, who is a combination of Sherlock Holmes, Raffles, and Casanova.

It's a thrilling Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.

Also another great love drama by the author of "Show Boat," in which a girl rises to the heights of stardom on the wings of a great love—and plunges to the depths of despair on the slippery steps of folly. With a cast including Constance Cummings, Paul Lukas, and the new Valentino—Phillip Reed.



**Liberly THEATRE**  
3 PRESENTATIONS  
10.45 A.M. 2.15 P.M. 8 P.M.



Box Plans at Theatre. Phone MA9008.

## ★ COSMETIC SURGERY

cannot actually make you younger, but it does make you look and feel younger. All facial imperfections—Sagging Cheeks or Necks, Nose to Mouth Lines, Wrinkled Eyelids, Drooping Eyebrows, Unshapely Nose, Ears or Lips, can be permanently corrected.

Cosmetic Surgery does not involve any surgical operation. No risk. No pain.



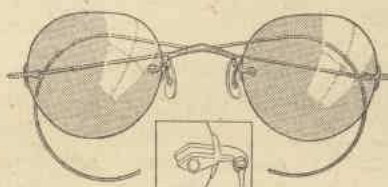
### Your Mirror Reveals the Truth

Call for Free Consultation. Reasonable Charges. Country residents write for advice.

**Mme Louise Day**  
LATE OF ELIZABETH ARDEN  
LONDON & NEW YORK

61 MARKET STREET (Phone: M4280) SYDNEY

## THE LECTRO NO-SCRU



Which makes Rimless Glasses, almost as practical and serviceable as those fitted with frames. No trouble with loose screws and lenses; as with this new process the lenses always remain rigid. All spectacle wearers can now really enjoy the beauty and comfort of Rimless Glasses without fear of constant breakages.

## GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.,

OPTOMETRISTS & OPTICIANS.

6 HUNTER STREET (3 doors from George Street)

378 PITT STREET (opposite Anthony Hordern's)

J. W. DEEMAN C. A. OBER Optometrists.

And at NEWCASTLE.

## WAVING AND CURLING DONE AT HOME

It is easy, cheap, and effective. With a Wella Wave Fixer you can produce lasting waves... soft and attractive in appearance. Ask to see one of these newest aids to hair beauty.



### WELLA WAVE FIXER



### WELLA END CURLER

End curls, ringlets, or tight rolls are just as simple to make, with the Wella End Curler. It preserves the smart well-groomed appearance of your hair. With present-day styles, this is an essential little appliance.

Obtainable at leading stores, chemists' and hairdressers'.



*United again...*

**Janet Charles GAYNOR Charles FARRELL**

**CHANGE OF HEART**  
Kathleen Norris' story, serialised in this newspaper, becomes the perfect screen romance.  
A Winfield Sheehan production, coming soon to thrill your innermost depths!

**FOX PICTURE**

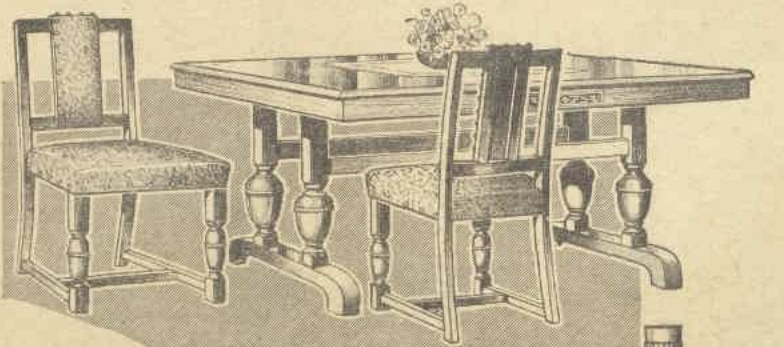


## Guaranteed Quality

More than mere appearance, there is a genuine quality in every article we offer. Because of this quality we GUARANTEE the workmanship and finish of every piece. This GUARANTEE is your assurance of quality and — in the unlikely event that a fault can be found — we will substantiate our GUARANTEE by replacement or repair.

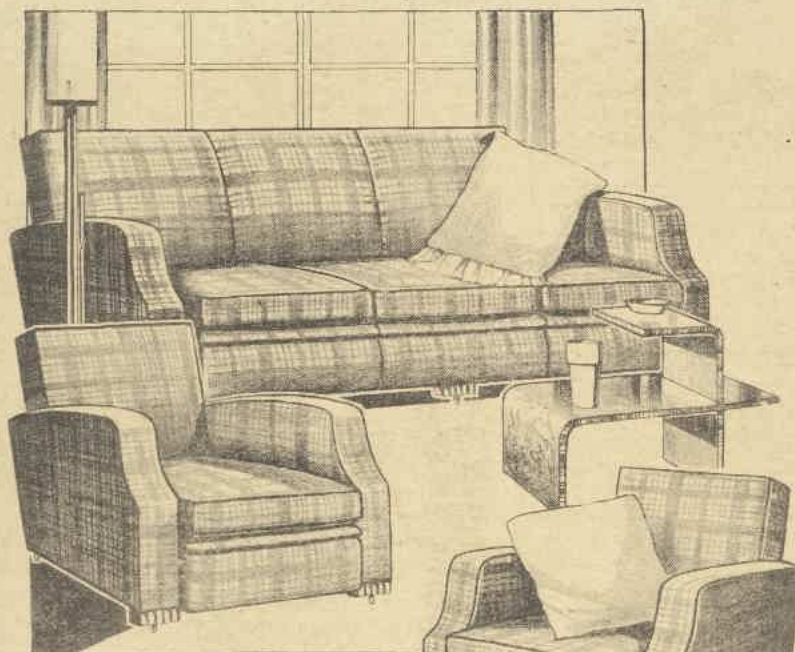
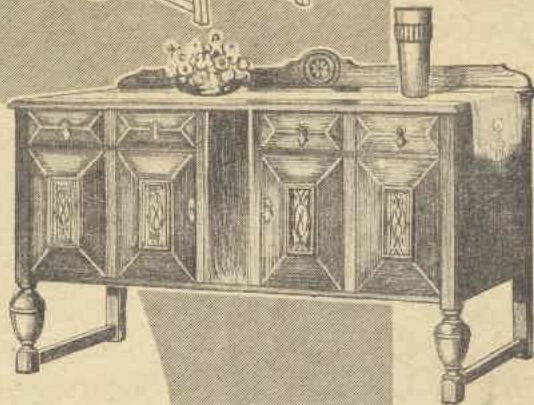
## Grace Bros.

Leading in Style, Leading in Value, our Spring Show sets the fashion style for good Furnishings. Despite the exclusive designs, treatments, and fabrics, prices are lower.



### "YORK" Dining Suite

in solid Oak. Suite comprises 5ft. Sideboard, 5ft. x 2ft. 9in. Table, and 4 Chairs covered in reproduction Buffalo Hide. A sturdy Suite of excellent appearance.  
PRICE... £18/18/-



### Choose from 24 EXCLUSIVE Coverings on the "VOGUE" 4 Piece Lounge Suite

Fitted with inner Cushions, this full sized Lounge Suite is the ultimate in furniture style and value. Each of the 24 coverings from which you can choose is exclusive, novel, and the tone of any possible furnishing scheme can be matched. See these remarkable fabrics, straight from overseas looms and not available anywhere else. The comfortable footstool is included.  
The PRICE is remarkable; the VALUE enormous

£17/17/-

GRACE BROS. LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY PHONE M 6506

## GLORIFY the Garden ... with DAHLIAS!

With their regal beauty, strength, and color, they more than repay the room and attention given them . . . says the OLD GARDENER.

THE summer garden abloom with dahlias . . . double-headed and single, sturdy and noble — there is nothing more superb than these prolific bearers. And here the Old Gardener, in his inimitable fashion, gives you sound, practical advice on how to grow them, and what care to give them.

GOOD MORNING, Miss, here I am again, like a bad penny, always turning up. I am here to see about your dahlias, so let's go right into dahlia growing to-day.

Yes, the dahlia-planting season is rapidly drawing near. And many growers, on account of the huge numbers from which to choose, are still undecided as to which varieties they will obtain. I love all dahlias — the single, decorative, cactus, peony, collar-ette, and the tiny pom-pom — they are all prime favorites with me.

I have often been asked what is my favorite flower. To me, all flowers are beautiful. All flowers gladden the hearts of the sick, give color and brightness to each room, and a gay, inviting appearance to the home. And so, one flower is no better than another. Yet the rose and the dahlia certainly reign as queens of the garden.

I cannot understand those people who do not love flowers. A bunch of flowers is one of the most beautiful gifts that one can give as a token of friendship, for it carries with it a message of sincerity. Well, we must get on with our talk on the growing of dahlias.

Let us first go and have a look over the plot you have had dug for the dahlias!

Yes, a good position. See, it faces the north-east, and catches all the morning sun, and that fence and hedge protect the plants from the westerly wind. This is certainly an ideal position.

Having done as I told you previously, thoroughly liming and digging, the soil should be sweet, and in a fine condition for planting.

Now, we'll just fork the bed over lightly. Rake it level, and put all the stakes in. By putting the stakes in first there is no danger of injuring the bulbs later on.

Having placed all these stakes in position we will now dig the holes and fill each hole with well-rotted manure. This bed, being a little sandy, Miss, we will use cow or fowl manure, and over in that other plot, where the soil is much heavier, and of a clayey nature, horse or stable manure will be more suitable.

You understand that it is necessary to have different manures for various soils — for heavy or clayey soil use horse or stable manure as it opens it and makes it more friable, and in the sandy soil, cow, pig, or fowl manure closes up the fine particles, giving a much better water-holding capacity. And, believe me, while the dahlias are growing they are not only hungry creatures, but they are thirsty, especially near flowering time. So with plenty of manure and humus in the soil, the more water can be stored up for them.

#### Two Plantings Advised!

THAT bed will be quite ready now to do the planting. People vary on the time to plant, but I would advise two plantings, one at the beginning of October, and the other at the latter part of November, or the beginning of December.

Of course, the later planting will give you a good supply of flowers when the hot summer weather has gone, the cooler weather of March and April giving the greater display. By making, however, two plantings, a successive display of flowers can be had.

Late spring is the best time to commence dividing up the tubers. They keep much better when left in clumps through the winter. In addition, the sprouting eyes simplify the work of division by indicating the tubers which will grow for sure.

So get your dahlia clumps out at once, thoroughly examine them, looking at each closely.

Just come here, Miss, and I will show you. See how some of these vary greatly in numbers, according to varieties. Those that have not made many tubers last season we will have to propagate by cuttings. Above these are the old flower stalks of last year.

SEE these old dry stems, I mean. These tubers are still connected with this old stem by a narrow, root-like piece we call the "neck." Above the neck on the old stem you will notice extending a short way some plump skin which shows life when scratched. This is called by gardeners "the line of life."

When the tuber begins to show renewed life activity, careful examination of the line portion is necessary. It is just below this "line of life" that you will find these sprouting eyes.

These sprouts on eyes will provide the new plants for this season. The eyes only appear on this portion of the clump, and never upon the tuber itself. So, Miss, in separating, you must see that every tuber has a piece of the base attached with a living eye upon it, otherwise it is quite worthless.

Now, in order that the clumps may be divided with the greatest of care and skill, a sharp knife is necessary. Remove each tuber individually.

First select the tuber you consider can be most easily removed. Now watch me.

See, I cut into the base on each side of the growing eye in such a way as to leave a good margin around it. If both cuts are made on the plant, so as to meet, the tuber will come away gradually and readily, leaving attached to it a V-shaped portion as a crown.

The tuber next to the one already removed can now be separated, and so all the way round the clump.

#### They Grow Well from Cuttings!

YES, dahlias grow well from cuttings. When they have sprouted thumb-length, take the green shoot with a piece of the old tuber or stem, and no difficulty will be found in striking.

And now time is flying, Miss, and I must be off. I'll see you later, and give you a list of names to choose from for the new bed you are making.



TAKE half a teaspoonful of Sulphate of Soda in water every morning. Then a VINCENT'S A.P.C. Tablet or Powder twice or three times a day.

Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores or direct from Vincent Chemical Co., Sydney.



### THE BRUCE EASY PROVEN CERTAIN PILE REMEDY

#### FOR EXTERNAL USE

Read what an eminent chemist reports: The Laboratory, 22 Napoleon St., Sydney, March 14, 1933.

The formula of your pile remedy, submitted to me would have no effect other than beneficial. I gave your sample to a client who had suffered for many years, and before he had used half the bottle he reported himself cured.

GROVE JOHNSON, F.R.S. (Lond.), "Honorary" City & Guilds of London Institute, Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

TESTIMONIALS POSTED FREE.

Price 5/- per bottle. Post free 6/9, securely packed in plain cardboard box.

Obtainable from Robert Bruce, Room 7, 15 Hunter St., Sydney. Also at 14 Upper Bayview St., McMahon's Point, North Sydney.

### LIFE-SIZE DOLL

UNBREAKABLE. Only 2/6. About 27 inches high. Reproduction of a French creation in fine, fast colours so clear that won't fade. Intended to be snuffed. Grandma's Model Doll never fails to please. Will outlast a dozen expensive dolls. Price only 2/6 posted, and for the next 28 days one Baby Doll given free.

Anglo-American Publishing Co., 22 Pitt St., Box 1168M, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.



# THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



**MY DEAR JULIET.**—  
The Prince, the  
races, and the Cen-  
tenary monopolise  
most of the conver-  
sation at all the  
parties at the  
moment, so I just  
shan't breathe a  
word about any of  
them this week.

"All thoughts, all passions, all de-  
lights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame."

SO sang Coleridge, and in the magic  
lines Somerset Maugham found the  
title for the play, "The Sacred Flame,"  
which opened at the Criterion on Sat-  
urday. This is one of those dramas  
rightly called "powerful," guaranteed to  
rend the hardest heart and wrench a  
stealthy sob from the stoniest bosom.  
It left no one dry-eyed—neither in the  
cast nor in the audience.

**GRACE LANE**, at the conclusion of a  
magnificent performance, assured  
the audience that "tears are great  
beautifiers." If so, no one needed any  
other beauty treatment over the week-  
end. But, in spite of this lachrymose  
strain, or because of it, there was no  
doubt the audience thoroughly enjoyed  
the show. It contained so much more  
than "a good cry," and is so stimulating,  
as well as so melting, that it simply must  
not be missed, Juliet.

**FROCKING** was very funny, for no one  
knows what cyclone is awaiting us  
round the corner and Mr. Mares' present  
weather mood would throw a North Pole  
wrap round the most reckless of shoul-  
ders. "Darius just weren't." Perhaps the  
weather had no gone to the heads that  
no one had the heart for such gay ges-  
tures. Mrs. Sep Levy, nestling snugly in  
her gray squirrel-cum-fox, achieved the  
distinctive coiffure note of the night.  
One windswept swathe of her hair was  
caught at the side with a half-moon  
comb of chromium. Lady King clung  
to her sables and so did Mrs. Sam  
Cohen.

Mrs. R. A. Enkin added a welcome  
splash of color to the rather sombre  
frocking scene by her choice of a red  
lacquered lace, and Mrs. Gordon Walker  
chose a lovely shade of blue. Mrs.  
Spencer Brumton was richly gowned in  
black and gold brocade silk with a fur-  
collared black coat. Miss Minnie Love,  
who occupied one of the boxes, was in  
a very charming gown of pastel pink  
chiffon and velvet.

**BUGH STREET** is a serious sort of  
street, but two cocktail parties were  
held there the other evening. One was  
given by the president, Mr. C. V. Potts,  
and members of the Chamber of Manu-  
factures, and the other by Mrs. M.  
Stacpoole.

Mrs. Potts helped her husband re-  
ceive the guests at the Royal Empire  
Society's Rooms. Their daughter, Viva,  
aided them and Miss Geraldine Evans and  
Miss Theodora Stephens gave a very de-  
lightful programme of music.

Among those who listened were the  
Lord Mayor (Mr. A. L. Parker), Sir  
Kelso and Lady King, Rear-Admiral and  
Mrs. Peake, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Lay-  
ton, Mr. Alfred Wunderlich and Mr. Tel-  
ford Simpson.

**MRS. STACPOOLE** lives in a flat a few  
doors away from the society's rooms.  
She asked some guests to meet Lady  
Campbell Williams at the cocktail hour.  
Mrs. W. H. Mackay, Dr. and Mrs. Craw-  
ford Robertson, Mrs. Charles Regan of  
Tamworth and daughter, Mrs. McEvilly  
Jordan (London), and Mrs. Ernest  
Sutton were among the guests. Every-  
one admired Mrs. Stacpoole's courtyard,  
with its ducks made of bark ornamented  
with growing lycopodium, which simul-  
ates the birds' plumage. A large load  
made of concrete completes the deco-  
rative scheme. Naturally everyone dis-  
cussed gardens from the Japanese to  
herbaceous borders.

**A WEEK** ago, owing to wet weather,  
the tennis tournament planned by  
Naomi Williams in aid of St. Luke's  
Hospital turned into a friendly few  
games played by Naomi and her fiancé,  
Wayne Reilly, Sadie Budge, Stan  
Mcneary, Betty Hungerford and Wilfrid  
Wallace under cover at the Snowground,  
but on Saturday the tournament really  
took place at Ascham—although it  
started late, owing to players having to  
sweep the courts first. Ruth Parker  
and Commander Maynard were the  
winners, and players included Captain  
Dawkins, Enid and John Riddle, and  
Nora Mearns.



AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Betty McDonnell and her Irish terrier, "Bing." Betty is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. McDonnell, of Neutral Bay, and this photograph was secured in the beautiful garden of her home.

—Women's Weekly photo

**AFTER** a very happy time abroad,  
Thelma Smith returned on Monday  
on the Mariposa. After Thelma had  
left for abroad, her father, Mr. W. J.  
Smith, of Denmark, Point Piper, sailed  
for England. The two met in London,  
but Thelma decided to come home first  
through America, leaving her father on  
the other side.

**A MOST** unusual setting has been ar-  
ranged by the committee for this  
year's Picnic Ball, to be held at the  
Palais Royal, on October 5. Dancers  
will be surrounded by pergolas and  
pylons beautifully decorated with 15,000  
roses of various colors, interspersed with  
striking lighting effects.

An influential committee is working  
hard to make the ball a complete suc-  
cess, and already over 1350 tickets have  
been disposed of. Proceeds will be  
equally divided between the New South  
Wales Homes for Incurables, and the  
Sydney Day Nursery Association.

**THE** unemployed in America last year  
numbered twice the number of  
people in Australia, so that it is almost  
impossible to review the American situa-  
tion unemotionally, if one lives there.  
said Mrs. Edward Rice (Persia Camp-  
bell) at the National Council of Women's  
luncheon on Monday. Mrs. Rice, who  
has been in America for five years, has  
returned on a short holiday to show her  
one-year-old baby girl to its grand-  
mother. Her husband was unable to  
accompany her, but may arrive here in  
October.

Mrs. Rice has had a brilliant career.  
At Sydney University she tied with  
"Johnny" Wallock, now Professor of  
English, for first place in all the yearly  
exams, and at graduation. Later she  
was in the Government Statistician's  
office, went to America on a Rockefeller  
Scholarship, and worked with Miss  
Frances Perkins, Minister for Labor.

**THE** nationality problem confronting  
Mrs. Rice in America was very com-  
plicated. By British law, she lost her  
British nationality on marrying an  
American, but by the American Cable  
Act she did not automatically acquire  
American nationality, but had to apply  
for it. When she sought American  
nationality she found she had to swear  
not to be a pacifist, and this she would  
not do.

Happily, she did not have to stay long  
without a country. A resolution passed  
in England as an outcome of the Hague  
Conference provides for such unusual  
cases and allowed her to obtain her  
British citizenship. Her baby is an  
American citizen. The American law  
says to that! Baby, described on her  
passport as "Two feet high," does not  
seem to worry over the tangle, and is  
a happy, thriving youngster.

**STEADY** rain prevented a number of  
people from attending the private  
view of The Society of Artists' Exhi-  
bition. The next day, at the opening, it  
was crowded to suffocation. After the  
presentation of their medal had been  
made to Mr. William Moore he was sur-  
rounded by friends congratulating him  
and asking to see his new possession.



**MISS BETTY BUNTING**, whose  
engagement to Mr. Reg. Prevost,  
well-known Sydney architect, was  
recently announced. Miss Bunting,  
who is the younger daughter of the  
Hon. Arthur Bunting and Mrs.  
Bunting, of Samarai, arrived in  
Sydney this week.

—Munro Laika.

Mrs. Moore (Dora Wilcox) was with him.  
Among those present were Lady Mc-  
Kelvey, very chic in navy and white with  
a large scarf of red, white, and blue;  
Mrs. H. T. Peakes; Mrs. Worthington  
Syme; Mrs. Oscar Paul, in fawn dress  
with a white quill in her hat; Mrs. Aleck  
Joske; Mrs. J. J. Rouse; Mrs. F. W.  
Wheatley; Mrs. Clement Chapman,  
looking very charming in a navy blue  
outfit with a small, round hat; Mr. and  
Mrs. George Patterson; Miss Theo  
Cowan; Mr. and Mrs. Eric Sheller and  
Mrs. Oswald Paul; Mrs. E. C. Riddle;  
Mrs. W. R. Bertram; Dr. and Mrs.  
Crawford Robertson; the Lady Mayoress  
(Mrs. A. L. Parker); Mr. C. A. Sus-  
smilch and Miss Marie Susmilch, and  
ever so many other well-known lovers  
of art.

**ALTHOUGH** the Bush Book Club has  
made a momentous move to Challis  
House, Martin Place, the usual large  
number of parcels was sent out, which  
meant a great deal of active work be-  
sides the usual organising which Beniah  
Bolton does so admirably. On October  
3 Miss Bolton is preparing to welcome  
a large party of English schoolgirls who  
are arriving here under the auspices of  
the Victoria League.

Many members of the league are put-  
ting up the young visitors during their  
short stay here. The girls are journey-  
ing en route by the Panama Canal and  
will return via Suva, hence they will not  
visit Brisbane but will see Melbourne.

On Tuesday, September 18, the  
Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Street  
have promised to be present at the  
annual Book Collection Day, which, as  
a rule, leads to a splendid collection of  
readable matter being collected for its  
far-flung readers.

In the...

## Bachelors' Gallery

**ROYCE SHANNON**, Not  
such a wag as brother  
Max, but a very cheery soul,  
keeping his brightness  
undimmed despite the stiff  
and formal routine so often  
demanded by his job of  
A.D.C.ing to the Governor.  
Very capable at said job.  
Can find seats for the seat-  
less and supper for the  
supperless at the most  
crowded reception. Tennis  
not so hot, but concentrates  
upon golf and gets results.  
Very tall, medium coloring,  
nice-looking.

and tight fitting, and crimson sashes  
swept to the carpet, and they carried  
crimson camellias. Little Virginia  
Deeley had the same color scheme in her  
toilette.

**THE** frock of the bride you must know,  
for portraits of "Debbie" have  
appeared in every paper practically  
between here and the North Pole.  
However, it was of white satin with a  
silver thread stripe, and it merged into  
a sweeping train. The 300-year-old  
Honiton lace veil is a family heirloom.

And flowers! The flowers alone at  
that wedding must have cost hundreds  
of pounds, for I believe most of them  
came from Victoria.

Lady Moulden, Deborah's mother, gave  
her away, wearing black satin with  
creamy georgette forming a vest, and  
orchids were her flowers.

**ADELAIDE** took quite second place as  
far as the "groom's attendants" went,  
for Alistair Mackinnon, of Melbourne,  
was best man, and the ushers were Rex  
Abbott, G. Tait, Wilfred Wallace, and  
Max Cooch (all of Melbourne), and also  
Rolfie Sabine, John Moulden, and Archie  
Forwood of Adelaide. However, the in-  
terstate men did not cause many South  
Australian hearts to do much more than  
flutter, for so many were the guests at  
the reception and the dance that fol-  
lowed that few girls had opportunity to  
get "really acquainted."

Jane Lane

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect  
of Hearn's is positively amazing.  
Even the most obstinate coughs  
and colds yield at once. Any  
soreness in the chest or throat  
rapidly disappears. Safe for  
children. Famous for fifty years.

## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12



# Intimate Jottings

## Did You Know That—

Armlets of daffodils, instead of the usual bouquets, were carried by her bridesmaids when Abeynne Eyre married Alan Evans last week?

Mrs. Herbert Ross does not have to worry about buying orchids as she has some beautiful plants in her garden?

Diana Davidson is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. d'Apice, of Bowral?

No cadets' camp was held these holidays as all the instructors are at the barracks receiving special instructions for their duties during the Prince's visit?

Mrs. Harry Watson, of Sutton Farm, is in town, also Mrs. Matt Sawyer, of Bethungra?

Lady Braddon has been detained by illness in Brisbane, and her son, Dr. Peter Braddon, has made the trip by plane to be with her?

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Wheatley have had to postpone their planned motor trip to Mrs. Arthur Bowman until the roads get a dry spell?

## Pre-wedding Parties

WHAT a blessing it is when a bride-to-be plays bridge, for then her girl friends can combine gift teas with the everyday bridge party, instead of having the ordeal of entertaining each other with small talk all the afternoon, or arranging the still more worrying competitions.

Combined bridge and gift parties are already being planned for Jean Ruthven, who is to be married early in October. On September 20 Nancy Macnaught will give a coat-hanger bridge tea, on the 27th Ruth Allen will give a handkerchief bridge tea, and on the 29th, after the races, Joan Charteris will give her a party.

## Given Up Sculpture

STELLA BUTLER GEORGE, who has a painting in the Society of Artists' show, has just had word from London that Fairlie Cunningham has given up sculpture and is now following a literary career.

Fairlie, who has so many friends in Sydney, was sent to London to study when quite young, and she and Stella were fellow students at the Royal Alexandra College in Kensington. She showed much promise, and among the well-known people who patiently served as models for her was Mr. Roy Buckland. She loves the work, but finds it rather too arduous for her strength, and is now deeply engrossed in writing a novel.

## Bound for Spain

BEFORE leaving for Spain, where she intends staying for several years, Mrs. C. Chambers gave a party at the Queen's Club. Mrs. Chambers is a member of the Fitz-Stubbs family, all of whom are noted for their musical gifts.

Among the guests were Mrs. Rex Chambers, who was formerly Audrey Johnson, and Mrs. Reg. Ellery, also a musician, who is over from Melbourne and staying with Mrs. Laurence Godfrey Smith.

## A Brighter Bishops court

ARCHBISHOP MOWLL and Mrs. Mowll are still "settling-in" at Bishops court. The Archbishop's study is a delightful surprise, being done in vivid modern reds and greens. Mrs. F. A. Q. Stephen (nee Alice Norton) is painting portraits of all Sydney's former Archbishops to hang in the library.

## An Admired Gift

BETTY and Molly Lanceley entertained a small party at the week-end. Betty talks most interestingly of her travels, and entertained her guests with bright anecdotes and photographs she has brought back from Europe.

A liqueur set of wonderfully fine glass, a gift to Betty from her fiancé, Alec Grace, was very much admired. Alec is a graduate of Sydney University, and the marriage plans have been made for about Easter, next year.

## Centenary Trip

MRS. ARCHIE BUTTON, lunching in the Australia last week in a very smart wine-colored ensemble, was very happily planning a trip to Melbourne, staying on for the Centenary.

The home at Croydon, valued at £10,000, which her family gave to the Church, though Archbishop Mowll has not yet had its fate decided, will possibly be an old men's home.

## Energetic Rehearsals

MRS. F. W. ALLEN arrived home after a month of sun in Brisbane to find Sydney in torrents of rain. Her daughter, Ruth, is energetically working for the Society Ballet, organised by Mrs. Hannam, at the matinee at the Theatre Royal on October 11. Jocelyn Poynter, Norma Carpenter, Joan Hannam, Leila Forsythe, and Barbara Ballis are also in the ballet. Norma Carpenter has studied dancing quite seriously, learning from a member of the "White Horse Inn" cast.

## Painting Carthona

MRS. GEORGE EARP was particularly interested in Sydney Ure Smith's water-color of Carthona at the Society of Artists' Exhibition on Friday, because she herself once painted it. But while she could only get a more or less side view, painting from the shore, Mr. Ure Smith's drawing looked as though it must have been done from the sea.

Mrs. Earp has not done any painting during the winter as it is too cold for landscape work and still-life does not appeal to her. She has also been busy working for the Crown St. Women's Hospital, for which she is holding a musicale at her home in October.

## Preparing New Home

EARLY in November Dr. and Mrs. Plomley will leave their home in New South Head Rd., Double Bay, for a new home in Ocean Avenue which they have just bought. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Boydell have bought the Plomleys' present home.

Mrs. Plomley has spent all her time of late superintending renovations and additions to the new home and getting the garden shipshape. She is also thinking out a name to replace the present Alwyn.

## Adelaide Visitor

MRS. POLKINGHORNE, of Adelaide, is in Sydney, and in between the times she is escorting her daughter to "see the sights," she is studying with special interest the prospects of women candidates in the Federal elections.

Mrs. Polkinghorne was Adelaide's first woman candidate for Parliamentary honors. She stood as an Independent in the State election of 1930.

## In and Out of Society :: By WEP



## Here and There

THERE is much to-ing and fro-ing in progress at the moment. Betty and June Munro, having finished with school days at Doonee, are being taken by their parents to America. Madeline Mackay Sim is staying in Melbourne with Mr. and Mrs. S. Dennis, the parents of her fiancé. Kath Southwell has flown to Newcastle to visit her sister, Mrs. Fountain.

Phyllis Julien, Binalong, is in town, the guest of Margery Shine of Vaucluse. Mrs. Fred Watson has come down from Canberra to be with her son during the holidays, and is staying at her flat in Hampstead, Darling Point, and Mrs. Cuthbert Verge has temporarily forsaken Redleaf, her father's home in New South Head Rd., for a country jaunt with the children.

## Air-minded Child

ALTHOUGH only four, Megan Wing, of Candelo, is definitely air-minded. She recently flew from Bega to Sydney in an Ad Astra plane accompanied by a friend, Miss L. O. Conison. Her holiday over, Megan begged to be allowed to return by plane, and last week did so—alone, though not a solitary passenger in the plane.

Megan's parents are both doctors and are very well known in the South Coast districts.

## Ships That Pass

MRS. LILIAS STRANG, who went to England recently to attend the fifteenth world convention of the W.C.T.U. and was elected a vice-president at the conclusion of the conference, has been visiting her daughter, Marian (Mrs. Walter Scott), in Scotland.

Mrs. Strang, who was formerly the president of the N.S.W. W.C.T.U., is accompanied on her journey by her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Bryant.

Her cousin, Mrs. A. Winning Strang, is visiting Australia and New Guinea. She was very well known here, when she was Nell Symington, but has lived in Scotland and London since her marriage. The cousins will unfortunately miss each other, a great disappointment after their long separation.

## Will Miss the Prince

MARY DOBERER has received an invitation from Mrs. George Campbell (formerly Peggy Bullmore) to stay with her at her new home in North Berwick, Scotland, and will probably leave Sydney in the Ormonde on October 13 to do so. She is sorry to miss the Prince's visit, but as she has never been out of N.S.W. yet, and has always longed to travel, she is very excited about the trip. She has cousins and many friends in England, and should have a happy time.

## Have You Seen—

Miss Peter Walker playing ultra-serious "duplicate" bridge at the Sydney Bridge Club?

Nora Cazabon having supper last week surrounded by about a dozen little Boy Scouts?

Sue Reichard's snappy handbag metal-initialled in her own writing?

Lady Campbell Williams' mastery over her monocle?

Mademoiselle Chautard rejoicing in her new acquisition—a Morris Minor?

The remodelled open-air room at Mrs. E. C. Riddle's home in Trelawney St.?







# HANDS OFF *the* COMMONWEALTH BANK!



## How the People's Bank is Now Controlled

The Commonwealth Bank is at present controlled by an independent board of eight members, one of whom is the Governor of the Bank. The Board is representative of all sections of the community.

The periods for which the members are appointed to the Board are so arranged that no Government can swamp the Board with its appointees during its term of office. Thus the Board is entirely free from political control and able to function in the best interests of the community as a whole.

## How Labor Politicians Propose to Control It

Mr. Scullin and Mr. Lang have stated that they would abolish the present independent Board of the Commonwealth Bank and place one man in complete control.

By this means Labor intends to achieve its aim, which is political control of the People's Bank.

Mr. Lang objects to anyone with banking experience having a seat on the Board, because such a man, he says, would have "banker's bias." To what kind of a man, then, do they propose to give this tremendous power?

If the control of the note issue and credit were in the hands of politicians there would be an ever-present temptation to make banking policy the plaything of party politics. Rash promises made in the heat of election campaigns would be followed by attempts to honor them. Inflation could not be avoided.

Inflation would destroy all savings — make life insurance policies valueless — lower the standard of living by enormously raising commodity prices — create unemployment on a scale never seen before in Australia.

*To Stop Political Control of the People's Bank*  
**VOTE FOR**  
**Lyons Government Supporters**

Authorised by A. de R. Hertzog, State Democracy League, 12 Spring St., Sydney.  
 The basic aim of the State Democracy League is to combat fallacious and revolutionary doctrines. It needs members and funds to help it do its job.



# NO CHANCE for Women ... in Federal ELECTIONS

## But Poll Will Show Their Strength

Whatever party is returned to power at the Federal polls this election, it is highly improbable that there will be any women among the successful candidates.

Although women represent almost fifty per cent. of the eligible voters at the election, only six women have been nominated. Four of these are advocates of the Douglas Credit system. One is a Labor candidate and one a Nationalist candidate.

It will be interesting, however, to see how these women candidates fare. Whatever their political fate, they deserve the highest commendation for their courageous venture. They are pioneering the path of women's progress and, whether they win or lose, their work will help the women who come after them.

As things are at present, all the indications are that, until women are better organized to present women candidates at the poll, the representation by women in Australian politics will remain negligible.

Among these six, New South Wales and Queensland have each a woman candidate for the Senate. Both are Douglas Credit advocates. Mrs. H. (Lillie) Beirne is the N.S.W. and Mrs. Joanna Helbach the Queensland candidate.

Prior to coming to Australia from Scotland, Mrs. Helbach graduated as an M.A. of Glasgow University, and was engaged as a schoolteacher in the public schools at home.

Before her marriage in Queensland, Mrs. Helbach was on the staff of the Bundaberg High School. This is her first attempt to enter political life, although she says she has taken an interest in politics since her school days.

The four other women candidates are standing for the House of Representatives—three of them in New South Wales, Mrs. Cochrane is contesting Cook electorate, and Mrs. Arthur-Smith, Calare. Both these women are exponents of the Douglas Credit System. Labor has one representative among the women of N.S.W. in Mrs. Frewin, who is attacking the stronghold of the Postmaster-General, Mr. Parkhill, in Warrington. So strongly is Mr. Parkhill entrenched in his electorate that Mrs. Frewin has little chance of defeating him. The sole woman representative of the Nationalist forces is Mrs. Cardell Oliver, of West Australia, who is standing for Fremantle. Mrs. Oliver is well-known in women's movements in W.A. She is president of the Women's Guild and an active member of the Australian Federation of Women Voters. She is an able speaker with a wide grasp of political questions, but her opponent is so popular in his electorate that the fight will be a most difficult one for her.

THIS Federal election will go down in history as the quietest in the life of the Commonwealth. There is an entire absence of the feverish excitement which is so characteristic of election time.

The U.A.P. Government, returned last elections with an overwhelming majority, is relying for its return to power on the generally-improved financial position throughout the Commonwealth and considerable decrease in unemployment during the past three years.

The leader of the Country Party, Dr. Earle Page, is making a strong bid for increased support in the rural districts.

Mr. Lyons confidently anticipates a renewal of confidence from the people. But few students of the political situation anticipate a clear-cut victory for the Prime Minister. A U.A.P. Government, dependent on a country party for support, is the most that the average supporter of that side expects.

### Vote—or £2 Fine

The Scullis forces are quietly hopeful of again securing the Treasury Benches. The Federal Labor Party has conducted an energetic campaign, the result of which will only be known on Saturday night. The Labor fight narrows down to the issue of whether the great banking institutions are to be privately controlled as at present, or whether they are to be nationalised, and it will be for the public to say whether it is satisfied or desires a change.

An important phase of the situation is the prominent part played by Mr. Lang as campaign director for the N.S.W. branch of the A.L.P.

Beside the main groups an interesting feature of this election is the entry of the Douglas Credit candidates into the political sphere with 40 candidates in the field.

Communist candidates are again asking for support, but it is extremely unlikely that they will be able to increase their almost negligible vote of three years ago.

Women voters are reminded that

attendance at the polling booth is compulsory, the alternative being a fine of £2.

Electors entitled to vote by post are those who are not within the State in



Don't DREAD  
the gaze of  
criticising eyes  
on your skin

Be rid of PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, BLACKHEADS  
—Clear up Sallowiness, roughness, coarse pores  
with the **NEW**  
**REXONA SOAP**

MEDICATED with Cadyl, the new compound of medications to clear, soothe and stimulate the skin



### THE BIGGEST STEP FORWARD IN SKIN CARE FOR YEARS

Here is important news for all who want a clear, smooth, blemish-free skin. That old friend of skin health, Rexona Soap, has now been made still better for your skin. Now there is a new Rexona Soap, containing a remarkable new compound of medications. You won't have to use it long to realise that this New Rexona Soap marks a most important advance in skin care.

### YOUR SKIN IS BOUND TO BENEFIT FROM THESE REVITALISING MEDICATIONS IN THE NEW REXONA SOAP

EMOLLIENTS  
—to soothe and soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS  
—to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS  
—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS  
—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

### A VITAL CONTRIBUTION TO SKIN HEALTH

The combination of healing, soothing and stimulating medications in the New Rexona Soap, makes it an outstandingly valuable aid to skin health. Many months of patient research lie behind this notable development in the care of the skin. Specialists have proved that this New Rexona Soap clears, soothes, and tones the skin as no other soap can.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED  
A 126.15



### FORGET THE WORRY OF SKIN BLEMISHES

Skin faults need never spoil your pleasure and steal your self-confidence now that you can give your skin the corrective care of the New Rexona Soap. Each time you wash, the medicated lather penetrates deep into each tiny pore, cleansing, purifying, and soothing the tissues at the very root of pimples, blackheads, and other unsightly blemishes. The active Cadyl compound of medications in the Rexona lather draws away the embedded dust and germs that cause skin flaws. Freed of clogging impurities, your skin begins to bloom again into clear, natural smoothness. As they purify the pores, too, these medications gently stimulate the skin tissues. Every time the Rexona lather touches your skin it helps to correct any present fault, and to protect against future blemish.



### MOTHER— Use this New Rexona Soap for baby—its soothing medications prevent chafing, rashes, and blemishes. The New Rexona, more than ever, is the Ideal Baby Soap.

GIVE YOUR HAIR THE SAME  
MEDICATED CARE YOU GIVE  
YOUR SKIN—SHAMPOO REGU-  
LARLY WITH THE NEW  
REXONA MEDICATED SOAP.

## COLDS VANISH OVERNIGHT!!



Use Tiger Salve freely, rub it on chest, back and throat at bedtime. The penetrating powers of Tiger Salve will banish colds overnight. It never fails.

All Chemists and Stores  
2/- per tin 2.1.1



## Ladies! Learn! HAIRDRESSING & BEAUTY CULTURE

AT THE PREMIER SCHOOL OF  
HAIRDRESSING

Prospective pupils of both sexes at their parents are cordially invited to visit the beautiful, new, modern premises of THE PREMIER SCHOOL OF HAIRDRESSING 7th Floor, "The Block," 128 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY. Experts Teach every Branch of Hairwork and Beauty Culture. Phone: MA5100. Send for Prospectus



A palliative that is definitely pleasant

is within reach of every woman who keeps a bottle of Vicker's Gin in the house. Taken with hot water and sugar, Vicker's has a smooth, mild flavour that is particularly palatable. Being entirely FREE FROM IMPURITIES, Vicker's provides the gentle stimulus that women require on occasions.



## Needless Pain/



## Sitruc Banishes Headaches

relieves troubled nerves, and leaves the system pleasantly refreshed. SITRUC is better than ASPIRIN, for it remains in the system for only three hours, and can have no reactionary or cumulative effects.

8 in a Carton for 1/6.



## Christopher Robin

PRIVATE HOME, in high, healthy surroundings, under the Personal Management of a Trained Nurse, where Parents may with full confidence Board their Children.

Only a limited number of Healthy Children between one and five years of age are taken. Best of everything provided. Inspection and Personal References from MATRON, 20 Archbold Rd., Riverville. Phone: 22701.



# 9 Women out of 10~



Do  
Not Know

## How To Use Face Powder

By A Well Known Beauty Specialist

Whatever you do, don't keep dabbling on powder all day. Nothing makes the skin so coarse and dry, and is so likely to cause blackheads and enlarged pores.

But my nose is always shiny, you say. Well, simply blend a little Mousse of Cream with your face powder. It makes the powder stay on all day whatever you are doing. And the Mousse of Cream not only prevents the powder from drying up the skin but actually softens and beautifies it. Mousse of

Cream, this wonderful new face powder ingredient—is combined by a patent process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon so entirely different from ordinary face powders. Not even wind and rain nor perspiration from dancing can affect the fresh, clear marvellous complexion it gives. Try a box of Poudre Tokalon today. If you are not absolutely delighted with the results every dealer is authorised to refund your money in full. Price 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax).

## Poudre Tokalon

Mousse of Cream Face Powder.

CONTAINS  
THE WHOLE OF  
THE WHEAT.

# Granuma Porridge

Builds fine Boys and Girls!

This delightful whole-wheat porridge food is relished by young and old. Its fine nutty flavour pleases the palate, and its wholesome quality ensures healthful nourishment.

HOUSEWIVES SHOULD KNOW THAT THEY CAN  
Make Delicious Cakes with GRANUMA  
TRY THIS RECIPE  
GRANUMA TEA CAKES

3 heaped teaspoonsful Baking Powder,  
1 cup Granuma,  
1 pinch salt,  
1 cup flour,  
1/2 lb. butter,  
1/4 lb. white sugar.

Mix baking powder and salt with Granuma and flour, rub in butter, sugar, Caraway Seed, Cinnamon, Grated Lemon Peel and Currants. When ready to bake, stir in as quickly as possible eggs (well-beaten) mixed with milk, put in 4 buttered tins and bake in a hot oven.

Order GRANUMA from your Grocer regularly

Good food deserves  
good sauce —

## PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

Makes  
all the difference!



Cooler days will bring keener appetites, and this piquant Sauce will make your meals doubly enjoyable. Pick-Me-Up Sauce is a Genuine Worcester Sauce made in Australia. A delightful addition to hot or cold meats, fish and fowl, soups and stews, salads and savouries, with cheese, sandwiches, etc. Order a bottle from your grocer.

If you prefer a sweet fruit Sauce — try

## LANCASHIRE RELISH

A Delicious P.M.U. Product.

# LUCKY the MAN who GETS IT!

This handsome sweater won a first prize in our knitting contest . . . . and now we give comprehensive charts and knitting directions so that you may be able to make it too!

LAST week we published knitting instructions for a captivating jumper which carried off second prize (section 1) in our recent £250 knitting competition contest. This week a first-prize garment is featured. The sweater, pictured here, won £50 in section 3—and lucky the man who receives from capable hands a replica of this garment.

THE original was carried out in brown and fawn tones with black and white, forming a happy contrast.

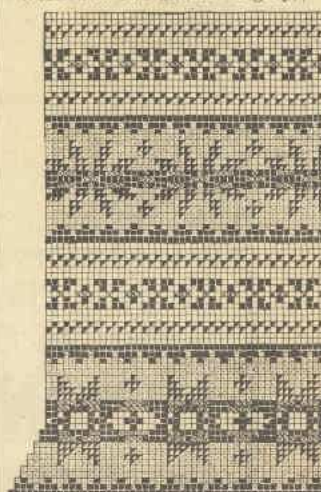
Of course, if his plus-fours are grey or "pepper-and-salt," he will want a different color scheme.

Worked in two shades of grey,

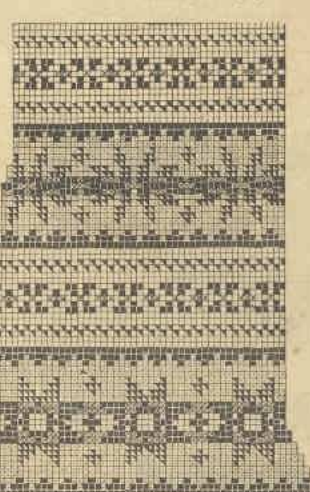
The completed pullover, Mr. George Thirlwell, star of "Ten Minute Alibi," posed for this photo, by courtesy of J. C. Williams.



—Women's Weekly photo.



THE CHART herewith shows, in detail, how to shape the neck of the man's prize-winning jumper, pictured above, without losing the continuity of the pattern. Each square represents a stitch.



black, white, and a pepper-and-salt mixture, the result would be most effective.

Substitute light grey for the light brown, pepper-and-salt mixture for dark brown, and dark grey for the fawn.

If his thoughts turn to gayer things, however, there are those lovely shades of wine, green, and blue, which blend artistically, forming the smartest color schemes one could wish for.

Materials: 7 skeins 4-ply wool, light brown; 3 skeins 4-ply wool, dark brown; 4 skeins 4-ply wool, black; 4 skeins 4-ply wool, fawn; 1 skein 4-ply wool, white; 1 set (4) No. 14 steel needles; 1 Flexnit No. 11; 1 pair No. 11 needles.

Measurements: Length, 37 inches; chest, 38 inches.

Using light brown wool, cast on 360 sts. on set of No. 14 needles. Rib 2 pl., 2 puri for 2 inches. Then change to No. 11 flexnit. Now follow chart and work in the following order: No. 1, No. 2, No. 1, No. 3, No. 1, No. 4, No. 1. Now divide for the armholes and neck as follows: Cast off 15 sts., knit 150 sts., cast off 30 sts., knit 150 sts., cast off 15 sts. Using the pair of No. 11 needles, follow the shoulder chart for the two fronts. Leave stitches for grafting.

### THE BACK

Using pair of No. 11 needles, decrease once at either end of the needle every second row five times. Continue with 140 sts., keeping to the charts, which should be worked in the following order: No. 3, No. 1, No. 2, No. 1. Slip 46 stitches for grafting to the front, cast off 48 sts. for back of the neck, and leave the remaining 46 sts. for grafting. Graft shoulders together.

### THE NECK

Pick up about 240 sts. with No. 14 steel needles around the neck edge with light brown wool, and rib 2 plain, 2 puri for 1 inch, decreasing once every round at the bottom of V. Cast off.

- BLACK
- LIGHT BROWN
- ⊗ WHITE
- DARK BROWN
- FAWN

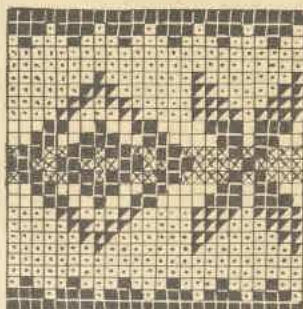
HERE we have clearly indicated the color scheme, which may be altered to the alternative color scheme given in the directions.

### When Tacking Thick Materials

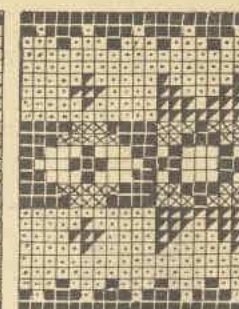
WHEN tacking two layers of very thick or bulky material together, you will find it useful to do a form of stab-stitching—that is, inserting the needle in the side facing you and pulling it through from the back. Then insert it in the back and pull it through from the front, as though working with an embroidery frame.

### THE SLEEVE

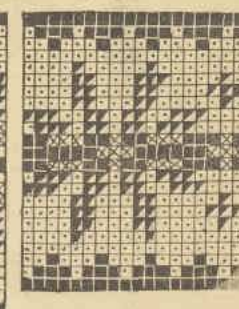
Using light brown wool and No. 14 needles, cast on 84 sts and rib 2 plain, 2 puri for 5 inches. Change to No. 11 needles and increase stitches to 100 before starting the charts. Then increase at either end of the needle every 6th row until you have 150 sts. on needle. Work charts in as follows: No. 3, No. 1, No. 4, No. 1, No. 3, No. 1, No. 2, No. 1. When you come to No. 2 chart, cast off 2 sts. at the beginning of each needle until the sleeve is complete. Cast off remaining stitches. Finish off all ends carefully. Press with a damp cloth and hot iron and join sleeves in.



No. 4



No. 3



No. 2



No. 1

IT WILL BE found quite simple to work in the design of this sweater by carefully following the chart pictured above. Each design is numbered and repeated throughout the directions.



Free  
PATTERN

# OUR Fashion SERVICE AND FREE Pattern



**THIS** week's free pattern features a three-quarter coat, which may be worn for many occasions, according to the material chosen. The second illustration shows the application of the pattern to an ensemble of a more dressy nature. Specially designed for taffeta.

Pattern is cut to fit a 36-inch bust. Material required,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated at—  
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.  
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.  
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins Street.  
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street.  
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.



**CHARMING IN VOILE.**  
WW710.—Choose a spotted voile for this little frock with bloomers to match. Plain material is used for the collar. This is bordered with narrow frilling. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required, 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 5d.

**COOL AND DRESSY.**  
WW711.—A cool and dressy frock that may be fashioned in floral or silk crepe. The maggy yoke provides the sleeves. Flared skirt is shaped where it joins the blouse. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material required,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

**MATRON'S MODEL.**  
WW712.—A smart design for a matron. The front vest provides the fastening; this is of contrast matching the collar. Skirt is shaped over the hips with a slight flare. Material for 36-inch bust,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Contrast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 46 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**FOR FESTIVE WEAR.**  
WW717.—The event of the season calls for a frock of this design. Skirt is cut on the bias, and the back panel trimmed with flared frills. Front is cut with a slight cowl matching the sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**EVENING COAT.**  
WW718.—An evening coat of personality. It has side fastening and a high collar standing away from the neck. The cowl sleeves fit tightly around the wrist. Material for 36-inch bust,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**FREE PATTERN COUPON**

This coupon is available one month from the date of issue. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and bring it to the office of The Australian Women's Weekly at any of the following addresses:

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.  
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.  
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 230 Collins St.  
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Watt St.  
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

If you would like a free pattern posted to you, fill in the coupon and forward it, WITH 1d. STAMP, to cover cost of postage, to:  
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at any of the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 15/9/34.

**WITH CAPE COLLAR.**  
WW712.—Make this frock up in the new pique voile in a floral design with a white vest. The cape collar is a substitute for sleeves, presenting a dainty effect. Material for 36-inch bust,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Contrast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**DROP SHOULDERS.**  
WW713.—A dressy frock having a contrast top cut with drop shoulders. Skirt has a pleated panel back and front. New coat has crossover fastening. Material for 36-inch bust,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Contrast,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**FLARED TRIMMING.**  
WW714.—Chosen summer frock for occasional wear. The soft flared trimming provides a dainty effect. Skirt is designed with a side flare. Material for 36-inch bust,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

**SHIRT-WAIST FROCK.**  
WW715.—To complete this season's wardrobe, you must have a shirt-waist frock of striped material. Blouse fastens down the front, and the neck is worn with a turn-down collar and tie. Material for 36-inch bust,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## LEARN DRESSMAKING... Designing... Cutting... and Fitting

from  
Mme. Jeanne Trois Fontaine—  
Principal of the Paris Academy  
of Dressmaking



Mme. Jeanne Trois Fontaine's System of instruction in dressmaking is recognized throughout the World as the simplest and most practical in existence. Many hundreds attend her school.

Now to order that those people who cannot attend her school may still have this exceptional course, she has prepared this book. The book contains a complete course of instruction identical to that given at her school, and the knowledge that can be acquired from it will give you lasting benefit and pleasure. Despite the constant changes of fashion, and the frequent alterations in shapes of garments, the basis of Mme. Fontaine's System and the principles that govern it, remain the same, and are applicable to all styles, whether of the past, present, or future.

"Dressmaking" will give you a full and intimate knowledge of the art of dressmaking, designing, and fitting. It will thoroughly teach you this profession—one of the few that is not overcrowded.

**THIS VALUABLE BOOK ON VERY EASY TERMS**

**DEPOSIT 15/-** On receipt of 15/-, the book will be forwarded to you, carriage paid. If desired the deposit can be paid by three instalments of 5/- each. Balance—

**3/6 PER WEEK**

or fortnightly 6/6, Monthly 12/6, whichever convenient.

Cash Price, 84/-; Terms Price, 90/-.

Published by Virtue & Co., Ltd., London, England, and distributed in Australia by

**Virtue Book Co., 1 BOND STREET Sydney**

"This book has been compiled by Madame Fontaine, one of the most famous couturières in London, and published by Virtue and Company."

"Madame Fontaine teaches dressmaking and designing in London, and some hundreds of pupils pass through her school yearly. Her object in publishing the book has been, not only to assist the home dressmaker, but to provide for aspiring professional a journal from which they can derive complete knowledge of their work."

"The book is a beautiful production, copiously illustrated, and giving the clearest possible instructions of every branch of both dressmaking and designing. It shows, too, how patterns should be drafted; how irregular fittings can be achieved, and how unusual effects in drapes and in flares are evolved."

Extract from The Australian Women's Weekly, 2/6/34.

**YOUR INVITATION—without obligation—DO NOT DELAY**

Send this coupon NOW for descriptive illustrated pamphlet—or if early delivery desired—post direct to VIRTUE BOOK CO., 1 BOND ST., SYDNEY.

NAME (Miss or Mrs.) .....

Full Address .....



A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY



Let these creams  
give you the youthful  
skin men admire

The skin loveliness you have always longed for will become a reality when you start using Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This cream penetrates the deepest pores, removes dirt, grime, and all traces of old make-up, and restores the skin to the freshness of youth. Just as indispensable for your complexion are Vivatone, the exhilarating skin freshener, and Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream, the ideal foundation for your make-up.

**Daggett & Ramsdell**

Obtainable at all chemists  
and leading stores at  
**REDUCED PRICES**  
Large tube 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/-

## An Achievement by Lustre

Hosiery values equal to any that New York's Fifth Avenue or London's Regent Street can offer. . . . Finer Hosiery to give added charm to any ensemble.

Buy Lustre Finer Full Fashioned Hosiery in smart seasonable colours at your favourite store.



- |                                                                                         |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Lustre Ivory Line. Service-weight. Ivory Picot Edge. Pure Silk                          | 6/11  |
| Lustre Sheersilk. All Silk, Blue Picot Edge                                             | 6/11  |
| Lustre Dulbloom. All Silk Sheer-weight, Dainty Lace Top                                 | 7/11  |
| Lustre Symphony Service-weight. Pure Silk. Picot Top Lisle Welt                         | 7/11  |
| Lustre Sheeresse. Fine Sheer Hose. Lace Tops, Picot Edge. Pure Silk                     | 9/11  |
| Lustre Beausheer. Fine Sheer Hose. All Pure Silk, with delicate Lace Clox and Lace Tops | 12/11 |

Also obtainable:

- |                                     |      |
|-------------------------------------|------|
| Lustre 411 Pure Silk Service-weight | 4/11 |
| Lustre 511 Pure Silk Service-weight | 5/11 |
| Lustre 511x Pure Silk Semisheer     | 5/11 |

from your favourite store

**Lustre**

FINER FULL FASHIONED  
HOSIERY

Old Spinster: I'm older than you think I am.  
Bachelor: I doubt it.  
Betty: Daddy am I made of dust?  
Dad: I think not. Otherwise you'd dry up now and again.

She: I've had my tooth out at last. He: Happy tooth.  
She: Why?  
He: It's out of reach of your tongue.  
Her: I'm mad to go on the stage.  
She: Yes, you must be.

Hostess: I'm afraid you'll have rather a long drive back, you poor dears.  
Departing Guest: But, darling, your sweet house is so charmingly situated that Henry and I agreed that the journey back will be the most delightful part of our visit.

## For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

By . . . **Mary  
Truby King**  
Daughter of Sir Truby  
King, the World-famous  
Authority on Baby  
Welfare.

### Punishment in Character Training

Every mother will agree that absolute obedience in children is much to be desired.

But how many mothers succeed nowadays in winning a happy obedience at all times from their children?

WHERE there is this obedience there is no need for punishment, and this article is written in an endeavor to help mothers extract such obedience from their children.

The first point is, "Begin on the right lines, and as you mean to go on."

Obedience is necessary not only for the sake of peace in the home, but in order to prevent the child from harming himself physically or mentally.

There is no doubt that the physical act of nursing baby at the breast is the first step in gaining obedience through love.

In this mutual dependence the baby and the mother are drawn together spiritually as well as physically. The baby loves its mother because of its great need—a true "cupboard love," which, after all, is not a bad sort of love at all.

Obedience through love is the only obedience worth while. Obedience through fear is degrading and demoralising. One should not seek to break the child's spirit, but to guide it.

When one considers the matter deeply one finds that most of the things children are punished for are attributable to the faults of the parents. So many parents give punishment to relieve their own anger. Others give punishment for the breaking of moral laws which have never been properly explained to the child. And again, others give punishment to children who are worn out at the end of the day, nervous, irritable, and not really responsible for their actions.

Punishment at such a time can only be called cruelty, for punishing when the child's nerves are frayed, and when he should be in bed and asleep, merely irritates the child further, and does harm rather than good.

A child who is overtired should be treated with extra kindness, and allowances made for his behaviour.

### Be Reasonable

RIGHT from the start the mother should resolve never to give an unreasonable command. The child is quick to know when a command is reasonable, and when it is not. The more unreasonable commands are given, the less confidence will the child have in the giver. It is useless to insist upon the child doing unreasonable things, merely because the mother says so.

The phrase, "Because mother says so," should be wiped right out of character-training phraseology. If the command is unreasonable, such a phrase will not make it appear reasonable to the child, and if it is reasonable, and the child asks for the why-and-the-wherefore he should be told in simple language exactly why the request was made.

Nothing is more irritating to a child than the very incomplete and evasive answer, "Because mother tells you!" If the mother's requests are invariably reasonable the child will respect them, knowing from past experience that they have always proved correct, and an in-

instinctive, instant obedience will follow. Do not resort to bribing your children. This is no way to educate them. Once you resort to bribing, bribing will always be necessary, and it is very bad character-training. The "If you go to bed now I'll give you a chocolate" mother will find life will be one long series of bribing.

Parents should keep their promises to their children, and thus gain their confidence. If a party, or outing, or toy, or other pleasure is promised, the promise should be fulfilled. Broken promises do not inspire affection and trust. Should something very unforeseen happen to prevent the carrying out of the promise, the whole matter should be explained to the child so that he will see the reasonableness of the change of plans. Children are not unreasonable unless they are made so by their parents, who do not know their own minds.

### Physical Punishment

WE come now to the question, "When is naughtiness observed which calls for some kind of punishment, what form should the punishment take?"

In my opinion, physical punishment is very seldom necessary.

It is resorted to far too often. Some children are so constituted that physical punishment, even of a very mild nature, would be exceedingly bad for them.

The best all-round punishment for any child is to deny it some privilege, or temporarily take away the most loved toy. In some cases, where the child is perfectly strong and healthy, he may be put to bed without his tea, but this punishment should not be resorted to often, and not at all if the child is below weight.

In no case should the punishment be so severe that the child will in future resort to lying in order to avoid a similar punishment.

Many parents turn truthful children into untruthful children through fear. There should never be any need for a child to fear to tell the truth.

It is most unwise to mete out punishment to a child in the presence of anyone else, for this humiliation is uncalled for, and will give rise to a very natural resentment.

Before punishing, make quite sure that the child knows why he is being punished. Otherwise the punishment will only be bewildering to him, and he will be quite likely to offend in exactly the same way again. Punishment should take place as soon after the misdeed as possible, and when finished it should be forgotten by all.

In some homes smacking and other forms of punishment are given every day, almost as part of the daily routine. Such procedure is definitely bad for the child, consider chaos in his mind.

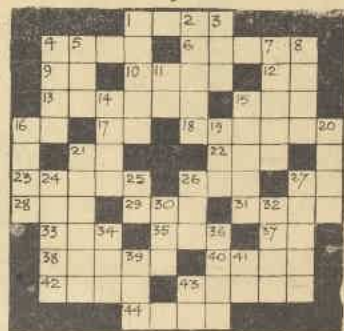
It is doubtful whether a toddler ever requires any form of punishment—certainly before punishment is given the mother should ask herself, "Why did he do that?"

If she comes to the very probable conclusion that it was because he knew no better, no punishment should be given.

## Our Weekly Crossword

### CLUES ACROSS

1. Port of Celtic origin.
2. Musical composition.
3. Flow gently and smoothly.
4. Behold!
5. Bear fruit.
6. French island.
7. Mexican sea-port.
8. Lark.
9. To like manner.
10. One.
11. Sex symbol.
12. Conjunction.
13. Man's name.
14. Estates.
15. Man's name.
16. For example.
17. Tyneside Workers' Association.
18. Sole in dialectal scale.
19. Restore fresh.
20. Short for Ararat.
21. Branch of Celtic language.
22. Musical instrument.
23. Part of the day.



### CLUES DOWN

1. Lowest rank in the peage.
2. Pertaining to Roman.
3. Animal.
4. As well.
5. Australian ant-mat. (abbr.).
6. Sinned.
7. Hair.
8. Indian Rifles. (abbr.).
9. Aromatic plant.
10. Place for public contests.
11. Think of Lot's wife!
12. Girl's name.
13. Italian magistrate.
14. Wild ass of Asia.
15. Conscious of.
16. Compass point.
17. River in Scotland.
18. Muse in lyric poetry.
19. Tribes.
20. Printer's measure.
21. Past participle of lay.
22. Even. (Peak).
23. Egyptian sun god.
24. River in Italy.

### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Across: 1. Mtrach, stage, oral, monitor, tents, meter, zig, audit, sea, daisy, far, address, Sen-lac, seg, this, urn, aware, nip, join, dense, appose, meta, reedy, audited.  
Down: 1. Moved, Ireland, ranks, sit, empty, sneer, tin, altar, goes, erratic, say, honest, annual, angular, artists, chaise, anise, gassy, fed, inner, speed, rope, nod, emu.



# THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

EVERY  
by ELYN

## STREAMLINED to the FINGERTIPS!

New fashion dicta put narrower notions into nails . . . and here's how to achieve them with the new dry manicure

**STREAMLINING** the nails! Does that sound too drastic to you? But, really, it is not drastic at all. And it does not mean having nails like talons, either.

On the contrary. It means bringing the shape of the nails into line with the modern demand for simplicity and beauty of outline which we all know as the "streamline" rogue.

IT means that fashion not only insists you shall have beauty at the fingertips, but carefully and tactfully points the way in which you can shape your nails in the way they should go.

Change is the rule of progress, and fashions, including beauty fashions, must be forever changing to keep in step with the spirit of modernity which it is Madame la Mode's business to interpret in her own sweet way.

So it is not surprising that last year's manicure modes are not in the very height of favor this year. Last year, for instance, and for ever so many years before that, we took it for granted that every manicure involved much soaking of the nails. Now comes the dictum of leading "beauticians" that soaking the nails loosens and numbs the cuticle so much that it temporarily makes "live" cuticle indistinguishable from "dead" cuticle. Cuticle no soaked becomes insensitive and can be pushed back till it becomes flappy. If trimmed at that stage there is a danger of the trimming being too drastic. Consequently "dry" manicuring is now all the rage in leading beauty salons abroad.



Liquid polish must be applied in even strokes from the "moon" to the tips to ensure a smooth surface, says Diana Cotton, Gaumont-British star appearing in pictures released by Fox Films.

BUT before commencing on the routine of "dry" manicure you must give time and thought to the general question of your fingertips. Know what you want before you begin, and aim for that result. If the latest nail notions mean anything to you, then decide to make your nails narrower than you did last season. Correct filing and correct timing are indispensable to perfection. Don't rush the narrowing process. Do it gradually. The following is culled from a famous beauty specialist's advice on how to dry manicure and also to narrow the nails.

First remove all liquid polish from the nails. There are plenty of good polish-removers on the market. Saturate a small piece of cotton wool with the polish-remover and carefully wipe off all traces of previous polish applications. Then begin the filing process. A long, flexible file gives excellent results. File the nails evenly to the usual shape, then begin the narrowing process by filing closely at the sides. Don't narrow them much at first, but do a little more each day with the emery-board till the desired shape is attained. After you have filed the nails attend to the cuticle. Keep the cuticle tool moistened with a good cuticle remover while you are using it. If your cuticle will yield to the gentle persuasion of a rubber-tipped orange-stick, well and good. If it will not, use the flat end of a plain orange-stick. If that is not satisfactory for your type of cuticle, use a metal



LOVELY HANDS are one of the many attractions of Dolores Del Rio, R.F.O. Radio star. Note how well-groomed and carefully streamlined are her finger nails.

cuticle tool, but use it with care. Push the cuticle gently back, beginning under the nail edges and working to the centre. Repeat this several times until the cuticle is well loosened. Then, with a pair of curved scissors, clip the excess cuticle neatly off.

NEXT cream the cuticle. Use any good cuticle cream for this. Cover the orange-stick or metal cuticle tool with cream and apply it round the base of the nails. This is your opportunity to encourage the half-moons and help the narrow effect. Concentrate the creaming process on the centres of the nail bases and do not push the creamed tool under the cuticle at the sides, for this tends to broaden the bases. Now dip the fingertips of one hand into massage-cream and use your uncreamed hand to massage each creamed fingertip. Use a firm pressure and do each fingertip thoroughly.

You will want a little hot, soapy water

now to remove the cream. Dip a nail-brush into the water and thoroughly and carefully scrub the fingertips. Rinse in cold water, and dry thoroughly. Finish by an energetic buffing of the nails, using either a good powder polish or a cake polish. Remove any surplus powder by washing or brushing. If you wash the nails again, dry them thoroughly. They are then ready for the liquid polish.

Apply the liquid polish so as to accentuate the narrowness of the nails. Do not take it right to the sides, but leave a little at each side untinged. For ordinary daytime wear use a subdued natural shade, leaving the half-moons free. For more formal occasions you can use a deeper shade, and with festive wear you can cover the whole nail and be fancy-free in your choice of colors! But always leave a narrow margin at the sides unshaded, to help with the narrow, tapering effect which is the dernier cri of fashion.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR

**PATIENT:** My husband gets nasty feverish turns, followed by shivering attacks, and it has been suggested that he may have malaria. There is no doctor in our neighborhood, so I would be glad if you could give me your opinion.

**MALARIA** is one of those loose, wastebasket kind of terms with which we glibly designate certain vague feelings of illness without taking the trouble to find out what actually is the matter. Neurasthenia is another such term. So is "growing pains." Malaria has been a cover-all word for years, and it still persists, despite our present-day knowledge on the subject, which is very definite and precise.

If your husband suffers that time-honored "lired feeling," which seems to be considered by so many as the outstanding symptom of malaria, you had better check up to see whether actually he is sick, or whether it is only a case of constipation, unhygienic living, or a purely mental state that is bothering him.

But if he suffers chills and fever, especially at regular and recurrent intervals, the quicker you have his blood examined the better.

**MALARIA** is caused by a parasite, the "Plasmodium Malariae," a real, living animal organism that can be seen in the blood by means of the microscope. And furthermore, this organism is carried to its human host by a certain mosquito of the genus "Anopheles." Some day read up on the interesting way in which the anopheles breeds malaria organisms within its own body. The story is a bit complicated and too detailed for so short an article as this. Nevertheless, it is fascinating reading. All mosquitoes, by the way, are not

the anopheles variety. In temperate zones the common variety of mosquito is unable to act as host for the malarial parasite. Although the anopheles is more prevalent in warm climates, it may also be present in temperate ones. Malaria is not as prevalent as it used to be some fifty years ago. But there are regions where it still exists, despite the efforts made by local health authorities to rid the neighborhood of swamps and other places where the anopheles type of mosquito propagates.

**QUININE** is a specific remedy for malaria, but best results are obtained when the blood is surcharged with quinine at the time the regular chill and

fever occur. Taking quinine haphazardly is not sufficient.

It has been found also that certain arsenic preparations work like a charm in the cure of malaria, if it is properly administered directly into the blood stream.

The points to be stressed, however, are these: First, if you think your husband has malaria, consult a competent doctor, who will examine his blood. Secondly, don't try to treat him yourself, but let the doctor do it.

The diagnosis and treatment of malaria is a systematic and scientific procedure which should be carried out by a scientific man. Thousands of real malaria sufferers might be cured permanently if this were done. Moreover, thousands of fancied malaria victims would be rid of the bugbear of malaria and would receive treatment for what really ails them.



### EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

Swaying the body from side to side in this manner puts into play all important body muscles. Posing by a member of the Albertina Rasch ballet appearing in M.-G.-M. pictures.



MISS MAY MURRAY

The Beautiful American Theatrical Star uses and recommends the Dearborn Beauty Products and writes for you this interesting beauty article.

## Correct Make-up

as used by Theatrical and Film Stars.

### For the Brunette

After years of careful study, I recommend for the vivacious Brunette with the beautiful dark eyes, that her face should be treated with a foundation of Mercolized Wax, properly massaged in. Wipe off surplus with soft towel, then apply Dearborn Barri-Agar Rachel Powder. Be sure you obtain this particular powder because it was manufactured especially for your type of beauty. This will give that beautiful creamy texture to your skin. For rouge you should never use any other colour than Dearborn Strawberry red, as it adds that fire which is always admired. Again let me point out a very important point in face treatment, the Eye shadow. Brunettes should use Dearborn Bruna Eye shadow. In making the shadow always keep shadow as far from the nose as possible. Start the shadow from almost the entire of the eyeball and work towards the temples. This will give a greater character effect. Then come the lips—use Dearborn Bruna Lipstick. For the eyebrows and lashes use the Dearborn Liquid Brown Colouring.

For the Brunette night make-up use Dearborn Barri-Agar Cream face powder, Dearborn Bruna Moist rouge for the cheeks, and their famous Vermil lipstick. For eye shadow use the Dearborn Blue, and always use a soft camel hair face brush and brush the face very lightly after you have applied your powder and rouge, then do your lips and eyes. For the eyebrows and lashes use the Dearborn Liquid Black Colouring.

### For the Blonde

The face of a blonde is so easily hardened if the slightest mistake is made in the selection of the make-up. The face should be treated nightly with Mercolized Wax by massaging carefully, then twice a week apply Jettamine. This will remove freckles. Then again I warn you to be sure you select suitable powder. I recommend Barri-Agar Rachel or Dearborn Bruna Powder. This will soften the texture of the skin. Then for your cheek rouge, Dearborn Bril-Blond. This rouge will harmonize with your face powder. Now for your Eye shadow, for you a blue eye shadow. The shadow must be kept from the nose, working towards the temples always. For your lips always use Bril-Blond. Moisten the lips before applying lipstick. For night use Rose Powder, Dearborn Rosella, or Peach Henge Bril-Blond. Lipstick Bril-Blond, for eye shadow, Maure \*\*\*



## WHY LET CONSTIPATION MAKE YOUR LIFE A MISERY?

Be done with dreary, tired days and restless nights! Say farewell to Constipation and the serious ills that follow in its train!

Take a small dose of CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts every morning and see how quickly you feel a new being. CARLISTA puts an end to Constipation, keeps the intestinal tract clear of clogging poisons, rids the system of uric acid, and teaches you the meaning of the joy of living.

At least 64 average doses to the jar.

# CARLISTA

MINERAL SPRING  
**2/3** **SALTS**  
LARGE JAR AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



### SOOTHING FOR BABY'S SKIN

Its creamy lather contains the purest Italian Olive Oil. And so, while it cleanses, Castile No. 4 Soap also keeps baby's skin smooth and supple and heals chafing or rawness. Mother, too, will find Castile No. 4 the ideal toilet soap. Medically recommended and cheaper than ever.

**CASTILE No. 4** The genuine all-olive-oil soap  
Obtainable at any pharmacy or general store.

## Why spoil good milk with inferior CUSTARD?

Why use inferior custard when Foster Clark's can be obtained everywhere . . . Foster Clark's Creamy Custard is so delicate in flavour . . . so pure and there are nearly 100 different delicious dishes that can be prepared for winter or summer.



Write for your copy of Elizabeth Craig's Cookery Book giving nearly one hundred different recipes.

## Foster Clark's

creamy CUSTARD

## Cerebos Salt

Never varies in its fine white purity

# Change of HEART

Continued from Page 5

"I'll like it all right!" Mack said as Chris paused. "I'll make my pile, and then I'll get out to some place like San Francisco or Santa Barbara, where people can live—swim, and loaf, and cook and sleep out-of-doors—"

"It scares me," Madge admitted. "I don't like it. I'll never like it. It's too high and too hard and too crowded, and it doesn't know you're alive. It—it isn't like anything else in the world: miles of delicatessen stores, and hundreds of movies, and 'To Lease' signs, and empty houses, and yet everyone jumbled up without room to breathe."

"I love it. I'm where I belong," Fanny murmured. "I'm going to stay!"

### CHAPTER VII

FANNY and Chris got a small rail table at the edge of the porch, and watched the Sunday crowd thicken and surge in the park: the riders, the careful fathers of young perambulator babies, the careless fathers of racing dark-eyed broods. The day was very hot.

Newspapers began to whiten the lawns; men slept with their faces covered with newspapers. Unhappy seals barked out of sight; small children were eager before the bear dens and at the pony rides. Now and then the hot air stirred languidly, bringing the distant roar of lions, the ammoniacal odors of cages.

"Feed coffee, and blackberries, and very thin brown toast," Fanny ordered. "Chris, you haven't ordered."

"Oh, yes!" he roused himself from abstraction. "No Madge this morning!"

"This is the morning she and Mack were going to Long Beach, to that picnic with his boss."

"Ah, that's right!" Chris said. He smiled brightly at Fanny, and they talked of Friday's news, Saturday's news. Not much news, and no business anywhere. The world was dead.

Fanny talked carefully, with an air of easy indifference. She must be careful not to let him know that it stabbed her, over and over, to have him sit there talking to her and thinking of Madge—thinking of Madge—

Madge had been beautiful in blue linen this morning; Fanny mustn't say that. The Casino, and the park, and breakfast—these were the things of which she might safely speak.

"I shouldn't think this picnic would mean much to her—a lot of people she doesn't know."

"Oh, she does know the Rainey's. They're lovely—they're just married. They seem awfully fond of Mack, and she's met them several times."

"She likes New York better than she did."

"Better, I think. But it still scares Madge."

"He'll never like it."

"Mack? He ought to. I call it outrageous ingratitude not to! With the salary he's getting, and the 'Balsam Kiss' hour, and everything. And that apartment free—for the summer, anyway! I don't know what Mack expected."

"Maybe he expected you to be nicer to him, Fanny," Chris said, with one of his rare smiles, Fanny's color came up warmly; she managed an uncomfortable laugh.

"You think he's over that?"

"I think so."

"I thought," Chris said, not quite as casual as he tried to be. "I thought it might be you and Mack some day."

Fanny felt her mouth dry; her soul was completely dispirited within her. Life was dusty, dull, hot, sordid. All these horrible people wandering about the park, scattering hideous gun wrappers and comic supplements and cigarette ends—all of them poor, smelling like animals, living in disgusting rooms.

"Things don't seem to be working out that way, Chris," she said thickly, not looking at him.

"What did you say?" he bent forward eagerly.

"Only—that—" Her eyes watered; she despaired herself. "I couldn't ever—like Mack," she said with difficulty.

"Oh, Fanny, that's silly! Why there wasn't a girl in College that didn't like him."

Fanny managed a patient glance.

"As if that counted!"

"Doesn't it?" Chris asked amusedly, humbly.

"Not a bit!"

"Well, you know about these things," Chris conceded.

He sat on, idling with his feet coffee, and Fanny busied herself with her own meal. Intimately as they knew each other, close as

H-O-S-T Hothrook says: A nice salty delicacy—hot buttered toast, then spread a little of Hothrook's Anchovy Paste.\*\*\*

these weeks had drawn all four of the group, she could never feel sure that these awkward silences might not suddenly develop between them when Mack and Madge were not near by. Perhaps he was not conscious of them, she told herself, but she was; it was maddening not to use to its fullest extent every minute that they two could be alone.

"I don't really 'know about these things,' at all."

"You—what?" He had apparently entirely forgot the recent conversation; he looked up vaguely. Fanny wished furiously that she dared attack him, say straightforwardly: "You're crazy about Madge, aren't you?" Somehow it was impossible; her lips would not frame the words; her voice would have failed on them.

"We're not as afraid of it as we were, are we?" she presently began conversationally. Her nod indicated the porch of the Casino, where they were breakfasting, the strolling idlers in the park, the city all about them.

"New York? No, we've conquered it, in a way. Mack magnificently, of course; he'll make himself one of the valuable men at the I.B.C.; no question of that. And I to the modest extent of eighteen dollars a week. Larry, in the office, the boy who said you looked like the statue of Columbia—Larry tells me that a few years ago they started him, in just the same way, at forty."

"But if you can live on it, Chris?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right. If I can live on it, it's all right. And I can just about make it. But, of course, it doesn't help Mother and Anna."

"It's a stepping stone."

"Madge has made good because her mother sends her a hundred a month," Chris went on, after thought. "And you—but I don't see how you do it on ten a week."

"I could do it on ten a week, plenty of girls have learned how, now. But of course I don't. Rooming with Madge saves me rent, and the meals we cook in the kitchenette don't cost ten cents apiece, really—well, they do, because we calculate on thirty cents a day each for two meals. But even that's only nine dollars a month! And with you and Mack taking us to spaghetti dinners—and Casino breakfasts—"

She left it there, her lips automatically smiling, but her heart sick again. He was not listening; he was not interested.

"You're not jealous of Madge when she walks off with Mack?" Chris asked suddenly, awkwardly.

"Jealous!" Fanny shrugged; looked away. "Chris—" she began, "does it occur to you that they like each other more than they did—Mack and Madge?"

He glanced at her quickly, frowning, glanced away.

"No, it doesn't," he answered briefly. Presently he went back to the original question: "But you're sure you're not worried about it, Fanny?"

"Mack and Madge? No—I couldn't feel that way for Mack if he and I were alone on a desert island," Fanny said, after thought.

"Then it's someone else, isn't it, Fanny?" Chris seemed pleased with the sudden inspiration; he repeated it smilingly: "That's it, is it? It's someone else?"

"Oh, you fool—you fool—you fool!" Fanny said, in her heart. She shook her head. So close to her, his big fine hand almost touching her own on the table, his big tweed shoulder not a dozen inches away from her own, and yet they might have been on two different stars!

SHE presently put her elbows on the table and cupped her chin in her hands and quite frankly studied him. There was no danger of his paying any attention to her. He was looking away; his thoughts were leagues away. He had no eyes for the brown-skinned girl who sat so near him, the blue hat pulled down over fair hair and knitted dark brows, the square chin resting on a fine, thin, nervous hand, the black lashes half lowered as she watched him.

Chris was dark and square; she thought him very handsome. Even these ten weeks of New York had made him seem older, more sophisticated than the man who had started with Mack and Madge and herself from the Sixteenth St. Station in Oakland last June. He was wearing a fine line of dark moustache now, for one thing, and like all the New Yorkers, he had taken to a straw hat. And somehow his manner was graver and his smile had a slightly different quality; he was the same Chris that she had loved in college, and yet a new Chris, too.

"Tell me about it," he suggested, with an unsmiling glance.

"About what, Chris?"

Please turn to Page 31

## How I ended my stomach trouble



### "I can eat what I please and digest it with ease."

If you suffer from indigestion, if you cannot enjoy a meal without pain, wind, distension, and a feeling of weakness and low spirits, let nothing deter you from trying 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It is the supreme remedy for stomach trouble, with over 20 years' proof of its unfailing efficacy. Perhaps you are even now dreading your next meal. Then why not make it the occasion for putting 'Bisurated' Magnesia to the test? Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and take a little after your meal. Eat whatever you fancy. The result will be a revelation to you. The contents of your stomach will be made as bland and soothing as milk, instead of turning acid as before. The customary pain and wind will not occur and digestion will be completed with ease and comfort.

**'BISURATED' MAGNESIA**  
Banishes Stomach Ills

Every package bears the oval 'Bismag' Trade Mark—BISMAG

## Lady Jayne's CURL-CLIP

Make neat curls at home quickly and easily with this new clip. It is a real curler & stays. Two Clips on a Card in difficulty, send to Rainford, 48 York St., Sydney.

## SKIN INFLAMED WITH BLACKHEADS

On Forehead, Nose and Chin. Healed by Cuticura.

"I was troubled with blackheads which appeared on my forehead, nose and chin. The skin was red and inflamed around them and they came to a head and festered. The irritation caused me to scratch and they formed a hard scale, and were troublesome on hot nights, causing restlessness."

"I suffered for about twelve months, using an ointment which was unsuccessful, until I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I sent for a free sample and after using three or four times I got relief so I bought more and after using a month I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss A. G. Daniel, Jilly Rd., Wyong, N. S. W.

Use Cuticura to heal skin troubles.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. and 2s. Telegram 1s. 3d. Sample each free. Address: R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 6d.



## MAKE TEETHING YEARS SAFE...

See that baby's habits are regular, and his system kept cool by giving him Steedman's, the safe, gentle aperient which mothers have used for over 100 years.

**Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

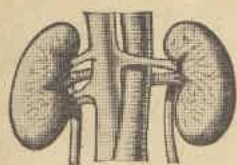
FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Box 494A, G.P.O. Sydney

Box 321 E, G.P.O. Melbourne



# BACKACHE starts here



## STOP IT NATURES OWN WAY

IMPURITIES and clogging waste matter in the kidneys are the root-cause of agonising backache. Relief can only be obtained by drinking alkaline mineral water, which thoroughly flushes the kidneys free of these pain-causing impurities. The effect is marvellous—pain is quickly banished—you forget you ever had backache! Drink before breakfast every morning a half-tumbler of water with a little Alkia Saltrates added; this reproduces the essential constituents of the world-famous mineral water spas and acts at once to cleanse kidneys and the entire system. The pain must naturally disappear with the acids and toxins which cause them. You can get Alkia Saltrates from any chemist. Start the treatment to-day—you'll soon find relief from persistent backache. Price 3/3 per bottle.

## ALKIA SALTRATES



FOR GLORIOUS WHITENESS

"... My linen was badly discoloured by flood waters. PERSIL brought it back to a wonderful whiteness..."

AN ACTUAL STATEMENT BY A PERSIL USER



Beef at its best. AT ALL GROCERS.

BABIES are Australia's best immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, in the disappointment of husband and wife. A look in this matter contains valuable information and advice. Comes Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A." Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

# CHANGE of HEART

Continued from Page 30

"ABOUT whatever man it is that keeps you from falling in love with Mack."

"Oh—um! There doesn't have to be another man. It's just a question of chemistry, isn't it, Chris? We don't fuse, somehow, Mack and I."

Chris glanced up; shrugged. "You don't want to talk about it?"

She summoned all her courage. "Do you?"

"Not—much to say." The dark color had crept up into Chris's face; he laughed a little at his own confusion. "Only that—some day I may be able to ask her," he said, not looking at Fanny. "and then—I shall ask her. That's all."

That was all. It sounded like a dream in her heart, and for a moment Fanny hated the warm June noontime, and the green park, and Madge, and life.

"You mean that you haven't asked her, Chris?"

There was a long pause before he said:

"I think she knows."

"I wonder how long we are going to sit here boring each other," Fanny thought bitterly. "I didn't want to come out here for breakfast this morning; I'd infinitely rather have stayed at home and washed my hair and read the papers and worked out the puzzles. He never sees me at all; why should I come out here and humiliate myself?"

"It takes all your energy just to live in this city," Chris said dreamily. In the silence, "your whole life is spent eating, sleeping, getting from one place to another, down into subways, up in elevators. What have you left?"

"The fact that you've done it, maybe, that you've met the hardest conditions that ever were, in the most crowded city, and made good."

"I don't know," he said. "But I do know," he added, in sudden half-rueful, half-amused surprise, "that I don't want to live anywhere else."

"Nor I," Fanny added.

"This is September, Fan. What'll you do if Madge goes home at Christmas?"

"Something smart," Fanny answered confidently. "I'll tackle the problem like a crossword puzzle."

"Think she'll go?" They were back at Madge again.

Conversation languished; the day grew hotter and hotter. Preparations for an open-air concert began to be evidenced in the park.

"I'll be getting cooler any day now."

"It must."

Fanny felt that she had never in her life been so uncomfortable and so bored. There seemed to be no way of ending this. She couldn't very well plead that she wanted to go back to the one large housekeeping room she and Madge shared in a Greenwich Village lodging-house; it was hardly thinkable that she wanted to spend the hours between two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon and quarter to nine on a Monday morning in this retreat. And yet it was equally unthinkable that she and Chris should drag about together during this insufferably hot day.

He had risen to his feet.

"Hello!" he said, in a perfectly quiet voice. But she heard the notes of it, Madge and Mack had come up, somewhat wilted and very warm, both beaming, delighted to find their own people again. Chris drew up chairs; there were to be lemonades all round.

"Bill had a touch of ptomaine, and, of course, they couldn't risk a picnic this weather. Gosh, I'm glad you stayed here!" Mack said, wiping his forehead. Chris, Fanny noted, was quietly radiant. Suddenly his life had taken on form and purpose again. It didn't matter what they did now, it was all right because Madge was here. Chris was suggesting bus-top rides, movies in a certain theatre, dinner down town on Chinese chop suey.

The notes of orchestra music began to drift towards them on the hot, still air; there was a strange, dry sound of clapping like the flicking of thousands of tiny slamming doors. The lemonades came, long and pale gold; ice clinked in the glasses.

"Remember getting New York music on the radio Sundays out in Palo Alto at about eleven?" Fanny asked. There was no answer. Mack had leaned back in his chair, after the first long draught of his drink, and had closed his eyes, and Chris was talking to Madge in low tones. Madge looked down at her own slim fingers locked about her glass.

She was lovely this morning. The heat of the day had added a new delicacy, a new transparent clearness to her beauty; her hazel eyes were full of light, and the curve of her hair that went up against the blue hat had rich red tones in it. Madge's skin had the pearly quality that sometimes goes with dark red hair; usually she was pale, but to-day her cheeks were stained with faint rose-color. And the new blue hat was

infinitely becoming, and the soft fawn-colored gloves she had laid beside her plate were just the right gloves; Fanny felt gawky and shabby and fussy, watching exquisite little Madge sitting there sipping her lemonade, and lowering her long lashes under Chris's ardent look.

The whole day had turned into a complete failure for Fanny, but it was new-born for Chris; he could not be happy enough, plan with enough enthusiasm. Fanny heard the tremble in his voice, and she knew what it meant.

Mack seemed happy, too, in his spoiled, dissatisfied fashion. He was in one of his amusing, scathing moods, commenting upon everything and everybody; he and Fanny kept a spirited conversation going for a while; she had only a vague idea of what it was all about.

Then they walked over and listened to the last two numbers of the music: somebody's "Swan," and Debussy's "Faun."

"It delights these morons to recognize those!" Mack said.

"But that's good music, Mack. You'll notice that when it's a request programme, like to-day, it's all good. Wagner, Schumann, and Rimsky-Korsakov."

"Oh, I don't care what they like!" Mack insisted disgustedly.

"You ought to, in your business." But this was all so dull—so frightfully dull. Chris and Madge were sauntering ahead together; Madge certainly had a beautiful body. The September sun shone with unabated fervor, but it was nearer the west in mid-afternoon than



## BACHELOR'S Philosophy

THE REASON why the woman pays and pays is because she buys on the instalment plan.

It had been a few weeks ago. According to what everyone said—old Mrs. Behrmann at the Shop, and Larry Knowles, Chris's friend from the law firm—according to what everyone said, there would presently be cool, sweet, stinging days, and red leaves, and need for coats.

Coats! It was part of the complete strangeness of the whole experience, Fanny thought, that one hadn't had a coat on since June. Why, in California every other night would have been dew-soaked and chilly, and some of the midsummer days shrouded with fog, too. But this was not California.

### CHAPTER VIII

THIS was not California. And sometimes her three companions did not seem to be the same three who had started with her, either. Chris had only grown a little graver and older; his laugh was as delightful when it did come, and his fineness and cleverness and charm were just the same.

But Mack had become critical, hating—scorning it all, despising the very appreciation his own firm had shown for his extraordinary and easy talents, sneering at the actual cheques that he—to Fanny's simple awe—was already able to deposit in the bank week after week.

And Madge had changed most of all. To begin with, the big city had frightened her; frightened her into a mood of continual uneasiness. And of the uneasiness had come a certain parsimony; Madge's monthly hundred dollars were all-important to her now;

she was anxious, fearful about not only her finances, but those of other persons; she talked of the depression, the bread lines, the national debt, the world crisis, without—Fanny thought—ever really having studied any question of the hour at all.

For the rest, Madge was oddly happy. She was working with one Mrs. Brunton, in a little stable-theatre down on Christopher Street; there was no salary in it, but it was not far from the room the girls shared, and Madge could walk through the autumn streets every morning feeling personally secure and comfortable in the city of insecurity and discomfort, and chatter with Mrs. Brunton and Mary Brunton and Miss Merton and Phyllis Maitland behind the scenes, and plan great things, if ever the "Peter Pepper Playhouse" got a real start.

And with all this, and the difference between her position and Fanny's, and the added fact that "fudge" was more in love with Mack than ever, and Mack, in his negligent way, beginning to return her feeling, Fanny somehow felt that she had lost Madge. They roomed together—Madge paying the entire sixteen dollars splendidly, and often paying other little bills as well—a laundry or cleaner's bill, and always saying prettily, "Oh, please, Fan!" if Fanny protested. But there was not the old feeling between them.

Madge was complacent in the possession of an income, in the assurance that she was young and rich and popular and pretty and beloved by the man she loved. She could overlook what she did not like in the big city because she could go back to California whenever she liked; New York was only an adventure for her. With Fanny it was all different.

Fanny had had, from that first dreadful night in the Carpathian, a sense of destiny. Good or bad, hard or easy, she belonged here. The swarming thousands on Broadway, the packed subways, the sticky, merciless heat that settled down over hot, great buildings and breathless streets, the smallness and the bigness, the ugliness, the strange, wild beauty of it were all hers; in conquering it she would somehow conquer Fanny Furness, too, and conquer the world.

Only Chris—and he unconsciously—shared with her this attitude. He and she marvelled, explored, admired. When the first cool days of autumn came they rejoiced as at a personal victory. Chris never talked of going "home"; his talk was all of a future here, and when Madge said gaily that the only way to live in New York was to keep getting out of it, he argued with her conscientiously, carefully.

In October Mack went with a certain radio star on a round of Southern cities: Washington, Richmond, Louisville. The itinerary alone dazed Fanny, but Mack took it casually enough. After he went the two girls began to see more of Chris.

Fanny tried to ignore the significance of this, tried not to think that Chris could not quite bear to be with them when Mack and Madge were so obviously friendly, so obviously warming towards an affair, but she knew it was true. Chris, soberly gliding alone in his law firm, and sending his first fee entire to his mother and sister, was no match for brilliant Mack in this cruel city of material values. "Chris'll be Mayor some day," Mack conceded. "But by that time I'll have my place at Palm Beach, and my penthouse on Park Avenue."

When Mack came back Chris had gained a foothold with Madge, and they were rivals. Madge went to an opening night with Chris; went away to Long Island for the week-end with Mack to visit his boss. She was prettier, more charming and confident and gay every second. Often she suggested that the disappointed suitor and Fanny "do something." And then Fanny, being very casual and affectionate and sleepy to hide a deep inner hurt, would plead fatigue; she had been counting all day upon getting to bed early!

So Madge would go off, laughing and lovely and apologetic, in the big Chinese coat with the white fur collar that Fanny had come to hate, and Fanny and the other man would look at each other good-naturedly, indulgently, in the blankness she left behind her.

If it were Chris he never made any pretence at amusing her; he was always "sunk." It had always been a fearful day at the office, and he was going to turn in. But Mack usually made a polite gesture.

"Want to go to see a picture with me?"

"Oh, no, thanks, Mack."

Or it might be:

"I'm going over to the offices of the I.B.C. to-night. Bill gave me a pass, and he introduced me to the hostess. I'll get in all right. There's quite a show on this evening. Want to come?"

Please turn to Page 32

HORT Holbrook says: Many dainty savories can be made with Holbrook's Anchovy Paste. In 1/2 oz. jar. 20c. J.W.P.



Beauty Sleep—EVERY NIGHT

The surest way to retain the set and beauty of your waves is to wear "Ladye Jayne" every night—thereby stimulating in visits to the hairdresser. The "Ladye Jayne" is infinitely cut to a required design. It fits perfectly and keeps the waves gently but firmly in position. IT MUST BE A "LADYE JAYNE."

Many charming designs in—

NET LACE ART. SILK 1/6 2/6 3/6

from your hairdresser or good class stores. In difficulty, write direct to the Manufacturers—Rainford Limited, 48 York St., Sydney.

WEAR A Ladye Jayne SLUMBER HELMET



## BOILS

Stop the nagging pain with

## ...REXONA

Mrs. Elsie Campbell of Dee Why writes: "I think Rexona is wonderful. My little boy, aged 7 years, had three boils on his knee, and all I did was to use Rexona, and I found it a good healing ointment."

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for...

Scalds, blisters, bruises, sore feet, chapped hands, itching muscles, heat spots, itching and all skin complaints.



REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED



## Long Hours of Standing....

WHEN your job necessitates being "on your feet" all day, you need the almost unbelievable relief that a Radox foot-treatment brings! In a few minutes inflammation is reduced; pain soothed away; discomfort banished. The Radox foot-treatment is as simple as it is inexpensive. Just add one level tablespoonful of Radox to a gallon of hot water and keep the feet immersed in this soothing bath; add a little more hot water occasionally to keep the temperature up. That's all! Do this regularly, and keep your feet fit for the service you need from them.

At all Chemists.





It is surprising how enthusiastic a woman becomes when she finds something that really helps her with her work. Rinso is an instance of a product over which housewives wax warmly enthusiastic as these letters show. First a letter from R.S.W.: "My clothes do look different since I began to use Rinso," says Mrs. Ranger, of Wattle Street, Ultimo. "They are so marvelously white that

## A DIP INTO THE MAIL BAG

everyone asks me what I use for my washing now, and I tell them they can get the same results if they use Rinso, too. Besides, my clothes wear longer. The dirt all soaks out in the Rinso lather, and there is no rubbing to make holes in them." Here is another letter,

from Mrs. Stinger, of Spensly Street, Clifton Hill, Victoria. Mrs. Stinger writes: "I want you to know how delighted I am with Rinso. I am a different woman since I have been using it. The dirt comes out so easily, and I am so pleased with the colour of my clothes. They are much whiter than I have ever had them before." \*\*\*



## HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED



## Wash this way next washing-day!

Shake some Rinso into the tub and pour on hot water. Put in your clothes and leave them to soak in the Rinso suds for an hour or two, or overnight. You'll find the dirt just floats out—Rinso suds are so rich in washing power. And wait till you see the clothes on the line—the whites like snow, and the colours as bright as new! This easy wash saves your clothes. They last as long again when you don't rub them. Rinso, by itself, is all you need. Weight for weight, Rinso gives twice as much suds as bar soap, even in hard water.

## SAVE RINSO "BASKETS"

They count towards free damask tablecloths and linen glasscloths. YOUR GROCER HAS FULL PARTICULARS

A LEVER PRODUCT

4-102-12N



CREAMIER LATHER... MORE WASHING POWER

# KEPT Husband

Continued from Page 11

"INDEED! Have you by any chance glanced at the house-keeping accounts this week?"

Nina, the perfect business woman, kept impeccable household accounts. "But, of course, I forgot. Our financial position interests you no longer—except to make certain you've an adequate allowance for drinks and cigarettes."

"Rub it in, rub it in, drive it home! Street corner lounge, lives on his wife's earnings. Kept husband. That's what I am. Kept husband!"

"Have you ever once heard me use one of those words?" Nina challenged him icily, judicially.

"You may not have said them, but these last weeks the tone of your voice, every look, every movement, the very way you shut the door in the mornings says it for you—I can't stand it. I won't."

George's obstinate patience, strained with the constant gnawing sense of failure, had snapped at last. Snatching up his overcoat as he passed, he slammed the door and clumped downstairs. Nina did not call or attempt to follow him. She saw him stalk hatless into the rain, turning up the collar of his overcoat. He'd come back. Of course he would. He often went for a walk in the evenings, to tire himself to sleep.

Nina sat awhile over the electric fire. When she had made up her mind what to do, she went to bed.

GEORGE came back towards midnight. Nina heard him switch on the light in the lounge. Then off again. He wasn't coming. He'd make himself a shake-down on the divan. There he was next morning, sleeping heavily, even snoring a little.

He slept on while Nina packed her clothes into a suitcase and hat-box. He heard her slam the door, opened vague eyes, turned over and slept again. He awoke at almost nine to find:—

"George, dear. People can't live as we've lived these last weeks. We're both of us in a hopelessly false position, and we both know it. I'm going away. Don't try to find me. I shall come back. But not until we can arrange our lives more reasonably. We are having a holiday from one another—only a short one. Just think of it in that way, George, and believe I do this for the best, and love you as much as ever. Don't go in with Villiers, please. Wait. Your luck will turn very soon. I know it—Nina."

When Nina first worked at Chequer-bent's, she rented a bed-sitting room at the St. Angela's Boarding Establishment for ladies. Now St. Angela's saw her once more. The familiar look of the place would help her. Just go back, turn over the leaves, forget what was written between. Then some day, she and George would begin all over again. If only other couples had the sense to take a holiday from each other when things went wrong. But few people see life in Nina's coldly reasonable way.

In another sense, it was not a holiday from George. When Nina wrote, "your luck will turn very soon," she meant more than an empty good wish. Nina was to get about "pulling wires." First of all, there was Mr. Hastings. He might find a vacancy in the accounts department for an excellently qualified "cousin" of his private secretary. Then there was Curtis, a director of one of the many companies amalgamated with Chequer-bent's. Curtis had always been a good friend to them both, and there were others.

There was nothing George would resent more than wire-pulling on his behalf, and he'd put a stop to it. Discretion, therefore, George was always so ridiculously obstinate and independent. Nina's independence was, of course, an entirely different matter.

Curtis said he'd do all he could, and he meant it. Beyond that, Nina's wire-pulling brought no tangible results.

It wasn't easy, living without George. Something inside Nina cried out hungrily, all day long. It interrupted her work ruthlessly. Pictures flitted through her head. George all alone in the flat, George asleep that morning on the divan. George in the Registrar's Office. A year ago. Only yesterday.

As though life wasn't difficult enough, there was something wrong at Chequer-bent's, something in the very atmosphere of the office. Some unfortunate hitch occurred in everything that passed through Nina's hands. Something important was forgotten, somebody misunderstood their instructions. At last, Nina had to admit that this state of affairs was due to the state of her own mind. Something to do with George—or rather, the absence of him.

There was something wrong, Mr. Hastings had known it for some time. He had his suspicions. He'd look at Miss Romiley carefully the next time she came for his letters. He looked and confirmed his suspicions.

Please turn to Page 34

# Change of HEART

Continued from Page 31

AND then she might go, because she was only twenty-two, and heartbroken and lonely. It was something to do, something better than lying wakeful on her bed, trying to read, and falling instead into long thoughts of Madge—Madge so pretty and beloved and sure of herself—so satisfied with herself.

The I.B.C. offices were located on several upper floors of a tall Fifth Avenue building. Fanny liked the atmosphere. She liked the silence, the whisper, the signals, the strange world that moved by seconds, minutes, clocks and gongs. The comedian, broadly grinning himself, would finish his lines in a completely uninterested group of programme managers; he would noiselessly depart, just as the string orchestra punctually struck its opening note.

One night, in a Shakespearean programme, Fanny read Portia's lovely lines:

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, Such as I am..."

This was in early November, and it was only a few days later that quite unexpectedly their group parted, and after that Fanny felt for a while as if she were alone in the city indeed. It came because she could not bear the situation any longer, could not bear to see Chris almost every night, every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and yet know that he came and telephoned and waited and planned only for Madge. Chris always smiled at Fanny as, waiting for Madge, he sat anxious and handsome and shabby and patient, but Fanny knew he hardly saw her at all, cared little that she was alive.

"Fanny," Madge chanced to say on one of these days, "suppose I went on paying the rent out of my allowance, and you stayed here a week or two, and I went to Phyllis Maitland's for a visit? We're having rehearsals..."

"Why not?" Fanny felt that she was speaking from depth upon depth of boredom. "Or why not give up the room and I'll go to Grandma Behrman's? She has a room for seven dollars a week. She's been offering it to me."

"Oh, but Fanny—I!" Fanny could see beyond the tone of protest and regret that Madge was perfectly delighted at the idea. "Could you afford it?"

"That's board," Fanny said simply. "Board! At seven dollars a week?" "That's what she charges. She has four young men, who double up in one big room on the top floor, and her room, and the one she wants me to take, on the next. It's a wooden cottage, with a balcony, way over in the East Twenties, but that isn't so far for me."

"But the table would be awful!" "Oh, no, it wouldn't. I've been there for lunches. Her daughter, who lives downstairs, does most of the cooking. They're all very sentimental and fat," said Fanny, "and they sing on all occasions. I like it."

"Well, but, darling, then when do we see each other?" Madge waited in perfectly obvious relief, pressing the ringing telephone against her fresh sweet cheek, frowning ruefully at Fanny, even while she said, "Yes? Oh, Chris darling, I'd love it, but I can't! To-morrow night? I'd love it."

Fanny moved that night. Chris did not come at all, and Mack and Madge were going to a play. They helped her hilariously into a taxi; Madge embraced her, and Mack paid her fare in advance. Madge reminded her that the next day was Saturday, and that they were all going to meet in Mack's office at five and "do something thrilling."

"Saturday's my long day at the shop." "I know, darling. But you just tell the old shop to go chase itself! You know we haven't got so many more Saturdays. If I'm to go home to mother for Christmas."

FANNY, alone in the taxi, began to cry furiously. The dark streets looked sordid and unfriendly and frightening; to be shabby and hard-worked and lonely was not so much fun, New York or anywhere else! But the next day she saw her first snow and took her city to her heart again.

To be continued



# "AROUND the CLOCK" DISHES

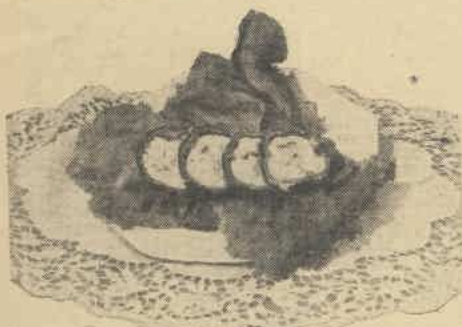
You'll be asked to serve them again and again!

**E**VEN if you only have the ordinary everyday foods to deal with, you can make them most interesting, palatable, and attractive simply by deviating a little from the beaten path. Here are some recipes out of the ordinary, not involving a great deal of trouble or expense, and possessing the interest of something chic.

Conducted by  
**MARGARET SHEPHERD**  
Instructor to  
Leading Hospitals



SPICED APPLE TART is easy to make, yet it is decidedly of the "cut and come again" order.



**B**EFORE I give you my first recipe I want you to try this dish, when with that spring feeling upon you, you feel like varying the breakfast menu.

It is an excellent way, too, of using up odds and ends of cold ham. Chop up your ham, to make about three-quarters of a pint, and mix with 12 cold cooked medium-sized potatoes, also chopped, and a finely-minced onion. Season well, mix in a beaten egg and form into an oval cake. Melt two tablespoonsful of butter in a frying pan and fry the hash first on one side, and then on the other. Serve with parsley, and, if you are feeling reckless, with a poached egg on top.

## SPICED APPLE TART

Six ounces flour, 3oz. butter, 1lb. apples, 2oz. sugar, pinch salt, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, grated rind half lemon, 1 teaspoonful baking powder.

First make the shortcrust. Sift the flour and baking powder together, add salt, and rub in butter till the mixture feels like breadcrumbs. Mix in sufficient water to make a firm paste. Cut pastry in half and roll out each piece on a floured board. Line the dish with one piece, and arrange peeled, sliced apples in this, and sprinkle with sugar mixture. Cover with second piece of pastry, having first moistened the edge of the under piece with water. Press edges together firmly. Cook in a fairly hot oven for 25 minutes or till apples are tender. When cooked sprinkle with remainder of sugar and cinnamon.

## EGGS AND RICE

Half a cup rice, 4 eggs, 1 cup white sauce, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped ham, seasonings, some horseradish. Put the washed rice into boiling salted water, and cook until soft. Add 1-cup cold water, and strain. Make a white sauce with 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, and flour, 1 slice onion, blade mace, piece lemon-rind. Melt the butter, add the flour, and mix. Then the milk, which has been standing on a warm part of the stove, with the onion, salt, lemon-rind, and mace, in it. Mix in well, and stir until the mixture boils, and simmer four minutes.

ABOVE: Pepper slices—over tried them? You will find the recipe on this page.

YOU know Irene Bentley, the lovely Fox star—now meet Irene Bentley, the cook! She is really a good cook and delights in concocting unusual dishes in her perfectly appointed kitchen.



Add half the sauce to the cooked rice, and line the sides and cover the bottom of a greased dish with this mixture. Lay poached eggs on top, and cover with remainder of sauce. Sprinkle with finely-chopped ham and grated horseradish. Reheat before serving.

## CABBAGE SUPREME

Two cups strained tomato juice, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup butter, 1 cup stock, 5 peppercorns, 1 bay leaf, 3 cloves, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 3 cups finely-

minced cabbage, 2 tablespoons finely-minced green peppers.

Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add the flour, and cook until lightly browned. Add tomato juice, stock, peppercorns, bay leaf, cloves, sugar and minced onion. Stir until it boils. Simmer 20 minutes. Put the ingredients through a strainer, combine with the finely-minced cabbage and green peppers, and cook without a lid until the cabbage is tender (20 minutes). Turn on to a dish, serve with hard-boiled eggs, cut in quarters.

## BEST RECIPES

DELICIOUS! you say.

Well, don't keep it to yourself; your fellow-readers would love to share it with you, and would be most anxious to try the recipe, so send in the recipe for that delicious dish, cake, soup, or whatever it may be, now.

Each week four prizes are offered for the best recipes, the first prize being £1.

Here are this week's winners:

"WONDERFUL CAKE."  
Six eggs, 1 lb. butter, 1/2 lb. sugar, 1 lb. plain flour, 1/2 lb. sultanas, 1/2 lb. cherries, 1/2 lb. almonds, grated rind of one orange and half the juice, 1 dessertspoon of treacle

(warm), 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, 1/2 teaspoon each dissolved in orange juice, a few drops each of essence of lemon and almonds.

Bake about 4 1/2 hours, with gas very low in tin 10 inches in diameter and 4 inches deep. When cooked prick cake all over and pour 1/2 cup of brandy or whisky over it. Then ice with almond icing.

First Prize of £1 to R. J. Stephenson, 28 Beatrice St., Prospect, Adelaide.

## SHOULDER OF MUTTON WITH KIDNEY STUFFING

(A really delicious meat dish.)

One shoulder of mutton, 3 kidneys, 1 slice of bacon, 1 escalot or onion chopped, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped thyme, cayenne to cover three-pence, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup stock, 1 tablespoon each flour and butter.

Bone a good shoulder of mutton; make a stuffing of the kidneys and bacon, chopped fine, onion, crumbs, parsley, thyme, cayenne, salt. Mix with egg and place where the bone was removed, roll up and tie. Allow 15 minutes for each lb. and, say, ten minutes over if necessary. Bake in moderately hot oven.

Serve with good gravy. One tablespoon flour, same oil butter; brown, add one cup good stock, boil up, season, serve hot. When mushrooms are in season, serve some stewed, adding some of the juice to the gravy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Wilfrid A. Brady, C/o Dr. Brady, Wendouree, Ballarat, Vic.

## OYSTER SOUP

Two quarts white stock or same quantity of milk and water, 4 dozen oysters, 1 oz. plain flour, 1 oz. butter, little seasoning and mace.

Boil oysters in 1 pint of stock, take off fire, add remainder of stock with seasoning and mace. Bring to boil, add the thickening of flour and butter, simmer for quarter hour. Put oysters in this, stir well, but do not let it boil. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

## APPLE AND ORANGE MARMALADE

Three large oranges, 2 Granny Smith apples, 1 lemon, 6 lb. sugar. Cut oranges and lemon thin, cover with 13 cups water, let stand 3 days. Cut apples thin and add to oranges; boil for one hour, add sugar. Boil till jelly.

Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Fraser, 72 Cameron St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

HOST Mollie says: For the Bridge Party let me suggest some Mollie's Queen Ovens. They are always popular.

## HARICOT BEANS A LA PARISIAN.

1 1/2 cups haricot beans, 1 lb. ham, 1 wineglass of white wine, 4 gherkins, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 cups milk, mace, whole pepper and salt.

Cover the haricot beans with cold water, and stand 12 hours. Strain water off, put into a saucepan with sufficient boiling water, 1 peeled onion, 1 heaped teaspoon salt, and simmer slowly for 30 minutes, or until soft. Strain.

Make a sauce as follows: Put the milk into a saucepan with 6 or 7 peppercorns, a level teaspoon salt, lemon rind, and a slice of onion. Heat and simmer slowly for 5 minutes. Strain. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour, mix well. Then add the strained milk gradually, stirring all the time until it boils. Allow to simmer 4 minutes. Add the wine, finely-chopped ham. Mix well, then add the cooked beans, re-heat. Turn into a dish, cover with the chopped gherkins.

## CHOCOLATE CREAM SANDWICH

Two ounces unsweetened chocolate, 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 lb. flour, 3/4 teaspoon baking powder, 1 dessertspoon milk, vanilla essence. For filling—cream, sugar, and essence.

Grate the chocolate, add a tablespoon of water, and dissolve it in a saucepan of boiling water. Cool. Cream the butter and sugar. Add 1 egg, and beat until it is out of sight. Add a little of the sifted flour and baking powder to the mixture, then the other egg, and beat well. Add a few drops of essence, and well. Add a dessertspoon of milk to the chocolate, and add this to the egg mixture. Beat well again. Add the remainder of the flour, stirring it very thoroughly. Bake in a sandwich tin 10 to 12 minutes, in a moderate oven. Turn on to a sieve to cool. Fill with whipped cream, which has been sweetened and flavored.

## PEPPER SLICES.

Three or 4 peppers, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped gherkins, chopped olives, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 cup milk or cream, tomatoes.

Wash and dry the peppers. Cut a slice from the stem end of the tomato, scoop out the seeds and the centre. Stand in cold salted water until ready. Meir the butter in a saucepan, add the flour; mix well, then add 1 cup of whole milk or cream. Mix well on the stove until it thickens and boils. When cooked, add the chopped eggs, gherkins, cheese, olives and salt and pepper to taste, mixed well. Drain and dry the peppers; fill well with the mixture, pressing it down. Stand aside to cool. When chilled, slice, and serve on lettuce leaves. These can also be filled with cold, cooked chicken.

## ONION TART.

1 lb. short crust, 6 white onions, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 tablespoons cream, a piece lemon rind, 4 peppercorns, blade mace, salt and paprika.

Peel the onions and put into a saucepan with 1 1/2 cups boiling water, and boil gently for 15 minutes. Strain, keeping 1 cup of the liquid. Put the milk into a saucepan with the onion water, a piece lemon rind, peppercorns, and salt to taste. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and mix well. Then add the milk, slowly stir on the fire until the mixture thickens and boil 5 minutes. Add the chopped onions, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and cream. Mix well. Stand aside to cool. Line a sandwich tin with the short crust, and add the onion sauce. Return to the oven to cook for 25 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle the top with paprika, and serve with strips of bacon.

(All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.)

## Australian CURRANTS SULTANAS RAISINS

The World's Best and Cleanest.  
Processed and Packed under  
Government Supervision and  
under the most Hygienic  
Conditions

HOUSEWIVES! These Wonderful Fruits should be used in your cooking in some way every day. They improve Home Cooking and make Food more Tasty.

Send for  
The New Sunshine Cookery Book  
which contains over 100 tested  
recipes obtainable  
**FREE**

From  
VICTORIAN DRIED  
FRUITS BOARD  
623 Collins Street,  
Melbourne, C.I.

The postage on this coupon, if forwarded in an UNSEALED envelope, is ONE PENNY.  
Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.  
NAME (PRINT OR MISS)  
ADDRESS  
CITY



## DANCE, SOCIAL or BRIDGE PARTY

Delicious Coffee is always a certainty if you use

**Rosella**  
Coffee  
Essence

The Essence of Quality

The flavor is rich, and satisfying, and there is no preparation, simply add Hot Milk or Water to Rosella Coffee Essence and serve.





## EQUALIZER KOTEX

brings a great change  
in the lives of women

Next time you buy sanitary pads be sure you ask for Equalizer Kotex with its processed centre that gives 20 to 30 per cent. extra service.

This patented method of protection must be used before you can understand all that it means in extra comfort and safety.

Kotex has the famous "phantomised" ends so important to

good grooming; not merely rounded ends but tapered and flattened so that they will be entirely inconspicuous. Also the softness, absorbency and easy disposability.

Kotex can be worn on either side with equal protection. It is amazingly comfortable, light in weight but safe and certain in protection for those hours when safety is of greatest importance.

Obtainable from Drapers and Chemists, Everywhere.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER: Many a mother wonders. Write Miss Lilian Cook, G.P.O. Box 2580 E.E. Sydney, for free copy of the story booklet entitled "Maggie May's Twelfth Birthday."

KOTEX AUSTRALIA LIMITED, Makers, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

*Good cooks  
use Bisto for  
browning fish*

## STAMMERING CURED

BY MODERN MEDICALLY-SCIENTIFIC METHODS.

Write to I. W. DORSON (M.P.S., P.R.C., Sydney University, M.D., M.O.O.A.), late Staff R.P.A. and R.A. Hospitals, 254 BOWWOOD RD., BELMORIST, N.S.W., specializing in Stammering, Stuttering, Nervous Impediment, and other speech defects. Valuable information (free) explaining the Physical and Psychological causes, effects, and cure of Stammering. Expert instruction by postal or personal course, exactly how to speak instead of stammering. Your life's handicap permanently banished and SELF-CONFIDENCE REGAINED.

## DIZZY SPELLS FOR 3 YEARS

A Result of Indigestion

Better in Three Weeks  
—With Kruschen

"Before taking Kruschen," a woman writes, "I had very bad dizzy spells and hot flushes, bad spells of indigestion, and I was so nervous at times that the least thing would upset me. I was about three years in that condition."

"I could not tell you in words how happy and glad I am to-day that I gave Kruschen Salts a trial. I have now taken them for 18 months. I would not miss them one day. They are the most wonderful remedy anyone can take who suffers as I did. I feel in better health to-day than I have ever been. After taking Kruschen for three weeks the dizzy faints and hot flushes left me. I now feel so light and cheerful. Kruschen Salts also keeps me from gaining weight, as so many women do at middle age. They sure keep you feeling fit and fine."—(Mrs.) J. M.

Kruschen Salts is Nature's recipe for maintaining a condition of internal cleanliness. The six salts in Kruschen stimulate your liver and kidneys to smooth, regular action. Your inside is thus kept clear of those impurities which, allowed to accumulate, lower the whole tone of the system.

The action of Kruschen is a combined action. Each of its six salts



supports the others in stimulating the bodily functions from a number of different angles. Thus the exact proportion of the six salts is of supreme importance. That is why every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling. Kruschen has a world-wide sale. It is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

Ha: I was born on the second of April.

She: Late, as usual.

Jessie: I can't marry you. I'll be a sister to you.

Jack: No, I've plenty of sisters. Be a mother to me.

Mabel: How can you say your husband doesn't love you? He always calls you "dear".

Hazel: Yes, but he holds me very cheap.

## KEPT Husband

Continued from Page 32

CURTIS was the first to hear of them. They dined together after a board meeting.

"As I was saying. When a woman loses all sense of responsibility, and there's chaos among your correspondents and anarchy in your typists' office, and she makes an appointment for you with a fellow and then can't tell you his name, you begin to suspect there's something wrong. And when it's a woman, the first thing you suspect is—"

"She's in love."

"She's more than in love. When Nina Romley falls in love she does it as thoroughly as she does everything else. I tell you, she's married—married, and not too happily, if I can read the signs. But that's her business, no affair of mine. I've looked her over carefully more than once, and it's there every time, that red mark round the third finger. I'd wink at it—only too pleased—if she were still the old Miss Romley. But it's just the old, old story, from your junior typist to your private secretary, when a woman marries—her job can go to the dogs."

Hastings had twice married, and in the days of their early struggles, his first wife had worked in a milliner's. But he preferred to forget those days.

"I'll never have another woman in my private office as long as I'm capable of making my own signature. And if you know the man for me, bring him along and I'll offer him seven hundred a year. I'll give Miss Romley a month's salary, and out she goes. On the nail."

When Curtis called at the flat, no one was there. However, he soon found George along the Embankment.

"Hello, young son of a gun. Bad as all that, is it? Contemplating old Father Thames? Well, don't expect me to fish you out—not with a temperature ten degrees below freezing point. You've lost your job, haven't you? I've heard all about it." He did not add "from your wife."

George mumbled. He did not add he'd lost his job—and something more.

"Well, I've a tip for you. Straight from the horse's mouth. You come along with me and we'll fix it. A nice cosy little niche for the rest of your life at twelve quid a week to commence. How would you like to be private and confidential secretary to the managing director of one of the biggest combines in the country?"

"Private secretary? Phoo! Poor chance for me. Queuing up with a dozen smart girls, half my age and asking half my figure."

"You've hit it, man! That's just the point. This Napoleon of industry he's the real he-man, a true blue hidebound misogynist. He told me straight that no woman in London will ever again see the inside of his private office. Here! Look sharp!"

CURTIS bundled the bewildered George into a bus, bundled him out again in the regions of Kingsway, and, heedless of his stream of frantic questions, into the palatial marble entrance of Chequerbent House. He left George facing Mr. Hastings on the edge of one of the roomy, masculine leather chairs, cunningly placed so that the victim's face caught the full, searching glare of the daylight. Mr. Hastings smilingly put George at ease with a cigarette. George puffed nervously without relish.

But George knew his business. To a few direct questions he could give direct answers. Mr. Hastings knew he had found his man. George left Chequerbent House worth seven hundred a year.

Out on the pavement he gazed up, craning his neck at the mighty structure. In the late afternoon dusk the crimson illumination flashed its name—Chequerbent House. Where had he heard that before? "Gosh!" exclaimed George. "It really is—"

Was this a joke, the joke of a good-natured fate. Or—was it a disaster? George, as you'll have guessed, unless you're a very poor opinion of him, had soon discovered by a variety of means where Nina had hidden herself. He hesitated. Should he drag her home, cave-man fashion? Should he storm? Or should he humble himself, beg her on his knees? Then he came to the conclusion that neither policy would work with Nina. She admired neither cave men nor lovesick worms. But Nina was a woman, though a modern one, and she could be humored. Give her a few days, a week perhaps, and she'd come to heel.

However, George soon found himself in St. Angela's Square. Gaunt, grey-white houses, poor, damaged aristocrats of bygone days. Melancholy. There was a man with his barrow piled high with flowers, a single splash of color in the drab square.

It gave George an inspiration. He

HOBBS Holbrook says: I brew a special vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar.\*\*\*

bought a generous armful, two shilling-worth. He had them sent up to Nina's room without any message, not even giving his name to the pop-eyed little maid who could only gasp, "Lor, sir," as he heaped them into her apron. He would call again and have a word with that maid. By the reception of those daffodils he could judge where he stood with Nina. Like scattering crumbs to attract a shy bird. He slipped a shilling into the child's hand.

George kept himself out of St. Angela's Square for a whole week. But when he ventured again he found he'd a firm friend in the little maid, even to breaking the rules of the St. Angela's Boarding Establishment for ladies.

"Oh, sir," she whispered. "The daffodils is still in 'er room. They're all faded, but she says as I'm not to throw 'em out. Would you like a peep, sir? It's against rules to let visitors into the rooms when boarders is out. But I guss you'd like to, wouldn't you, now?"

They tiptoed upstairs. The child pushed open the door. George peeped. Daffodils on the mantelpiece drooping their heads over a jam jar, daffodils in the wash-hand basin, on the dressing-table, everywhere. George took a step inside.

The bed creaked. She was there—though it was only five o'clock. She sat up and coughed to find her voice.

"What do you want?" She gasped in



## Do You Know?

THAT the first account of any clock on record is of one sent by the Sultan of Egypt to the Emperor Frederick II. in the 13th century. The oldest public clock still in service—with its original mechanism—is the one in Rye Parish Church, England. It was built in 1515 and cannon balls were used as weights.

a husky, cold-in-the-nose whisper. A two hours' solid cry had produced a swollen-eyed, red-nosed thoroughly unattractive Nina.

"Nina, it's only me—George." He sat on the tumbled quilt and pulled her to him, lifting her bodily on to his knee. She still tried to keep her face to the wall, but he pulled her round, very gently, though she'd only let him kiss the top of her head. She fumbled under the eiderdown for her handkerchief. George brought his green silk, one of his few little vanities, out of his breast pocket.

"There, darling," Nina was wavering between laughing and crying again. "Darling, don't. There! I know all about it."

"Oh, George! It isn't just losing my job. I've made such a muddle of life. I'm just a wretched failure. I've been a failure at Chequerbent's and I've been a failure to you, George. And you loved me so and hoped so much from me. I know you did."

"Stop it, Nina! You're nothing of the kind."

BUT Nina only shook her head and sniffed hard. "I'm just a silly little conceited fool. I've disgusted everybody. Mr. Hastings says he'll never have another woman in his office, never in all his life—after me."

"And he won't need to. Not if I've any say in the matter." Then George told his tale of triumph. "It's good to think the Chequerbent job hasn't gone out of the family, as you might put it."

Nina laughed. The daffodils were scattered where George had dropped them, all over the bed and floor. She gathered them into a great golden heap. Her eyes looked over them, laughing brown eyes into his blue ones. A belated tear trickled to the edge of her lashes and down her cheek. George wiped it with the green silk handkerchief, daintily.

"Darling, it's just occurred to me. We've never had a honeymoon. Maybe that's why things went wrong."

"We're going to have it now, dear. In the dream flat."

"But, first of all, let's have tea at Alvarona's."

(Copyright)

## Indigestion Sufferers



## Here is New Hope

Indigestion seems to start so simply. Just a little fullness after meals, perhaps a little wind rising from the stomach and a sense of drowsiness and perhaps slight headaches.

But as the machinery of digestion breaks down we quickly see the result. Pain after meals, awful griping, distressing fullness, sour wind, salivary spotted complexion, biliousness, bad taste in the mouth. The acid gripping pains get worse as your indigestion is neglected and soon you become to dread gastritis or ulceration of the stomach. Be warned.

## A NEW-PRINCIPLE REMEDY GIVES QUICK RELIEF

We do most seriously urge those with even slight symptoms of indigestion to start at once with De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Even in the short time it has been available for the public, the testimony to this remedy comes from people who, in many cases, have tried everything to end their indigestion misery without success.

Read these few extracts from a host of letters and you will realise indigestion, no matter how serious, can be overcome.

### Duodenal Ulcers.

I had been undergoing a treatment for duodenal ulcers, but without much relief. The pain kept on coming back. De Witt's Antacid Powder suited me from the first dose—I wouldn't be without it. No. 81.

### Acute Indigestion.

After trying everything for acute indigestion—without benefit—I got complete relief—thanks to De Witt's Antacid Powder. It is wonderful. No. 25.

### Dyspepsia Relieved.

Your Powder acted like a charm on my nervous dyspepsia. Doctor says he is astonished at my improvement. No. 74.

De Witt's Antacid Powder is confidently recommended in all cases of

INDIGESTION SOUR ACID STOMACH  
PALPITATION SPOTTY COMPLEXION  
FLATULENCE ULCERATED STOMACH  
GASTRITIS BOWEL WEAKNESS

We do repeat emphatically that you cannot afford to neglect indigestion. It may cause you awful agonies day and night and wreck your health.

De Witt's Antacid Powder, we know, can and will help you. Get a supply today. Take it regularly for a few days and clear away from the system the cause of all your trouble.

## DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For INDIGESTION. Price 2/6

Sold in handsome canisters containing average month's supply. Be sure you get the genuine remedy, prepared by the well-known house "De Witt's," which has supplied medicinal remedies to the public for 50 years.





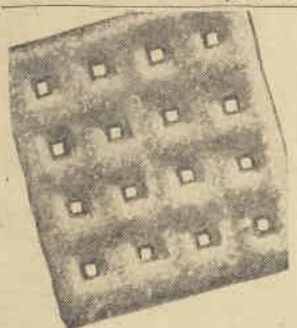
## At the Dance last night—

A most Attractive Man sold of My Complexion—

"It's fresh and natural." "I do adore," said he, "the loveliness of English gardens in Spring, and I detest the sultriness of the tropics. Your skin, fair lady, is a breath of something real and fine. Forgive me, but I do adore it." Of course, he was a flatterer, and very bold at that. But I do think, myself, that these new shades of Golden Youth Face Powder, are charming. And this powder clings, in spite of the weather, the atmosphere, and the wind. Golden Youth Powder, I find, matches my skin with astounding accuracy, and its perfume is fresh and not over-erotic. My friend the flatterer also remarked that it was good to find a complexion that did not, by some weird mischance, become transferred to the shoulders and lapsels of his coat.

You know, of course, that you can now get a smart box of Golden Youth Powder for 1/-, while the big dressing-table box, of 2/-, is no less a thrilling bargain! Your favourite Chemist or Store has Kathleen Court's

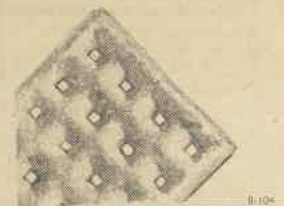
**Chic golden youth powder**



They're called

## LATTICE BISCUITS

**PUFF** biscuits are nice, of course. So are the sweet ones. But—imagine the delicious puffiness of a puff biscuit combined with the sweetness of a sweet biscuit! Imagine that, and you have an idea of what these delicious LATTICE biscuits taste like! They'll satisfy the masculine members of the family who scorn "fancy" biscuits. Yet they're sweet enough to please the sweet tooth of the feminine members too.



Made in Australia by

**PEEK FREAN**

All Grocers & Stores

### New Hope for Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Veins and Hemorrhoids without interruption to your duties is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive. It never fails! Write or Call for wonderful book. Treatment by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain from start!

**C. WINTER**  
68 WELLINGTON ST.  
NEW  
E.L. VICTORIA



# The Unforgotten HOUR

Continued from Page 7

HE didn't press her. He was content to be with her. He knew nothing of that which once had been between her and Pat Derwent, and if she talked more than usual and laughed with a little more gaiety, his surprise was not such as to make him probe deeply to find the reason. He took things as they came, and judged by what he saw.

"Love's young dream," he said, and jerked his head back at the following car. "Clione has a conquering gleam in her eye. Likely chap, that Derwent. I've heard of him. Quite a big shot with his company. Maybe she won't be wanting a job with us after all."

"It's hard to tell," Christy stared at the wavering needle of the speedometer. "She has an excellent technique, I'll admit."

"The poor wretch hasn't a chance, my dear. It's all over but the formalities."

Was it? wondered Christy. So soon! So swiftly! Could Clione in a few hours possess him when she had loved so long, so faithfully? Was love such a light thing that, if he had ever cared for her, he could pass her by and turn to her sister, and love her.

That wasn't what Christy understood by love—not a facile, chameleon thing like that. One loved—it meant something strong and splendid and permanent, rooted deep, deep in the heart, so that any uprooting must cause pain and leave a wound that would not heal.

But Clione was in his arms most of the evening. He danced a few times with Christy, but he said nothing, did nothing that bridged the gap of years. He was casual, friendly. He was the same gay and lovable Pat Derwent, a little older, quieter. He seemed to have put something away from him. Was it the memory of that hour?

"Clione," he said, "is a revelation to me. One of the 'new women.' Isn't she? When we were youngsters, Christy—"

"Don't talk like that." She kept staring at the black cloth that covered his square shoulder. "You speak as if youth was dead and buried."

"And isn't it?" There was a harshness in his voice. "It's a foolish time, youth. And it's funny to look back on it—on the things you said and did, on the sense of values you had then. Life and love were simple, straightforward things and the future was so easy to plan—a straight, wide road leading through pleasant vistas. But all that fades and reality takes shape, and here we are, you and I, dancing together again. Two ghosts, Christy—ghosts of the boy and girl we were."

She bit her lip, hard, till she felt the pain of it. Ghosts—out of a moonlit garden. Only that? He spoke for himself. Where did that bitterness come from? How did it live in him, who was so kind? She was bewildered. She didn't understand. Had she hurt him so much that there was nothing she could do now to atone for that hurt? Didn't he care enough to try again, now, when it would be different?

Perhaps, as he had said that night long ago—perhaps he was different. Perhaps he did not care any more. But the dance ended, and she didn't know why he should be like that, so aloof, so different. He must have forgotten, put it all away from him, refused to make it, as she had done, part of her life, a living part between the dead past and the future yet unborn.

Now he was with Clione once more and he didn't dance with her again. John Blake, in his quiet, thorough way took care of her, and when the dance was over, brought her safely home.

It was a long time after when Clione returned, and Christy lay awake in the darkness of her room and was very quiet when her sister passed the door. She didn't want to talk to Clione tonight. Life was cruel; Clione, in her thoughtless, predatory way, was cruel.

FOR a long time Christy lay awake in the darkness, thinking, wondering in a hurt and puzzled way. Should one be so ruthless and forward in love? Should one rush headlong, as Clione did at love, that is a fragile, tender thing? Was it, as Clione in her hard, metallic young way once said: "Just a business, and you have to use business methods to compete with the rest."

If that were true, Christy thought, she should have taken Pat long ago and left Clione to shift for herself. Ironical that she should deny herself, give up her love, because of Clione, and now have that love taken from her by the very object of her sacrifice.

At last she slept, that slumber from which one awakes unrefreshed. And it was day, and there was work.

Work each day! She saw little of Pat. He came to dinner a few times, but John was there, too, for Clione always asked him and some others of their friends. There was another

dance to which Christy went still more unwillingly than to the first one.

It was the same; dull, aimless, getting nowhere. And Pat seemed to grow closer and closer to Clione. Always it was she, clinging to his arm, looking up in his face. Christy wondered if he had proposed to her, and they were keeping it secret.

Clione seemed to look on him as already hers, and she wore, when with Christy, that look peculiar to women who have conquered. Christy knew he would be going away in a few days.

She said to Clione:

"I'm working late in town to-night. Probably won't be home until after eleven." And Clione looked at her musingly, with a queer little smile, and said:

"Darling, did you guess?"

Christy looked puzzled.

"Did you guess that it would be to-night? He's going away soon, and I know it will be to-night. Wish for me."

"I—" Christy winced, then looked hard at her sister. "I won't wish for you. I can't somehow."

Clione's gold-fringed lids dropped, then lifted, and she smiled without parting her lips. She said presently:

"Oh, can't you? And why not? Don't tell me you don't wish me luck? You surely couldn't be so hard?"

"I do," Christy turned away.

"You're being hateful, Chris. You've been queer ever since he came. Sort of dog-in-the-manger business. You can't have him, though you still love him, and you don't want to see me—"

"That's enough, Clione. I haven't stood in your way—ever. Not in anything. Not even in this."

"It wouldn't have done you any good, though you had tried to. I thought you'd got over that boy and girl affair you had with him. I thought you had grown up."

Christy couldn't say anything. She went out. It was a clear blue night. John Blake was waiting for her. They were busy getting out their new catalogue of books. But the round moon came shouldering up over the sunset hills as they drove towards town, and she kept thinking and saying to herself: "On such a night as this—on such a night as this—" And she worked like a robot.

It was late when Christy got home. The downstairs lights were out, but Clione's room was lighted. Christy went slowly into the house—slowly, yet she was eager to hear what surely must hurt her.

Clione's door was open when she went upstairs, and Clione was lying face down on her bed, wearing black pyjamas trimmed with gold and looking grotesquely like a French doll thrown carelessly there by some indifferent hand. Crying!

Christy walked in and stood above her for a moment, then sat down on the bed and slipped her arms about the warm, young body, and lifted Clione's head to her breast. After all, she was Clione, and she was hurt.

"Tell me, dear."

Clione shook her tousled yellow head. Her eyes were red with weeping. She spoke slowly, as if she didn't understand.

"Pat came quite late, and I called down to him to wait for me in the garden, and when I came down he was sitting on that seat under the cedars. You know—"

"Yes! I know!" "He—he seemed so odd. So awfully strange. He just stared at me and hardly said a word, and I knew—I knew as sure as heaven—he meant to ask me to marry him. But he didn't. And I got furious and accused him of—of being in love with you, and he said yes, he was, and always had been, and always would be. And I cried then and told him it was all a lie!"

"What was all a lie?"

Clione looked pitifully up at her and looked away.

"That you and John were engaged."

"You told him that, Clione?"

"I told him that the first day—and saw how wonderful he was—because I felt he loved you and had come back for you, and I wanted him for myself."

"It was cruel to do that."

"No more cruel than for him to treat me the way he did to-night. Why did he turn so suddenly away from me and belong to you? Why? He's coming for you to-morrow. Why?"

"I can't tell you that, Clione. I'm sorry for you. But I've always loved him."

Christy got up to go to her own room. Clione spoke to her through her tears when she reached the door.

"Chris, don't—don't be furious with me, but I found the key to your chest and poked in, looking for something new to wear, and I found that gorgeous white satin with the darling sequins, and wore it to-night. I thought it would make everything come right."

"It did," said Christy softly, as she switched off the light.

(Continued)



Now smile . . .

we dare you!

Are the 7 stains marring your beauty?

YOUR hair looks lovely . . . Above your eyes those delicate brows are arched in perfection . . . And that final touch of lipstick—it couldn't be better!

Now, part those lips! Smile—and dare the final test of beauty . . . Is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No . . . Nature, you say, has been unkind to you. She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

Stains spoil teeth's beauty

Your teeth are stained—discoloured by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth.

And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolorations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with two cleansing actions.

Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield. Colgate's Dental Cream has two actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and washes away some of the stubborn discolorations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it polishes away the stains that are left.

No more "dull" teeth

You can do something about it. To your waves and manicures—to your powders and lotions—add one final beauty aid. Buy a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Then smile and see the difference!

Send for FREE Sample of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage.

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Ltd., Box 2701 C, G.P.O., Sydney.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Tobacco smoke
4. Sugars
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Vegetables

Colgate's removes all seven



1/3 A LARGE TUBE

ALSO IN POWDER FORM, 1/6 A BOTTLE.

## Kidney-poisoned blood?

Your body is saturated with blood . . . blood which depends for its health-giving qualities largely on the efficient functioning of kidneys and liver. Disturbance in these important organs is reflected in symptoms which may lead to serious illness. Backache, sleeplessness, biliousness, nerve trouble, rheumatism, sciatica are some of the most usual symptoms of liver and kidney disorder.

A remedy proven successful by three generations of grateful users is Warner's Safe Cure. Hundreds of letters on our files evidence the effectiveness of Warner's Safe Cure against all functional disorders of kidneys or liver.

**Warners Safe Cure**

Sold everywhere by chemists and storekeepers, in both the original 5/- bottles and the cheaper concentrated (non-alcoholic) form at 2/6.



# TERRY and TEDDY

## THE TERRIBLE TWINS



### FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

PETER FISH was a funny old man fish who, of course, lived at the bottom of the sea. He always carried a walking stick and wore a large, black hat. He was one of King Neptune's advisers, and was continually fixing up business matters for him. King Neptune was a very carefree kind of a person; nothing in the world seemed to worry him. After most heated conversations with his advisers he would usually end up by saying, "Ah, well! Who cares? Have it your own way."

This would annoy Peter Fish, who would puff out his chest and invariably grunt, "I don't know what this Kingdom's coming to. It seems to be getting more like a circus every day." And, the kind old king would then pat Peter Fish on the back and say, "Now then, Peter, life is too short to argue over trivial matters. Come on out for a stroll."

Now, it was after one of these meetings that King Neptune and Peter Fish were strolling along Shellreed Avenue, and King Neptune was smiling to himself for he had managed to get Peter Fish in a good mood.

They passed some very tall reeds, and a slight movement at the bottom of them caused Peter Fish to stroll back and have another look. He prodded the bottom with his walking stick, and imagine his surprise when he heard a little cry. Instantly, he summoned some of his men to investigate, and then, joining King Neptune, continued on his way.



Peter Fish

IN a short time one of the men came hurrying after him, and, bowing, said, "A little boy was found at the bottom of the reeds, and he says he comes from Mushroom Grove."

At the mention of Mushroom Grove, King Neptune smiled, for he had met Wunderlust, and he had liked him.

"Bring him to me immediately," he called, "being only a boy, he shall not undergo the usual punishment for trespassing."

Then Fred appeared. His eyes were downcast for he was quite ashamed of himself.

"H'm," said King Neptune, "you see what happens to boys who go where there is very deep water?"

"Yes," answered Fred meekly.

"Well," went on King Neptune, "don't do it again." Then, turning aside, he cried loudly, "Here, my men, take this little boy back to Mushroom Grove in my private submarine."

So Fred was taken back to Mushroom Grove, and needless to say he didn't go where there was deep water any more.

### Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS—

Here is a new game for you to play:

One Pal is selected as the leader, and, pointing to each player in turn, says: "I hear you are travelling to (any place beginning with 'A'); what will you do there?" The Pal spoken to must give an answer containing at least four words beginning with "A".

The leader then points to another Pal and repeats the same remark, but mentions a place beginning with the letter "B". The answer, as before, must contain four words beginning with "B". And in the same way, right through the alphabet, omitting only "X" and "Y". Anyone not being able to give a proper reply must fall out of the game.

Peggy Morris, Hollywood, Graceville Parade, Graceville, Brisbane, sent along a delightful letter and wins the 5- prize for the best letter this week.

Well, good-bye Pals until next week.

Cherrie,  
From Your Pal,  
CONNIE.



JUST SHOW this face to your Pals, and let them study it for one minute, then put it out of sight and ask them to draw it. It does not matter at all how the face is drawn; it is a question of getting the letters right.

#### QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted—A woman to wash, starch, iron, and milk a cow.  
Wanted—A cove by a man left high and with sliding panels.  
Price Card to Patricia Talberg, 3 Davidson Pde., Cremorne.

School Teacher (to little boy): What is grace?  
Little Boy: I don't know, Miss.  
School Teacher: What does your father say before breakfast?  
Little Boy: Go easy on the bacon, kids, it's 12 a lb.  
Price Card to Jack Bell, Trades Hall, Melbourne.

Jackson (who had taken his car to a garage for some minor repairs): You wouldn't think it was a second-hand car, would you?  
Mechanic: Great Scott, no, sir! I thought you made it yourself!  
Price Card to Betty Lamb, 40 Rochester St., Hornsby, N.S.W.

### FOR FUN & FANCY

DINKY: I suppose I can sit here unattended until I starve.  
Waiter: Scarcely that, sir, we close at midnight.  
Price Card to Marjorie Clarke, Evelyn St., Grange, Qld.

The manager had occasion to speak to the new office-boy about his conduct. He ended his remark by saying: "And when I ask you a question, you should answer 'Yes Sir,' or 'No Sir,' as the case may be."  
"Good-oh!" replied the boy obligingly, as he left the room.

A well-known minister, famous for absent-mindedness, once met an old friend in the street and stopped to talk to him. When about to separate, the minister's face suddenly assumed a puzzled expression.  
"Tom," he said, "When we met was I going up or down the street?"  
"Down," replied Tom.  
The minister's face cleared. "It's all right, then; I had been home to lunch."  
Price Card to Mavis Carthew, Rensselaer, S.A.

Grandma (to Tommy, who had brought some cakes from his mother): I must send Mummy a note to thank her for the ten little cakes.  
Tommy: Eh, Grandma, I think it would be better if you didn't mention the number.

Old Gentleman (to shop assistant): I say, do you mind taking that purple and yellow box out of the window?  
Shop Assistant: Not at all, sir! Anything to oblige you.  
Old Gentleman: Thanks very much. It bothers me every time I pass the shop. Good morning.  
Price Card to Maura Pearce, Winfield, Oaker, Qld.

"What are the products of the West Indies?" asked the teacher.  
"I don't know, sir," said Bobby.  
Grandma: How do you mean?  
Teacher: How do you mean?  
"We borrow it from the next-door neighbors," replied Bobby.

Teacher: What are Quakers?  
Pupil: People who live near volcanoes.

Grandma: Dear me! These crickets must hit the ball hard to knock it out of shape.  
Grandson: How do you mean?  
Grandma: The announcer said that Bradman hit the ball square.  
Price Card to Jean Rutledge, 8 Neish Parade, Burwood, N.S.W.

Photographer: Would you like an enlargement of yourself?  
Customer: What for? Aren't I big enough?  
Price Card to Barbara Doyle, c/o Mr. H. H. Lambert, Argyle St., Moss Vale, N.S.W.

Employer (interviewing prospective office-boy): Now, my boy, is there anything you can do that no one else can?  
Office Boy: Yes, sir.

Employer: What's that?  
Office Boy: Read my own writing.  
Price Card to Ronnie Hale, Kyrie, Prairie, N. Qld.

#### MY PETS

By NINA CARTWRIGHT

I HAVE a little kitty

I Her name is Fluffy Sue;

I cuddle her and play with her

All the long day through.

I have a ginger puppy dog,

I call him Master Jack;

He often gets a scolding

For hiding my best sock.

I have a snowy little lamb,

He comes whenever I call;

I think he is a lovely pet,

And love him best of all.

Price of 5/- to Nina Cartwright, Willow Glen, Saffron P.O., for this clever verse.

### Purposeful Saving

REGULAR saving is as much a matter of habit as anything else. The habit has to be cultivated, but, once established, it becomes as positively mechanical as any of your ordinary recurring actions.

The aim of a Commonwealth Savings account is twofold. Firstly, it is intended to lead you to provide, in the easiest and least burdensome way, for an intended purchase or financial security, at a future time. Secondly, it is believed that sheer self-respect will impel a Savings Account owner to carry out his wise and cautious plan, to form, in fact, a thrifty habit, to his own advantage.

Commonwealth Savings Bank service is available throughout Australia.

**Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia**

(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)



# TWO of a KIND

Continued from  
Page 8

By the time coffee was served in the library, the Colonel had become expansive. He warmed himself in front of the fireplace, and gave it as his considered opinion that Charles would go far.

Charles, he averred, had the makings of a countryman. They—with a sweep of his hand he included his daughter, who was demurely sipping her coffee—must see more of him. As he had remarked before, it wasn't easy to find people with the right ideas.

"Damn," he exclaimed, suddenly, "You're keen on hunting! Why don't you join the hunt?"

"As an honorary member, of course. Be only too glad to put you up for it myself. And if we can't get a decent hack in the village, I expect we could find something for you in the stables."

As he strolled down the road to his cottage that evening, Charles could hardly believe his good fortune. A certain fact, however, was becoming evident to him.

If he were to entertain any hopes of winning this new, exciting Pat, it very clearly behoved him to keep on the right side of the Colonel. And when the Colonel's interests and those of his daughter clashed, the situation was going to be a difficult one. He would have to do some pretty intensive thinking he decided.

He tackled the problem that night in bed. Being a healthy young man, he fell asleep in the middle of it. When he awoke in the morning, the whole issue seemed considerably clearer.

AFTER all, he reflected at the admirable breakfast provided by Mrs. Murfit, who "did" for him every day, it wasn't really such a serious matter. Pat was only a kid, and would probably forget about the cub inside a week. She couldn't

expect him to jeopardise his relations with the Colonel, even if she wasn't yet aware how important they had become.

Then, dash it, reflected Charles righteously, suddenly catching sight of his typewriter, there was his work to be considered. By Jove! No! Miss Patricia Jenkinsop could not expect to have her own way every time.

Whereupon Charles demolished the last of his bacon and eggs, gulped down his coffee, and set out, with the cheerfulness only possible in one who possessed an impeccable digestion, for the Hall.

He found Pat in the stable yard, superintending the grooming of the Colonel's favorite hunter. He took her aside, and tactfully, in a few well-chosen words, propounded the conclusions at which he had arrived.

Charles, however, did not know his Pat. For a moment that young lady stood silent, one booted foot tapping the cobbles.

"I see," she said, at last, with ominous quietness. "So that's how it is?"

Disconcerted, Charles found that she was staring at his bandaged finger.

"Good Lord!" he protested hurriedly. "Surely you don't think—"

Pat raised her eyebrows. "No! Then I presume that it's simply a case of funk. Like everyone else around here, you're scared stiff of Daddy."

Charles felt a rising annoyance, especially as this had struck rather too close to the mark. He summoned his self-righteousness.

"I have work to do," he informed her with dignity. "I can't afford to

spend all my time running round the country after fox cubs for spoilt children."

The last slipped out before he could stop it. Pat whitened. "Very well," she said, rather staidly, so that Charles glimpsed the heat bubbling inside her. "Very well. If that's how you feel about it, I'll get it myself."

"I'll have it by"—she paused to do a hurried calculation in her head—"by Friday, without the help of any spineless scribblers!"

She turned on her heel, leaving Charles in the middle of the stable yard, feeling rather foolish.

That, Charles reflected, had torn it. He spent the rest of the morning sitting before his typewriter in the garden, and staring absently into vacancy.

AFTER a further unproductive hour that afternoon, he gave up the attempt to write in despair. This he told himself in disgust, was ridiculous. That his work should be interrupted by an unprincipled spoilt girl was unthinkable.

He tried to assure himself that the whole matter would blow over in a day or two. Charles, however, who was beginning to get an insight into the mysterious workings of the feminine mind, had his doubts.

By evening, his indignation had evaporated, leaving only the conviction that the world was treating him badly, and that something would have to be done about it. From the recklessness of despair was born the great idea.

On Thursday morning Charles arose

somewhat earlier than usual and made his way to the village. Here he instituted discreet inquiries among those whom he knew to be Pat's allies and confederates. This research cost him five shillings, but set his mind at rest for the time being.

"So far so good," observed Charles, as he made his way back to the cottage. "And, further, nothing venture, nothing win."

A quarter of an hour later, with its usual quota of noise and smoke, his small car passed through the village and swung on to the London road.

That morning will live long in Charles's memory. His troubles began in Kensington, when, having discovered the live-stock department of a world-famous store, his perfectly natural request for a fox cub threw the place into confusion.

Charles's spirits, however, were not dashed. In Oxford Street his request was met with composure. The highly polished young attendant informed him, however, that the fox was at the moment extremely fashionable, and their stocks were, by a regrettable coincidence, completely exhausted.

At Holborn, they were less efficient, but more helpful. The fox at the moment was in demand as a pet, they explained, apologetically, while Charles kept a tight hold on himself. Perhaps they could interest the gentleman in a silver fox? Or a blue? Very profitable for breeding, they assured him.

Exasperated, Charles pointed out that all he wanted was one common-or-garden red fox cub, and that he had to have it to-day, or not at all.

At length the salesman, with a suspicion of hauteur, suggested that, in that case, the gentleman might find it

## Weekly Diet Hint

BECAUSE nausea usually accompanies the familiar "sick headache" or "migraine," sufferers naturally believe their diet is at fault. Seldom, however, is it the food that produces the headache or its indigestibility. More likely than not, sick headaches are due to bad habits of elimination, lack of exercise, not enough water between meals and, strange as it may perhaps seem, worry, and emotional disturbances. Find these causes and correct them, and almost any food is readily digested.

advisable to visit Camden Town, where there existed, near the Zoological Gardens, certain indigent animal dealers who might be able to satisfy the gentleman's demands.

Charles thanked him with dignity, with the mental reservation that he would have some lunch before venturing into the unknown hinterland.

HE parked his car and, after eating, took a bus, which deposited him outside a public-house at the foot of a steep and incredibly noisy hill. Encouraged by the effervescence Charles began the ascent on foot.

To his delighted eye, every second shop seemed to be an animal emporium. His luck, however, still seemed to be out. Of fox cubs there was no sign.

Finally, an even thicker wave of variegated scents halted him before an open door, above which was a pecking board. "Sam! Bottle," it announced. "Animal Dealer. Cats Painlessly Destroyed."

Please turn to Page 38

Butter the Sao Biscuits, grate a little cheese over each, and sprinkle with cayenne pepper—one minute in a hot, dry oven, and serve whilst hot.

★

Arnott's Famous Xmas Cakes and Puddings will be available at your grocers during November and December of this year, and will be of the usual excellent quality.

★

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM!





### MONKEY BRAND—WOULD MAKE EVEN A 'NEW PIN' CLEANER

Quick cleaning, easy cleaning, costless cleaning—that's the story of Monkey Brand. Get Mother to try some—and save the animal cards from the packets! They make a splendid collection.



### MONKEY BRAND

for Pots, Pans, Porcelain and Paintwork

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED



### JADED? LISTLESS? TIRED OUT?

Drugs won't help. Your inner strength and vitality want building up. Take Roboleine—a wonderful concentration of Nature's most nourishing foods combined in a special way. A short course of Roboleine will literally put new life into you. Doctors all over the world prescribe it and hospitals use tons of it every year. The adult dose being one teaspoonful, which contains an adequate ration of all the essential vitamins, Roboleine is very economical in use. (2oz. jars 4/4, or three times the quantity 12/- of all chemists and stores.)

### Roboleine

Send Coupon for Sample

Mail & Neil Ltd.,  
Box 1502 E. G.P.O. SYDNEY.  
I enclose 3d. in stamps for sample of Roboleine.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

PICTURES Worth Framing  
Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing in the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

## TWO of a KIND

Continued from  
Page 37

A FIGURE was bending over a cage as Charles entered. It straightened itself, and advanced into the light, rubbing an unshaven chin.

Charles said his little piece. "Ar," breathed the other heavily. "Forbes? Yes. Now 'ere," he began, turning to a cage at the back of the shop. "We 'ave a very nice pair of little foxes."

Charles bent to look. "Yes," he agreed cautiously, "they look all right. Are they—er—young?" "Young?" The other chuckled hoarsely. He sagged over Charles and his breath whistled confidentially through a gap in his discolored teeth. "Young? Why, they ain't ten days old."

"Oh!" said Charles, who was rather vague on these matters. "I suppose you have to feed them by hand?" "Yes," wheezed the other. "And are they greedy little— I mean, they ain't a bit got 'ealthy appetites, sir."

Mr. Bottle reached into the cage and lifted out a bundle of reddish brown fur by the scruff of its neck. Charles inspected it, trying to appear as expert as possible.

"I see," he observed at last, "that it's got a bitten ear."

The other chuckled reassuringly. "Why, bless you, sir, that's only in play. Like a couple of kittens, they are. Larf! Lumme!"

"Er—yes. Quite!" Charles interrupted a reminiscent chuckle. "How much were you asking?"

"Ten pun!" he averred, almost defensively. "Ten pounds?" Charles echoed incredulously.

"Well, sir, you don't get a pair of little foxes like these 'ere, not every day, you don't."

Charles agreed with feeling. "You don't. But I don't want a pair. How much for one?"

MR. BOTTLE whistled thoughtfully through his teeth. "Six pun" ten," he suggested at last. "That," said Charles firmly, "is extortion. And you know it." "Aw right, aw right," put in the other placably. "Call it six pun, guv'nor."

"But half the original price is five pounds."

"Ar, but natchery, when you parts a pair, you expect to get a 'igher price," Mr. Bottle pointed out, aggrieved. "Fashionable, they are, too. Shouldn't be surprised if there weren't another in Lunnun. 'Owever—" reluctantly.

"Five pounds, and not a penny more," repeated Charles.

Mr. Bottle sighed, and with a martyred air held out the animal.

"Here, wait a bit!" Charles was now confident. "What about his ear? Let's have a look at the other."

Breathing heavily, Mr. Bottle reached into the cage and held up the other cub for inspection.

"Yes," said Charles, judicially. "He looks all right. They're more or less the same, aren't they?"

The other wheezed convulsively. "Why, bless yer soul, sir, o' course. E's a very nice bit o' fox cub, 'e is. I wouldn't do a 'knowin' young gentleman like you down, would I, sir?"

The bargain was concluded in a spirit of amity. Mr. Bottle even going to the trouble of finding an old wicker basket in which the cub could be placed. They parted with mutual expressions of esteem, and Charles swung down the hill, whistling cheerfully.

Drawing upon his proverbs for moral support, Charles made his way to the Hall the next morning. Under his arm was the wicker basket in which reposed the fox cub, distinctly lethargic after a breakfast of three saucers of warm milk.

Charles's conscience was in abeyance. His misgivings were prompted solely by the fear lest something should happen to upset his plans.

HE found Pat, as before, in the stable yard. She greeted him somewhat coolly, but eyed the

wicker basket with interest. Charles set it down carefully on a mounting block between them. Silently he opened it, and held up the sleepy contents for inspection.

Pat gasped, with a surprise that was distinctly agreeable to Charles. Her confusion flattered his vanity.

"But—where did you get it?" she asked with an eagerness that he attributed to a fear for his welfare.

"She took the little bundle of fur from him and inspected it curiously. Charles assumed the air of the modest hero who has done his bit.

"Did you have much trouble with Quodling?" she asked him.

Charles waved a deprecating hand vaguely, anxious to avoid committing himself as far as possible.

The cub curled up contentedly in her arms. "So you did it after all—for me?" she went on softly. Something in her tone made Charles uncomfortable.

"Oh, it's nothing," he assured her eagerly, anxious to get off dangerous ground as quickly as possible. "Have you got a cage for him?"

She nodded. "Come and put him in it."

They crossed the yard to a dimly stable. Pat pushed the door open, revealing an affair of wood and wire netting. She stood aside, and Charles peered in.

There was a pregnant silence for two minutes. Charles, with the earth rocking under his feet, stared incredulously, in horrified realisation, at the reddish brown ball curled up in the corner nearest to him. Desperately he tried to pull himself together. He found that Pat was watching him curiously.

"Yes," she said, sweetly. "I got him. I told you I would."

Charles nodded dumbly. Pat transferred her gaze to the cub in her arms. She held it out at arm's length, and looked at him inquiringly.

"We both seem to have been busy yesterday," she hinted grimly.

"Er—yes," agreed Charles, desperately, seizing at a straw. "Funny,

isn't it? I mean, that we didn't see each other." He was silenced by the look in her eye.

"No," she said quietly. "That won't wash."

Charles made a last attempt. "But there were two cubs in the lair—" "Fox cubs."

"Yes, and so—" "I said fox cubs. That is a vixen."

"Oh!" said Charles, feebly. He stared at the floor miserably, conscious only of a desire to crawl away as inconspicuously as possible. His eyes went to the cage, where the other ball of fluff, awakened by their voices, turned over and stretched luxuriously.

"You men," Pat observed cuttingly, "are so inefficient."

Suddenly Charles stepped forward. He thrust an arm into the cage and lifted out the cub by the scruff of its neck.

"I see," he observed, casually, "that this one's got a bitten ear."

"Yes," replied Pat shortly. "He probably got it when he was in the lair. They're very playful."

"So Mr. Bottle said," observed Charles with supreme nonchalance. Again there was a pregnant silence.

Now, however, it was Pat who stared in confusion anywhere but at Charles. Charles took pity on her confusion. He felt that he could afford to be magnanimous. He grinned.

"Shall we call it quits?" Her smile dazzled him. "Daddy's a bit of a tartar, isn't he? I'm afraid that we're both just a couple of cowards."

Charles drew himself up. He removed the cub from her arms and deposited the two animals in the cage.

"Where these are concerned," said Charles, masterfully, "yes." He took a step closer. "But in another matter which I shall have to put before him—"

What followed had no significance for the other spectators. Reunited, they were engaged in a joyous rough and tumble that threatened to disintegrate the cage.

(Copyright)

## Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

### New Role for Postman

A FEW weeks ago a lady went into town, and while there she suddenly remembered that she'd left a cake in the oven, so she rang up the local post office and asked if someone could go to a certain address and turn the oven off, telling him where the key was hidden. One of the postmen offered to do it, and when she arrived home there was the cake on the table done nicely to a turn; all the gas turned off; the key put back in its right place, and not a thing touched, so here's hoping that wonderful man was well rewarded.—P.K.

### Human Clock

I BOUGHT my little girl aged 10 a wristlet watch. It kept good time for a couple of days, then stopped. She was very disappointed about it as she thought it would not go again. Her little brother, seeing her sad look, said: "Never mind, I will tell you when meal time comes around"—H.C.

### Chivalry

RECENTLY travelling along a country road some occupants of a car noticed an old man making repeated journeys to and from the roadside into the roadway. Being in a hurry to reach town to get some shopping done before closing time they passed on. Returning later they investigated the spot where the old man behaved so curiously. To their amazement they found he had filled in a hole which had been in the bitumen surface of the road with small pebbles. Doubtless the poor old man and his swag had been passed by many cars without one offering him a lift, but he was not forgetful of their comfort.—M.E.W.

### Novel Postman

TWO neighbors of mine have a novel way of communicating with one another. We reside in the country, and it is a few miles to walk. If one wishes to visit the other.

Whenever something is wanted one neighbor writes a note and ties it on to the horn of his friend's cow, which frequently grazes near their boundary, and who always returns home when milking time is due.—Pam.

## WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND INFLUENZA  
NEVER FAILS!

W 10-34



## Headaches!

Nyal Esterin Relieves Promptly

At the first sign of a headache take one or two NYAL ESTERIN tablets. Relief is rapid and certain. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound, a new sedative which acts directly on the nerve centres, quickly soothing all pain. NYAL ESTERIN contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the relief of nerve pains of all kinds. Nyal Esterin gives prompt relief in cases of headache, neuralgia, rheumatic pain, etc., and it is not habit-forming. Women particularly should never be without this means of obtaining speedy relief from pain.

NYAL ESTERIN is sold and recommended by your chemist in tins of 24 tablets for 1/3.

## NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431E, Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

W.W. 13/9/34

## MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Vares" treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Vares Booklet. Ernest Healy, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Vares Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dynacore's Building, 4248 George Street, Sydney.\*\*\*

## MAKE MONEY DESIGNING SHOW CARDS

Earn 20 salaries weekly for the rest of your life. Others are doing this. Why not you? Under Stott's New-style System anyone can learn successfully AT HOME. Many Stott Students pay for the Course before completing it. Student Nell Wynne, of Alma Road, Caulfield, Vic. writes: "Two months after I began under Stott's tuition I started EARNING MONEY." Other Stott Courses include: Commercial Art, Book-keeping, Shorthand, Story Writing, Typewriting, Journalism, (F.Pencil), Wireless, Educational, Architectural Work, Advertisement Wtg., Dress Cutting, Window Dressing.

## STOTT'S

### Correspondence College

100 Russell St., Melbourne; 70 Pitt St., Sydney; 350 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 49 Flinders St., Adelaide; 238 Murray St., Perth.

Send This Coupon: Cut Here

To STOTT'S Correspondence College.

I am interested in \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

A.W.W. 734

## DON'T BE BALD

Your hair may be thinning from any one of several causes. No one can prescribe a correct treatment to make your hair grow again until the exact cause of YOUR baldness has been diagnosed. Edwin Holland can diagnose the exact cause of your baldness—

### BY MAIL FREE

This unique free service has been perfected by over 50 years of unequalled success.

### Edwin Holland

treatments are inexpensive yet the most successful known. Grow thick, vigorous hair once more. Send no money. Tear this out, write your name and address in the margin, post to—

EDWIN HOLLAND PTY. LTD., 340 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE, C.I.





Left to right: (1) MRS. CLIVE ROBINSON being congratulated after her brilliant win. (2) The new champion, Mrs. Robinson, and one of the New Zealand players, Miss Gaisford. They were the two finalists in the Australian golf championship. (3) Miss Gaisford, the runner-up, leaving the course.

## EVE'S SACRIFICE — for World FAME

### What Success on the Sports Field Costs Our Girl Champions

Eve—1934 version—plays tennis, hockey, cricket, golf, and swims, cycles, walks, and rows — all at the expense of time, money, and personal sacrifice.

In fact, the extent to which the private life of a girl champion may be upset by the continuous urge to give of her best in her particular sports sphere is too little realised by the public that gives its admiration. The case of Dorothy Round, champion tennis player, emphasises this.

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

THERE seems to have arisen yet another problem in the lives of girls of to-day.

A generation or so ago, the woman champion of tennis, golf, swimming or any other sport was yet unborn. It was inconceivable that a young girl of ordinary middle-class family should concentrate on some particular game or sport, and through this medium travel many times round the world, entertained in the most lavish possible manner; meet the highest in the land, even to Their Majesties themselves; and then have her future to face. This is the strange new person who has cropped up and become yet another puzzle of present-day life.

For instance, take Dorothy Round. She lives with her brothers in a quiet, comfortable, bourgeois house, near Birmingham. She taught Sunday school, and she was in every way a model young girl of provincial England. Her brothers encouraged her to become excellent in her already good game of tennis, and having a strong character and a studious disposition she was able to concentrate on the game until she became champion.

Now she finds herself one of the spectacular people of the moment, in the most glaring limelight, much photographed, much written about, her private life discussed; in short, she is very much "in the news."

And yet, according to the various interviews she is supposed to have given, Dorothy Round is anything but a happy young lady. She says she is never in her much-loved home because playing tennis necessitates travelling six months during the year. She has had to sacrifice most of her girlhood friends because one has no time for friends in a champion's arduous life.

She has even had to retire from her school-teaching in order to follow the brilliant career of a Wimbledon star.

Her father has spent enough on her equipment and travelling to have ensured her a fairly comfortable income for life. In compensation she has been feted, congratulated by the King and Queen, she has gained coveted honors for England, has seen many lands, and leaves for Australia in a few weeks, where no doubt she will be largely heralded and made much of.

### Will They Settle Down?

NOW this is the case of Dorothy Round, which has drawn attention, being the first of its kind to come under notice, but how many other similar problems will have to be solved in the near future?

How many Australian girls will find during the next few years, when they make their way to some particular



DOROTHY ROUND

branch of athletics, that their habitual life seems dull after the glamor and excitement of Wimbledon, France, Holland, Germany, the United States, and any other thrilling place where tennis or other tournaments happen to be held?

Fame on the sports field may easily entail many personal sacrifices.

The Australian players are especially noted for their utter simplicity and charming directness. Will these girls be contented to settle down again after the brief span in which they can shine as tennis stars, before some younger and brighter light outshines them?

Perhaps, too, some may not find marriage at the end of their sports career, either because they have become over-critical and dissatisfied with the boys "back home," or because the said boys prefer a simpler and less experienced wife.

### Their Future

Where will they turn, then? The money that would have been their dot has long ago been spent to supplement travelling expenses, sports equipment, clothes etc. They have lost touch with their old friends, and they have lost opportunities of fitting into any likely profession.

Will they envy their schoolmates whose fortune has not taken them so far afield, but who have acquired husbands and homes? Will they find it heartbreaking that their illustrious names are so soon forgotten? Maybe they will find positions as sports teachers in schools, or positions in sports shops.

Certain it is that to many the thrill of passing over the world's stage as a famous sports star will be regarded as sufficient recompense for many of the disadvantages that may appear later.

## OUR NEW Woman Golf CHAMPION!

### Elected Team Captain and Then Won the Title!

Australia has a new woman golf champion! Mrs. Clive Robinson, in the short space of two years, has jumped from the ranks of the commonplace players to that of champion of Australia.

By brilliant match play, Mrs. Robinson capped all her previous successes by beating Miss Gaisford, the New Zealand player, in the final of the Australian golf championship, which concluded on Tuesday at the Royal Sydney Golf Club, Rose Bay.

MRS. ROBINSON is known as one of the most reliable golfers in the State. It is fitting, too, that as the holder of the Australian title she should captain the Australian team that will visit New Zealand, where every effort will be made to regain the Tasman Cup that the New Zealanders won last year.

Although Mrs. Robinson has played golf since her early girlhood, it is only within the last two years that she has seriously concentrated on the game. Her sister, Miss Jessie McMaster, is also a coming champion.

In the semi-finals this week Mrs. Robinson's opponent was Miss O. Kay, the winner of last year's Australian championship. Miss Kay has been participating in all the big golf matches in England, and was considered the most formidable opponent in the Australian championship. The majority of associates considered that she would carry off the title again this time.

But Mrs. Robinson provided the surprise of the week.

### Defeated N.Z. Players

She has been gradually improving her game right throughout the matches, and defeated Miss Kay by the narrow margin of 1 up.

Her next opponent was the other New Zealand player, Miss Gaisford. Miss

Gaisford is considered one of the most graceful players seen on a golf course. The previous week she had broken the course record in doing the 18 holes in 79. Meeting her in the finals Mrs. Robinson never faltered, and won 4 up and 3 to play.

MRS. ROBINSON'S success in the State championships last month carried her through to the semi-finals, when she was beaten by Miss Gowing, who in turn succumbed to Miss Hammond.

When the names of the players selected to play in the Tasman Cup were announced, Mrs. Robinson's name was not among those first mentioned, and it was thought that the position of fifth player would rest between her and Miss Ebert. Miss Ebert was not available, and the choice fell to Mrs. Robinson, and since Miss Wray, who was originally chosen as captain of the Australian team to tour New Zealand, is also unavailable, Mrs. Robinson has been elected to fill her place as captain.

The Australian golf team, which included Miss K. Austin (manager), Mrs. C. J. Robinson (captain), and Misses A. MacLeod, C. Lascelles, J. Hood Hammond and L. Bailey, together with the two New Zealanders, Misses Gaisford and Kay, will leave for New Zealand by the Niagara, which is scheduled to leave this Thursday.

## Novel Match Opens the Women's Cricket Season!

THE official opening of the N.S. Wales Women's Cricket Association will not take place until October 6, but prior to that date interesting matches will be played with a view to swelling the funds for the entertainment of the English team when it is in this State.

This Saturday the Kuring-gai team will stage the first match of the season when they play a men's eleven termed the "Fathers and Friends" team. This match will take place at Central Park, Willoughby.

Charlie Macartney, the well-known international cricketer, will captain the "Fathers and Friends" team. Others in the team will be Rupert Minnett, Mr. Meldrum (deputy Mayor of Kuring-gai), H. S. Pettman (headmaster of the Sydney Grammar School), J. Downes and V. Vaughan (trustees of Central Park),

and R. C. Boyce (a State selector for the New South Wales Cricket Association).

Miss Margaret Peden, who has on many occasions captained the New South Wales women's team, will captain the Kuring-gai team.

Matches of this kind always create a great amount of interest, not only on account of so many prominent cricketers taking part, but because the general public delights in seeing cricket of a unique nature.

The Premiers versus The Rest match is set down for September 22. Cheerio's team, by successfully downing the Sans Souci team which had held the premiership for the previous four years, became the winners of last season's competition. Cheerio's team will now take the field against an eleven selected from the rest of the "A" grade players. The selection of these players will take place some time this week.

## MORE FREE GIFTS For SIREN CROSSES



## GLASSCLOTHS BATH-TOWELS

HOW TO OBTAIN YOUR GIFT

FOR YOUR FREE BATH TOWEL SAVE: 40 crosses from 10 large bars of Siren Soap. FOR YOUR FREE GLASSCLOTH SAVE: 24 crosses from 6 large bars of Siren Soap. Take your crosses to: Gift Showroom, 163 Kent Street (near King Street), Sydney, OR, Ground Floor, Parkes House, 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney.

If unable to call, or send personally, post your crosses, with your name and address, to J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., Box 1590B, G.P.O., Sydney, stating number of wrappers enclosed and gift required.

OFFER OPEN TILL 31st DEC.

## SIREN SOAP

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

## Lung Trouble?

### INHALATION TREATMENT

Only an inhalation treatment could be expected to give the results reported by so many sufferers. Let us prove what effective and lasting benefit this treatment can give. The inhaled fumes get right to the seat of the trouble, clearing away the mucus, easing the cough, improving the appetite, giving the patient peaceful, restful nights, and clearing up hemorrhages and night sweats.

### MEMBROSUS (Regd.)

Inhalation Treatment

Also effective in cases of

ASTHMA CATARRH

BRONCHITIS

Send a stamped addressed envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MR. C. E. MUIR, of IRVINE LIMITED, Chemists, 183 Victoria Road, Drummondville, Sole distributors for Australia and New Zealand.

TAILOR'S REMNANTS FOR SALE. Materials of the very best quality, those that are stocked by only first-class tailors. Lengths are from 1/4 yard to 1 1/4 yard, prices 2/- to 10/-. When wanting something choose for a skirt or for children's wear, call and see what I am offering. You will save money, time, and worry.

I. LASKER

64 King Street, Sydney

First Floor, over Frank Haines and Sons

### POULTRY

CHICKS, Black Orpingtons and White Leghorns, 6/- per doz.; Black Orpingtons, 45/- per 100; White Leghorns, 40/- per 100, plus freight. Eggs hatched, 6/- per 100. Chicks are not sexed. Tyrcel Hatchery, 269 Connell's Point Road, Horshamville. L.W.3453.\*

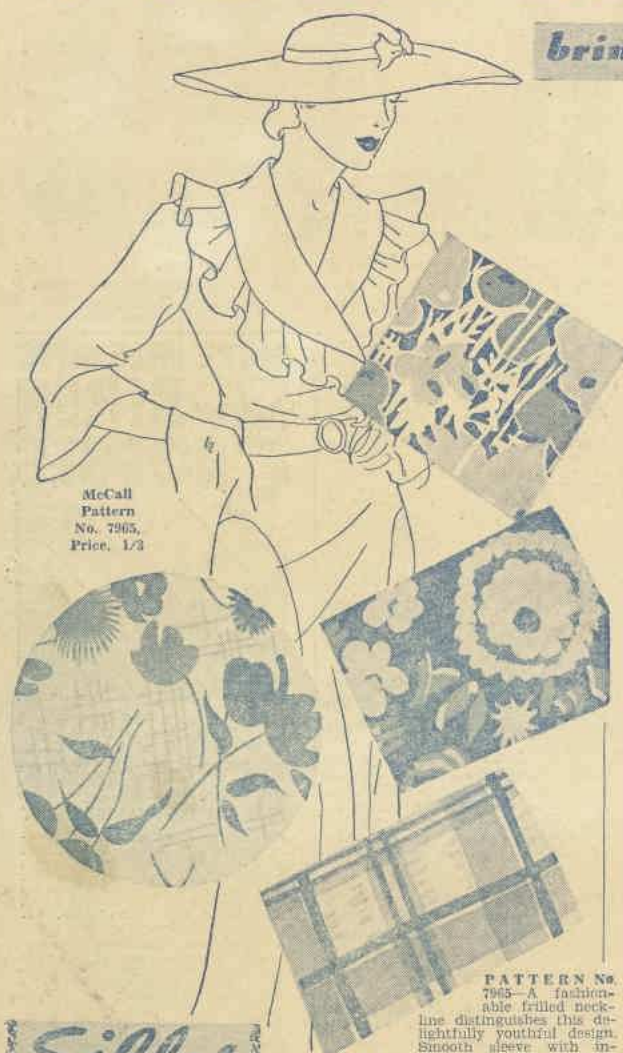


# DAVID JONES' Festival of Progress

brings forward **6,000** ravishing designs in

## COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

are advised to order their materials early while the range of colours and designs is complete—our special lines are selling rapidly and some of them cannot be replaced. Post your order to Box 503AA, G.P.O., Sydney.



McCall  
Pattern  
No. 7965,  
Price, 1/3

Never before has Sydney been offered such a comprehensive and enchanting selection of summer fabrics... 6000 new designs in exotic silks, the newest linens, frostily crisp cottons; nowhere else in Sydney are they so conveniently exhibited! England, France, America, the East have all contributed to our tremendous range. Many of the designs and materials are exclusive to us; some we have made ourselves in our own factory!

New SPRING

# Fabrics

A sparkling array of exciting new

## Cottons

### New "Seersuckers"

It's not often a new fabric takes the lead like this fadeless, uncrushable Seersucker! It's not often you get a cotton that can be used for so many different garments and that will wear so well. 36ins. All shades. From, yd.

**2/6**

### Ginghams are back

Right back into fashion favour they march—these perky checks, plaids, and striped Ginghams for frocks, beach wear, and blouses. Fadeless. 27ins. Yd.

**7 1/2d**

### Lovely Pique Voiles

It will be a problem to decide between these Pique Voiles, Leno Voiles, and Cotton Sheers, so lovely are the floral and check designs, so refreshing the colours. A wide range at yard

**1/11**

### Dimities - always fresh

Smart summer Dimitie is always cool and crisp to view, always so easy to launder. Fadeless florals, checks, spots, and Mexican stripes. 36ins. Yard at

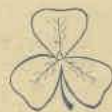
**1/11**

### In new gay colours Printed Sponge Cloth

Silk and Cotton Sponge Cloth, in smart floral and geometric designs. Reliable for washing and wearing. 27 inches. Price per yard

**1/6**

The whole world's voting for these!



## Linens

### Fadeless Belfast Linen

With everything you want in a pure Irish Linen—reliable, even weave, well saturated colours! Freshrun for your convenience. 36 inches wide. Only an enormous purchase enables us to offer this high quality linen at yard

**1/10 1/2**

### Beautiful Sunsheen

A famous, reliable quality Linen, evenly woven and fadelessly dyed. Unconditionally guaranteed to keep fresh and strong for years. All colours. 36ins. Yd.

**3/11**

### "Soliel"—and French!

Exciting new light weight French weave Linens in clear pastel shades for day and evening frocks, fronts or blouses. 36 inches Yard

**4/6**

### "Darnley" Crepe Linen

A Linen that's semi-transparent! It launders splendidly and does not crush easily. Use it for smart afternoon and evening frocks. 36ins. Price per yard

**6/6**

### "Heysham" Printed Linen

These Floral and Check Printed Linens are enough to make even a silk worm want to "live in Linen." Bright, fadeless colour combinations. 36 inches. Price per yard, only

**2/11**

### It's Rough "Shantyloom"

And nothing is newer than this rough knapped effect in Linen! An uncrushable rough weave, the right weight for well-cut summer frocks. Fadeless summer colours. 36 ins. Yard

**5/11**

## FREE CUTTING OUT!



Buy your length of material and a McCall Printed Pattern—we will save your time by cutting out your garment Free of Charge!

MAKE IT YOURSELF with a **McCALL PATTERN**

There is a splendid range of new McCall Printed Patterns designed specially for smart fabrics, and based on the latest fashion trends. You can depend on McCall Patterns to give you sewing success. The Cutting Lines are so accurate, the directions so clearly printed and numbered, McCall Printed Patterns FIRST FLOOR

Here's an Easy McCall Pattern

PATTERN No. 7792—A Frock for Women and Misses with simple, slender lines and an interesting bow finish. Also long sleeves. Price, 1/3



## Silks

**Ptd. C. de Chene**  
All Pure Silk Crepes de Chene in a large exciting range of floral and novelty designs. The colours will all launder perfectly. 36ins. Yard

**3/11**

**Ptd. Marocain**  
The season's favourite silk! Available in gay floral and novelty designs, monotone effects, and Mexican stripes. Wide colour range, with plenty of navy and black. 36ins. Yard

**2/11**

### Printed Chiffon

This fine quality Chiffon is printed in exquisitely clear floral designs (all exclusive to David Jones) on ivory, pastel, mid and dark grounds. 36ins. Price, yard

**5/11**

### "Pal Mal" Prints

The small motif designs of this heavy weight, fine, crepe-textured silk will be prominent in the fashion picture! Mexican stripes, lattice checks, the designs included. 36ins. Yard

**12/6**

### Triple Mossy Sheer

This delicate sheer is actually uncrushable, and washes perfectly. The silk is soft and delustrated, and overflowing with fascinating field flowers. 36ins. Yard

**8/11**

### The Washable Art. Silk Mesh!

### "SUNTEX"

The new Open Mesh Weave Artificial Silk, made exclusively by David Jones for Australian sports wear! Uncrushable, washable. In a wide range of summer pastels, including corn gold, dusty pink, leafy green, and white. 36ins.

**5/11**

### Crepe Noppe

A monotone Silk with an interesting Vandyke design formed by small raised knots. In navy, black, and ivory, as well as radiant pastels. 36 inches. Yard at

**2/11**

### Striped C. de Chene

All pure silk Crepes de Chene with woven-in designs which make them absolutely tub fast. Two tone and multi-colour stripes of every possible width and effect. 36ins.

**2/11**

### Check Taffeta

With Taffeta in such high favour this dependable quality will be very acceptable! Miniature lattice and block checks in navy, black, brown, sage, or red, with white. Also plaids. Yard at

**6/11**

REMEMBER — DAVID JONES' FOR SERVICE!

DAVID JONES' POSTAL ADDRESS: BOX 503AA, G.P.O., SYDNEY.